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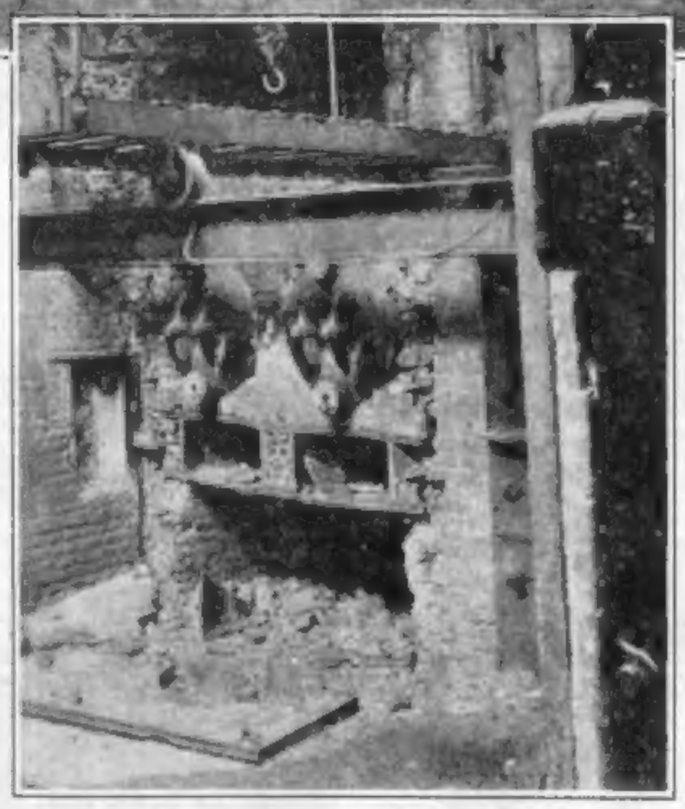
UNSCRAMBLING THE EGGS AT LILLE — By Will Irwin

WHEN in these days of the armistice one walks, as I have recently walked, through the famous and rich triangle of Northern French manufacturing towns—Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing—he finds in them a vast relief from the horrid monotony of ruined cities to the west, north and south. Lille, indeed, shows a little ruin. Along the edges of the town the retreating Germans blew up the bridges and some of the houses adjacent to them. Near the center are the old ruins of a few buildings which early in the war yielded tribute to German artillery fire; farther, the old town hall, burned by the conquerors in order to destroy the records, is a complete wreck. Otherwise, Lille looks only like a city gone to seed—its paint dingy and flaking, its pavements worn, some of its windowpanes replaced by greased paper, many of its shutters closed. On more careful inspection one notices a few further details, such as the absence of most door knobs and of the leaden gutters along the eaves.



Furnaces Ripped Out. Above—Junk in the Yard of a Lille Factory, Thrown From the Windows During the Work of Destruction

It is the same with Roubaix and Tourcoing, except that they show no ruin at all, since they were farther from the battle line than their greater sister. There they all stand, substantial and unbeautiful manufacturing cities, built of bright-red brick; row on row of two-story tenement houses, much alike; street on street of little shops; and about all a fringe of great factories, from whose high chimneys no smoke issues. Look them over superficially and you would say that the triangle escaped undamaged.

The Three Blown Eggs

SO, AT first sight of a blown egg, you might say that it was still a perfectly good egg. You would not perceive that the matter which made it useful as an egg was gone. Push past the guarded doors of the factories in Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing or any of their tributary towns, and you would perceive that for practical purposes the Germans have ruined the district about as thoroughly and as effectively as they ruined bombarded Rheims or burned Armentières. You would find for the greater part only junk—at worst, workshops bare as a board; at best, rows of machines from which essential parts had been taken away.

In many of the factories there is nothing left at all except some uncorrelated scrap iron; and probably in not a single one could the proprietor, even though he had workmen, raw materials and coal, begin work without a preliminary overhauling, repairing and replacement of vital parts. Here is a situation unparalleled in history—as are most of the situations brought about by this war. And the problem of restoring industrial life to the triangle is perhaps the most vital present job for the new Ministry of Reconstitution, organized only during the last week of November, 1918.

For productiveness nothing in France equaled the triangle. The district bounded by Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing, and usually called by the name of the greatest city among the trio, held a population of at least half a million people. Stretch its boundaries a little to include subsidiary districts and you had more than 800,000 people. Lyons, in the south, made the silks of France; with that exception the Lille district had the monopoly of the French cloth business—wool, cotton and linen. It has held its monopoly ever since the Middle Ages. In recent years there has been a growth in metallurgical manufacture, the coal coming from the Lens fields close at hand, the iron from what Germany left to France of Lorraine after 1870. Chemical manufacture and, of course, dyeing were also important; in fact, one outstanding fact about the triangle was the diversity of its manufactures. The district was solidly in German hands by October of 1914; and the conquerors never went away until October, 1918. And from a study of the triangle as it stands at present one can reconstruct, as a naturalist reconstructs a prehistoric animal from a bone or two, the German plot against France.

The Plot

THE ring of militarists and of greedy industrials who governed Germany up to the moment of her collapse never intended to try to hold Northern France—except perhaps for a little "expansion" in the Lorraine iron region. If certain pan-German professors in the day of her apparent victory made a noise to the contrary they were either extremists or fever-brained madmen. Germany's plan was no more benevolent than that, but it was wiser. She had her lesson in Alsace-Lorraine. Belgium she probably did intend to hold if she could, but of France she intended to make merely a vassal. If by stopping production for many years she could temporarily ruin the industries of Northern France that would be almost enough to put France where Germany wanted her. In the meantime, Germany would have swollen her own production, would have seized the most important markets, and would have imposed upon France discriminating tariffs. Destruction or seizure of property, especially of machines, in Northern France would in itself furnish a market, since France would have to buy from victorious Germany the new machines. As a minor consideration: If Germany instead of destroying the French machines took them herself she was just so much to the good. When she got to work at last France would be working for Germany.

Scarcely were the lines locked from Switzerland to the sea when the German Government, then in the flower of its efficiency, proceeded with minute German thoroughness to the preliminary work of looting the factories. Down from Berlin, from Essen and from the Rhine district came commissions of experts who forced their way into every factory, from the great weaving mills to the smallest foundry, and made an inventory of the machines. This inventory was afterward published in several volumes, arranged according to the character and uses of the machinery. A Berlin industrial, buying Lille machinery from the government, could sit in his office and buy through the catalogue almost as intelligently as though he had seen the goods. Then, according as the busy strategic railroads afforded space, began the work of removal.

As though to prove what part of industrial Germany had the greatest responsibility for this war, the first raids were on the metallurgical and chemical factories. One traces a certain method in the operations against these concerns. Their machinery was not lifted bodily—at least not at first. One of the hardest things to get in this war has been repairs, great or small; and it seemed as though the Imperial Government was at first keeping the Lille metallurgical works as "replacement units," as though in this early period the German manufacturers were let at the Lille-Tourcoing-Roubaix factories only as their own machinery needed renewal. When that happened the machinery, after a farce of payment by "requisition receipts," was transported from the triangle by strategic railroad. Like all burglars the Germans paid little or no attention to the state of the property which they left behind; and this process often involved three

francs of ruin to one of profit. Did they need boiler tubes, they simply broke through the sheathing of the boiler, leaving the whole thing useless. Again and again they broke up whole machines just by way of getting at certain machine tools.

Early in the game the call went out for dynamos and turbines. Before the war was two years old they had ripped out virtually every dynamo in the triangle. These machines being heavy and as a rule strongly set, they worked a good deal of destruction in getting them out, often blowing up a whole factory floor in order to facilitate the work. With the shortage of leather, of composition substitutes and of rubber Germany found herself short on transmission. Soon every machine belt in the triangle had been taken down and carried into Germany.

The evidence is not yet correlated; so that it is rather hard to give a chronological sequence to the narrative of these events. But shortly after the war settled down to a steady grind they began here and there to remove whole factories. Since their plans for the "new German world" went hand in hand with the operations of war they started up new industries in the newly conquered districts which they intended to hold. Among these was the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, that region whose guaranty of neutrality antedated the Franco-Prussian War. That, it would seem, they intended to make the center of a German chemical manufacturing industry. Entire chemical factories in the Lille region were taken to pieces; the machinery was all boxed up and sent to Luxemburg. Some of these transplanted factories were working full blast before the period of the great German retreat.

An Amazing Burglary

THOUGH they paid most attention at first to the metallurgical and chemical industries they soon got round to the cloth plants. Here they perpetrated one of the most amazing burglaries in their record. Important among the Lille industries were the spinning and weaving of linens. Linen flax requires peculiar conditions of growth and harvest. In order to insure a long fiber it is necessary to pull up the plant by the roots. Cutting, either by hand or by machine, will not serve. This implies a supply of cheap labor. No country of Western Europe had labor quite cheap or plentiful enough to fulfill this condition. Consequently the linen makers of Belgium, France and Ireland depended for raw material largely on near Russia, including Courland and Lithuania. Early in the war Germany took Southwestern Russia and held it tight. That great imperial swindle, the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, showed that she intended to keep it. And no sooner had she begun to establish her régime in this region than down from Germany came a body of expert linen men. They looked over the linen factories of the triangle, selected those best suited for removal and immediate production, and with gangs of French civilians commandeered for the purpose they boxed them and shipped them to Courland and Lithuania. Exactly what became of them afterward no one at this end of the line is certain; but information coming to Lille before the great release goes to prove that some of them at least are working on Lithuanian flax.

The spinning and weaving mills never suffered, even to the end, quite so much as the steel works and the chemical factories. One reason for this I have already stated—it was conspicuously the steel and chemical magnates of Germany who took part with the military ring in the great conspiracy. Another reason was the shortage in raw textile materials; shut off from cotton, from wool, and to a great extent from flax, the Germans scarcely had employment for their own textile machinery. However, they drew steadily upon the factories of the Lille region for their repairs and spare parts. Then the necessities of war forced them to take to substitutes. They found methods of spinning and weaving paper into a near-cloth. They made practical the production of coarse fabrics from nettle fiber; by the summer of 1918 every inhabitant of Northern France was required to turn in to the conquerors two pounds of dried nettles a month. The machinery for the new paper-cloth and nettle-cloth industries was mostly adapted and patched together not from German machines but from the loot of the Lille textile mills. Finally, as railway transportation permitted, many German manufacturers took advantage of the bargain prices offered by the government to renew and extend the machinery of their plants.

All this time certain metals were growing scarce in Germany; and hand in hand with the removal of whole machines or plants went the junking process. First, as all the world knows, was the copper shortage. Before they had been in Lille a year the Germans began systematically to loot copper, by government decree. The inhabitants were forced, under heavy penalty if they refused, to turn in all their brass and copper—their kitchen pots, their electric fixtures, their ornaments and their candlesticks. Next squads went from house to house ripping off the door knobs, tearing away the window fastenings. Finally the Germans turned their attention to the machinery. The German looting squads, each with a specialist at its head, went over the plants and marked the machines for which Germany seemed to have no immediate use. From these the squads ripped away the brass bearings and rails—all parts, in short, made of copper or copper alloys. In certain kinds of French spinning mills the spindles are covered with copper sheeting. This went, of course.

All of which might not have been so bad had the Germans done their work with any care. As it was, the squads, under orders, usually smashed adjacent parts with sledges and crowbars—any way to get out the brass. After this, and in somewhat similar fashion, they made a search for lead. In some churches of the Lille region they went so far as to take out the lead pipes in the organs.

At last came the preparations for the spring drive of 1918—the great final effort by which Germany so nearly ended civilization. To fill out her dwindling armies she found it necessary to comb out every kind of business, to take as many men as possible away from production. All through the war she had depended for raw iron mainly upon the Lorraine mines. As she took men away from these fields she made up for the decreased production by extracting scrap iron from the Lille triangle. Factories from which the most valuable and useful parts had been removed, others which would never be of much assistance to German plans—were marked for destruction. Junk experts working on contract arrived from Germany.

Since it was a contract job, and very closely calculated at that, one can imagine how these junk men operated. At Tourcoing the caretaker shows to visitors what used to be a foundry. The heavy bases of the machines remain, as does the shafting of the overhead transmission. Everything else is gone. The contractor found that to erect scaffolding in order to reach the higher parts of the machinery would not pay under the terms of his contract. Therefore he took only such material as his men could reach from the ground with their crowbars and sledges.

Last Days of the Looting of Lille

IN LILLE and Tourcoing this junking appears to have proceeded haphazard. The only rule was to keep off the machinery, specially designated, which Germany might want later. At Roubaix the work went with a little more consideration. The head of each establishment was notified that he must furnish from his shop machines so many tons of scrap iron; and he was allowed to designate what parts he least objected to having scrapped.

Germany specializes on the dyeing industry; and in the dyeing establishments of the triangle she appears to have done her most thorough job of looting. Machines, apparatus and vats—the entire equipment of nearly all the establishments—vanished northward along the railroad.

This went on until late summer of 1918. By that time Foch had struck decisively, and the leaders of Germany knew as well then that they must lose this war and release Northern France as they knew it on the day when they signed the armistice. Immediately they speeded up the looting of Lille. As far as the state of the railroads and canals permitted they started to get out all that remained of the useful machinery. Still methodical they began with the electrical machinery. The dynamos were already gone. A set of electrical packers—"men whom I should have delighted to watch working on any other job," said a Lille industrial—arrived from Germany; and about all that remained of the electrical machinery was boxed and shipped. Still working with the catalogue the Germans passed on to the best of other classes of machines.

As the autumn wore on, as the abandonment of Lille looked every day more imminent, they worked with feverish haste. As a matter of fact they never got out all that they packed. Some of it has been found still waiting at the stations, and some was abandoned on flat cars along the line of retreat.

This, however, was noticeable about their latest operations: As they went through factory after factory, taking out the machines on the basis of their value or their ease of transportation, they painted white stripes on most of the machinery that they could not take away. The experience of the American Harvester Company is perhaps typical. Gradually the machinery of its metal shops had faded away. There remained, however, three extra-heavy trip hammers whose removal and transportation would mean a terrible job. There was also one enormous dynamo which the Germans had long ago hoisted from its bed and then

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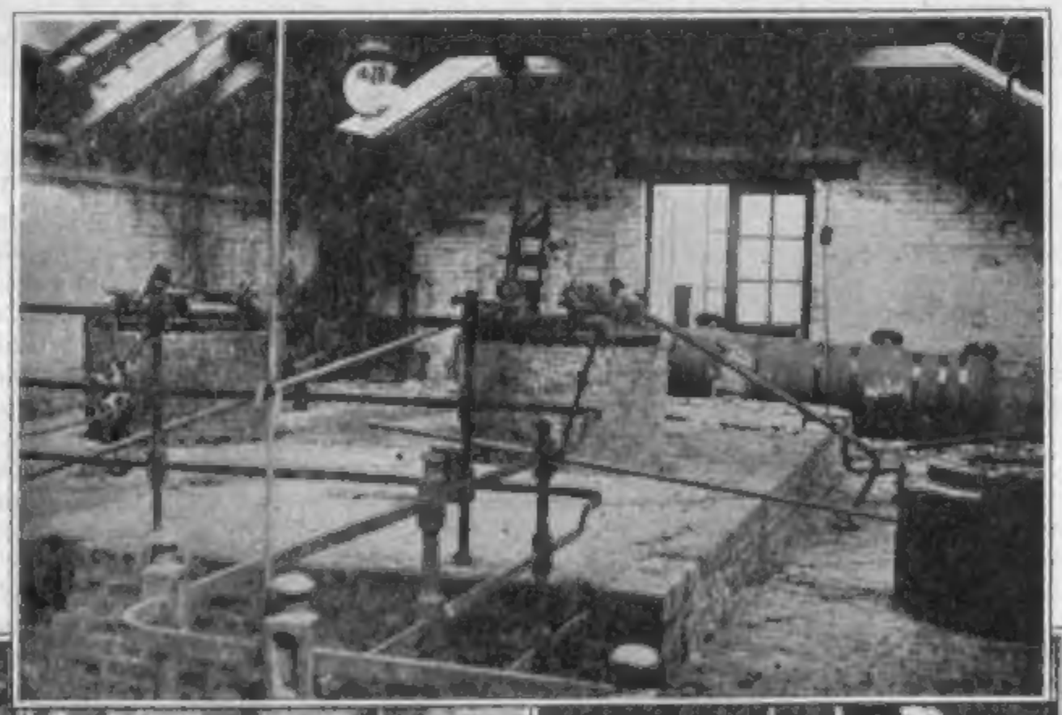

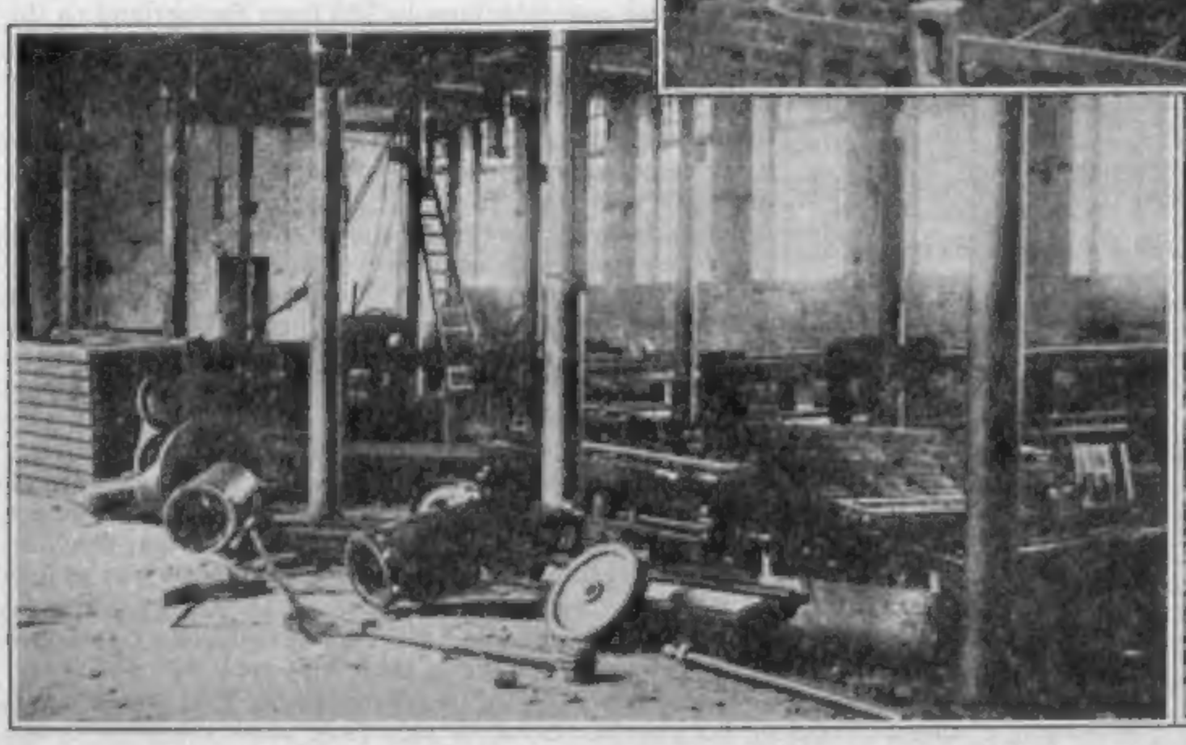

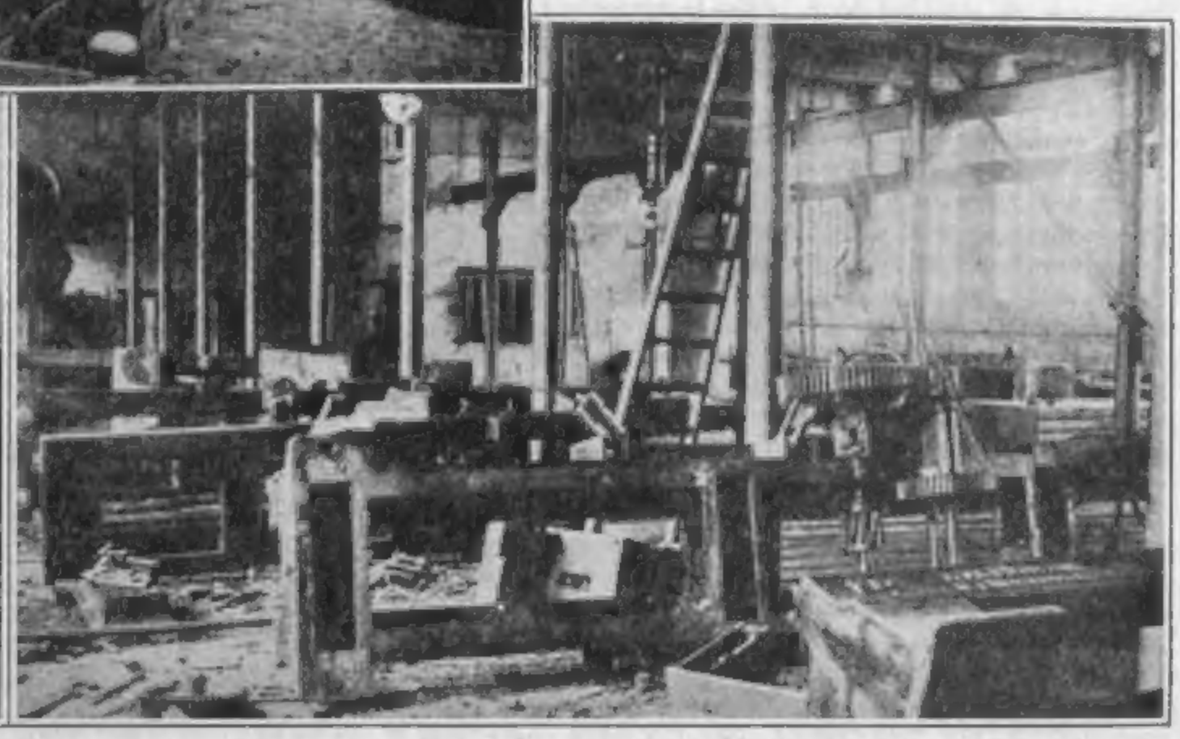

Push Past the Guarded Doors of the Factories in Lille and You Would Perceive That for Practical Purposes the Germans Have Ruined the District About as Thoroughly and as Effectively as They Ruined Bombarded Rheims or Burned Armentières

MISS WIFE

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A MORALIZATION is a fiery thing. Instead of riding decorously in the coach of your story it would like best always to jump up on the box and take a hand at the reins. Even now it is hard to keep from saying that no man who went through the war—but no, your moralization is, after all, only a passenger! It must sit patiently amid its upholstered cushions until such time as the coach sets it down.

Now the stage in which our own particular moralization journeys started out in New York that evening during the January of 1917 when Mr. Lucien Detwiler sat down in the far room of the Capucine basement restaurant. This night Mr. Detwiler was in uniform and heretofore his "Bronx, Albert," had amounted to a ritual. Albert recognized the hostile alignments made by the conjunction. He was very quick indeed—that little Piedmontese waiter; and just now no one could have had a more sympathetic vision of the individualistic soul up against a communistic discipline.

It soon became apparent to Albert, however, that the individualistic soul was going to triumph. For a few minutes after Mr. Detwiler had thrust his spiral putties under the table he produced a bottle, medium sized and ostentatiously medicinal. The doctor's prescription on the front did not fool Albert. Neither did Mr. Detwiler's careless "Beastly tonic—iron and nux vomica, you know!" And as he set down an empty glass before his patron Albert gave a long wink.

Mr. Detwiler half winked in return. Then quickly withdrawing this mark of confidence he asked with a little frown: "Seen anything of Miss Le Brun?"

"Not to-night. She was in this afternoon though."

"Oh! With Mr. Henderson, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not with him. This was a new gentleman — very well-dressed — smooth here." And Albert rubbed his own cheek.

"Oh, a new gentleman? Well, I'm expecting Miss Le Brun for dinner to-night. I won't order till she comes."

After Albert had been thus dismissed Mr. Detwiler measured himself five teaspoonfuls from the bottle on the table. Pouring some ice water upon this he then drained his glass with high histrionic effect of repulsive achievement. When this was done he took out a cigarette. It was now six o'clock. The waiters were spreading such of the marble-topped tables as had been vacated and were hovering miserably over others where patrons continued to dally with the highball ordered at three-fifteen. There are limits to the term of occupation even in the Capucine, where one drink purchases newspapers, a space to discuss the radical movement and chainwork on cigarettes—the cheap kind that the patrons of this particular section usually brought with them.

The room in which Mr. Detwiler was now waiting for Miss Le Brun was the favorite haunt of a certain conventional group. True, their conventions were not those of the people upon whom they looked down. Nevertheless, their self-imposed laws were just as binding as those which fettered the "middle class." One of these was that something rankly immoral lingered in the bank account. Another, that anything which sold was without art. And a third was that marriage should never dislocate either the name or soul of a lady. Just at present, however, all these tenets were overshadowed by a sentiment to which Mr. Detwiler in his uniform and spiral putties offered visible violence.

His apostasy was all the more startling because only a few months before he had been an honored member of this group. As a spiritual outlet he had contributed unhemmed verse to various little magazines unsullied by a circulation; and for physical income—well, only a few of his friends were admitted to the truth that on one day out of each week he took his fractious typewriter in hand and wrote the ads for a certain Broadway firm of gentlemen's furnishers. Of course the returns from this latter activity were never seen by Mr. Detwiler in actual currency. To the Capucine café he had always stood in the same relation as does a Mexican peon to his master. Just as soon as he got this week's check he handed it over to the management to settle for last week's obligations. It was a vulgar remnant of bourgeoisie give-and-take, but the Capucine persevered in its outworn system.

As if Seeing the Room Now for the First Time — Perhaps Through the Eyes of One Coming Into it Suddenly After a Long Absence — She Took in Each Familiar Detail

Other creditors, however, were less vigilant, and to offset the settlements with charioteer Bacchus and his pards Mr. Detwiler hoarded the consciousness of many unpaid debts. These, together with the increasing amount of alcohol that he consumed, deepened his own conviction that he was a free, wild soul, beset by rebel visionings, crazed by dreams of beauty that the practical mind could never entertain.

Now as, facing the door, he sat here at his little corner table he was soon made to feel the change in his status.

"Hello, Lucien!" The first of his group to come through the door was Lucile Devereaux, an actress from The Purple Buskin, one of those various amateur organizations now taking in very professional dollars. Lucile was generally the vamp of the piece, and most every evening she came to the Capucine to be revamped.

"Going over soon?" she asked carelessly, half halting by Lucien's chair.

"Rather."

"Don't wonder you're grouchy about it. Well, so long. Don't let it get you." And with this perfunctory word, very different from her usual cozy greeting, Miss Devereaux passed on to the big table near by, where she was soon surrounded by cigarettes, highball and all the regular office furniture of the professional vamp.

The next acquaintance framed in the doorway was Bobby Musher. Bobby, too, was connected with The Purple Buskin. He designed the scenery for many of their productions. Restraint was Bobby's pet lapdog and never for a minute could it be urged from his knee. Anything more than one vaporous mauve window in an empty room was too "literal" for him.

"Well, old man," cried he with gritty cordiality as he shook the snow from the white overcoat which he always wore, "how goes it? Got all the good old Kipling symptoms—God of our fathers, flashing blade, justice of our cause—eh, what?"

"Aw, cut it out!" growled Mr. Detwiler, watching the other sit down opposite him.

"There, there, I'm not saying you can't keep your head. But it's a dangerous business—this putting on a uniform." For one instant Mr. Detwiler's hand tightened about his empty glass. Then suddenly his whole expression changed.

"See here, Bobby," he cried, and the light-blue eyes raised to his friend were those of a boy of fourteen, a boy expecting kindness, and awfully hurt because for the first time he hasn't met it. "Oh, well, what's the use? If you want to think—well, that—of me, I guess you'll have to go ahead. Only you're dead wrong. I'm not going into this war as an American. American! Good Lord, what do I care for that—or Russian or French or English either? It's the workingman of all countries—the people. Why, see here, Bobby, when I get back I'm going to write something so big and—naked—that—well, there won't be any more government whims for wars. American! Heavens, you ought to know me better than that!"

There was so much of honest young passion in his voice that Bobby's skepticism seemed to melt. "'S what I always tell 'em," he retorted, heaving a yeasty look from under a fervent bang. "Just keep up the pace you set in that last thing of yours—that vers libre in The Angry Omelet. Let me see, how did it go—that first line? Oh yes: 'Deep and dark and soft as a grape the mountain hangs o'er the thirsty road!' Great stuff, old man! 'Deep and dark and soft as a grape.'" And with the yeasty look rising higher and higher Bobby intoned the words to the tapping of a dirty forefinger.

It was now six-fifteen and the far room of the Capucine was filling rapidly. Women in smocks and sandals, shaking the snow gayly from the hats which crowned their short boxed hair, were settling down at the various tables. Men who gave a friendly nod to Bobby and a restrained one to Lucien passed on eagerly to join them. And still Miss Le Brun failed to appear.

It was in reply to his friend's sudden impatient watching of the doorway that Bobby spoke next. "How does Louise take it by this time?" he asked.

Lucien's face clouded. He was just about to answer when his friend saw him jump to his feet. There was a happy smile on his face, and as Bobby turned round he was just in time to be drawn into the answering smile of a pair of slate-gray eyes.

The young person who had just entered was about twenty-one years old. She was dressed in leggings and corduroy knickers topped by a doublet of turquoise-blue satin, edged about the square neck and the flowing sleeves with soft gray fur. Already the round fur cap had been jerked off and it had left a filletlike crease about hair that was short and brown and curling from the snow which still sparkled there. The boxed hair—the fillet—the flowing-sleeved doublet—who would have ever guessed that a small medieval page could be called Miss Louise Le Brun?

And with what a soft furry little contralto she greeted them both! "Hello, boys. Am I very late, Lucien? Awfully sorry, but Versooth's got the most stunning show on—just perfectly ripping. Hello!"—with a quick glance round her. "Oh, hello!"

As she gave little staccato nods to friends in various parts of the room she stood there knocking the snow from her round fur cap. At last, seating herself between the two men she threw the bonnet across the table to the window sill and lifted a cigarette from Lucien's paper folder.

At this moment Albert, who, too, had been impatient for her arrival, hustled over and shook out a snowy tablecloth before them. Miss Le Brun looked up at him with even more vivid friendliness than she had dispensed through the room.

"Now, Albert," she commanded crisply, "let it be something good and—sixty-five cents!"

With a hurt little look Lucien interposed. "Not my very last night!" he pleaded.

She put up the forefinger of her left hand. "Parasite me no parasites, sir. And, by the way, you didn't forget to bring that memorandum with you?"

"What memorandum?" Suddenly before Albert's eyes Lucien grew red.

"What memorandum? Oh, Lucien! Why, all those things you paid for me last month. Now don't try to squirm out of it. Isn't fair—is it now, Bobby?" And such an arrowy smile sped from that wide, sweet bow of a mouth that Mr. Musher threw up his hands.

"Kamerad!" cried he. "If it only weren't for Joe Henderson!"

"Joe? Not he. I have a new love now. He wears spats. His cheeks are red and—well, sort of best-cut appearing."

"Delicious," twittered Bobby. "Where did you meet up with Sir"—he paused before he brought forth his pleased but goaded fancy—"Sirloin?"

"Oh, it manufactures calendars and I'm trying to sell him some pretty-girl heads. Wait a moment." And taking the menu from Albert's hand she looked over the familiar items with a smile cumulative rather than freshly inspired. It was quite clear she was still thinking amusedly of the gentleman with the spats and the ruddy cheeks. And as they looked at her now it must have occurred to both of the men that this was not a sedate little page who loved to wander amid the yews and peacocks of milord's clipped terraces. To tamper with the thongs of the knight's best steel breastplate, to turn the coats-of-arms upside down for the tournament—anybody would have said these were the things Miss Le Brun loved best of all.

Just after she ordered Bobby Musher left them. He was dining with "that chap over in the corner—clever boy—just back from Russia." And as he left them he whispered with his head down close to that of Miss Le Brun: "Going to find out how the Soviet is really working. Can't trust this capitalistic press, you know."

Shortly after he left them Albert set down a melodramatic egg before Mr. Detwiler. To the girl he explained very tenderly that her order would not be ready for another ten minutes.

"Oh, very well. I'm not hungry anyway," retorted Miss Le Brun.

Mr. Detwiler stared at her rather anxiously. Now that the glow from the outside air had left her cheeks she looked rather pale, and a bluish line under the eyes had suddenly routed all her early archness of look. With his eye upon her second cigarette Mr. Detwiler was about to remonstrate. Immediately, however, he controlled himself. To ease this self-restraint he poured out five more teaspoonfuls of tonic.

With her eye upon this performance Miss Le Brun looked as if she were about to speak. But the same obligation which he had respected kept her silent too. And for a few minutes she puffed and he sipped without saying a word.

"Well?" asked Miss Le Brun at last.

"Well," replied Mr. Detwiler, taking a moody bite of egg.

There was another long silence. It was not until her order finally appeared that Miss Le Brun spoke again. "And you're really going tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Then—this is your last evening here?"

The furry little contralto voice was very low now. Perhaps had it not been for some wan estranging strand it might have even broken before the last word.

"Yes, Louise."

Had it not been for the same spectral dividing thing Mr. Detwiler's eyes might have shown her the thrill which that low question gave him.

Another silence. Then in the tone of an unprejudiced observer of human events he remarked: "Now about my insurance. I had that made out to you of course."

She gave the short hair a little backward toss. "I can't, Lucien—I simply can't! You know how I—how we both feel—about that sort of thing."

"But," he urged, "this would be—well, just to make it up to you."

"Nonsense! As if that were your fault—their not letting me go over! And, now, sir—to our account." He was about to protest but she was already chopping off with the forefinger of one hand upon all five fingers of the other the items of her indebtedness. "Let me see. There was a frame, and that new omelet pan, and some tubes of paint, and—oh yes—my renewal for The Carburetor ——"

"But you paid the subscription for The Angry Omelet," he protested here.

As they argued thus, who would have dreamed that three years ago Mr. Lucien Detwiler had taught English in a freshwater college and had regularly worn out two pairs of rubbers a year? Or that Miss Louise Le Brun had at that same period lived in a small Pennsylvania town, where she had gone on jolly straw rides with the boys, put up her hair, and begged her mother to take down from the walls the hand-painted tambourine of another generation?

Who indeed? Certainly not the ruddy-faced gentleman of thirty-five who had just then discovered them.

"Oh, here you are!" cried the gentleman; and as he bent over Miss Le Brun it was easy to identify him with the well-dressed, smooth-shaven man whom Albert had reported as being at the Capucine with Louise earlier in the afternoon. "Couldn't see you for looking, you know."

"Why, Mr. Fairbush," cried Miss Le Brun, "you did get here, after all! I thought you were just joking when you said you'd break away from the lithographers' banquet. Lucien, I want you to meet Mr. Fairbush. He's the one I was telling you about. Mr. Fairbush is helping me to draw heads for calendars."

"Helping yuh!" exclaimed Mr. Fairbush excitedly as he seated himself in the vacant chair between them. "Why, I'm a regular life-saver. Take it from me, little girl, pretty-girl heads mayn't be art but they're what people want—see? What d'yuh think she was tryin' to get away with?" And now for the first time he turned to Lucien. "Plaited purple trees and a cuppla panting eggshells! Wow, wow!"

Averting his eyes Mr. Fairbush fanned away from him with both hands all further suggestions of symbolic art.

With evident bewilderment Lucien sat there looking at Mr. Smythe Fairbush; and when he was tired of staring at the glossy nails, the immaculate linen and the imminent wattles of the stranger he turned to Louise. She seemed to be enjoying Mr. Fairbush. She laughed at his jokes, she bent upon him her archest glance, and when he offered to buy some champagne she accepted it quite as a matter of course. A little uneasiness on Lucien's part was now quite obvious. Once indeed when the alien caught hold of Miss Le Brun's hand and bunched it up possessively in his own great pink fingers he made a sudden movement forward. Again, however, that wan estranging strand must have inhibited further action.

After the first drink of champagne Mr. Fairbush grew even more expansive. Turning sideways in his chair he winked generally at the big table near by. The vamp of The Purple Buskin returned the wink—with that thrifty portion of eye saved from a heavy vampish lid. A few minutes later Lucien trailed Miss Le Brun and Mr. Fairbush to the big table.

It was Jasper Gates who happened to sit right next to Lucien. The sharp features of this youth, set off by great horn-rimmed spectacles, might have been carved by a Swiss woodcutter. Not being confined to the handle of the harmless salad fork Jasper liberated the aroma of a wild, winy spirit upon little toys, hand-painted, which were made from last year's toothbrushes. In the sixteen hours when he was not working or sleeping he sat at the Capucine and talked of the great revolution that was to come.

Just as Lucien took his seat Jasper was making his usual fiery announcement—this time to the little artist's model in the soiled pink tunic embroidered in grocer's twine.

"They may carry me scweaming to the Fwont," said he, "but I'll never enlist."

Under glowing excitement the boy's "r's" would melt and run.

The bold declamation was quite evidently for Lucien's benefit. He might have made some retort had there not occurred just then two simultaneous interruptions. One was the sound of Mr. Fairbush's voice ordering champagne for the whole party; the other, the appearance of a tall, strapping girl in widow's weeds. At the coming of the stranger everybody at the big table yapped "Oh, there you are! Hello, Nausica."

As she greeted them in return the girl lifted a chair from a near-by table, held it out at arm's length, swung it over several intervening heads and plumped it down between Lucien and Jasper. It was a calm exercise of virility inherited from the same woman of the Irish bogs who had given Nausica her thickly lashed blue eyes and glossy black hair.

"The vewy person I wanted to see!" cried Jasper, giving her a peck on the cheek. "Say, but I have a good one on you! Know little Squibbs? Well, what do you suppose he asked me here last night? He wanted to know if you were a widow!"

"Widow?" The whole table took up the word and laughed uproariously at the naïve associations of the middle-class mind.

During the next hour the young man in the ambulance-driver's uniform said very little. Perhaps he was merely storing memories for the time when he should be far away. Perhaps long afterward there swam in his mind an impression of jokes in which he occasionally joined; of nervous fingers reaching out for cigarettes and drinks; of Jasper Gates' smacking his lips over the tourist tradesman's wine as he declared that the middle classes must forever stand in the way of all real progress; of mirrored walls multiplying the faces about him, and of a bare stone floor muddy now with the tracks in melted snow.

Just now, however, he seemed seldom to take his eyes from the spot across the table where Miss Louise Le Brun lifted her laughing eyes to the face of Mr. Fairbush. If anyone had been watching him closely, in fact, he might have noted that Mr. Detwiler was growing more and more uneasy. He crossed and uncrossed his puttied legs; several times he gave a little startled frown, and once he started to get up from his chair. The climax to this feeling seemed to come when suddenly Mr. Fairbush grasped a precedent. He was an energetic tourist—this one—the kind who would always jump from his sight-seeing wagon in Algiers to take a hand at a Moslem prayer. To-night when he saw Jasper Gates kissing the artist's model in the soiled pink tunic Mr. Fairbush jumped more completely than ever from his passing vehicle. Perhaps it would have seemed different had not that leap been recorded in the mirrored walls. For a glass has a certain ugly, impersonal way of presenting events, and Lucien happened to see in one of the glassy walls the reflection of Mr. Fairbush's heavy arm about Louise's shoulders, of Mr. Fairbush's heavy face close to Louise's cheek.

Yet even now the others did not see the narrow jealousy which stabbed him, which made him twist one puttied leg about the other. All they did notice was that Mr. Detwiler administered more tonic to himself and then began flirting desperately with Miss Nausica Bean, her of the recreational widow's weeds. When half an hour later he rose abruptly from his chair the most suspicious could have found no connection between his early departure and the prolonged presence of Mr. Fairbush.

As Lucien got up Miss Le Brun rose to her feet also. Mr. Fairbush, however, caught hold of the flowing blue sleeve and pulled her down again.

"'S only the shank uh the evening yet," he protested. Then with an injured air he added: "Why, what yuh mean? Didn't I break away from that banquet just to be with you?"

For just one instant Louise hesitated. When she spoke the little furry contralto was as distinct with mischief as the wide sweet mouth and the slate-gray eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fairbush," said she, looking him squarely in the face as she rose again to her feet, "but my husband—you see, it's his last evening."

"Your husband!" gasped the tourist, half rising and leaning heavily on the back of his chair.

"I Like Well Enough to Look In on Your Little Bohemian Affairs. But, True as I'm Standing Here, the Minute Eleven o'Clock Comes Round I Begin to Want to Get Back"

"I'm Sorry, Mr. Fairbush," Said She, Looking Him Squarely in the Face as She Rose, "But My Husband—You See, it's His Last Evening"

He could say nothing more, only watch the two walking swiftly from the table. At last when they were gone he sank deeply in his chair. "But she told me she was Miss Le Brun," he explained dolefully.

Again they all laughed uproariously at the naïve associations of the middle-class mind. Then very kindly they explained to Mr. Fairbush that in their circles a lady did not take her husband's name. She was an individual, not a mere labeled member of a family unit.

"But," protested Mr. Fairbush hazily, "what's the big idea? What's the use uh getting married then? Why, half the women I know did it just to have a 'missus' in front of their names." He scratched his head reflectively, and at last the bewildered expression was absorbed by one long, good-humored grin.

"Here," he cried loudly, lifting his glass on high, "here's to Miss Wife."

Meanwhile the subject of this toast, all done up in long coat and muff and with her little fur cap pulled down over her boxed hair, was hurrying to overtake the rapid footsteps of the young man ahead of her. It was snowing very fast now—small waspish flakes which flew against the soft lavender street lamps, froze as they fell upon the ground and upon the evergreens of the Capucine window boxes, and left glittering harum-scarum lines upon the long row of taxis in front of the restaurant. The zero wind blew the icy particles into Miss Le Brun's face until the sting almost blinded her, and just as she crossed to the west side of Fifth Avenue she fell to the ground.

As he heard her cry the young man came running back. With something almost savage in his eyes he helped her to her feet. Then as he looked down at her he uttered one sudden, overwhelming word.

"Louise!" he said; and the man in the ear warmers who was stamping his booted feet inside the little box of the Capucine taxi station stared across the street in amazement. The young man in the army overcoat and the ambulance driver's cap was taking the girl in his arms.

All mischief was gone now from the face of the little medieval page. One side of her coat marked by the snow into which she had fallen, her hair and cap jeweled by the tiny flakes, she looked up at him with a wistful parting of the wide, sweet mouth. She understood the angry, desperate embrace, she shared perhaps the bewilderment of that one utterance of her name. Yet, helpless as he, she groped tragically across the old, wan, dividing strand.

In a moment Lucien let go of her and soberly, quietly, they walked across to Seventh Avenue. From here it was only a stone's throw to that quaint, embedded square where waited for them now the typewriter, the samples of modern art and the omelet pan of their individualistic home.

Some weeks after this Lucien's first batch of letters arrived. Even to the postscript—"Please save this"—these were all read proudly by Louise to the fellow patrons of the far room of the Capucine. And Albert, the little Piedmontese waiter, hovering about to catch a word from his favorite Mr. Detwiler, may have smiled to himself at the comments of Mr. Detwiler's friends. "Ripping!" squeaked Bobby Musher. "Oh, he'll bring us back something great out of this!"

"If only he doesn't get militawistic," sighed Jasper Gates darkly.

Certainly Lucien's first letters were the kind to inspire hope in every reader of The Angry Omelet. Bang! bang! bang! went off his literary popgun, and how he did bring down everything with one well-chosen adjective! There was the description of a devastated village, of the fields churned by bursting shells, of his first drive through an unlit night road—"like a great sooty log round the edges of which you saw suddenly the quick, wrapping flame of bomb or rocket." Lucien found something "majestically furtive" about boche bombs at night. The phrase was picked out by Bobby Musher as the finest thing any American had said about the war.

It was in his second lot of letters that Lucien first mentioned Dayton Hollander. "There's a funny little fellow in our squad," he wrote; "the kind you are sure was the valedictorian of his class at high school. He's assistant buyer of books at Screwbridge's department store, and he was asking me the other day what I did. 'Too bad,' he answers plaintively. 'Poetry doesn't have any sale at all at Screwbridge's; unless,' he added, 'it's Tennyson or Longfellow for Christmas gifts.'"

"Tennyson or Longfellow!" sniffed Jasper, upon hearing this. "Middle-class stuff! I bet there's a fellow just quivers at sight of the Stars and Stwipes."

That Dayton Hollander was indeed given to this sort of misplaced emotionalism was brought out clearly by Lucien's next reference to him. "Talking to Hollander today," he wrote, "and, by Jove, it's interesting to get that point of view! It seems he hadn't been able to make up his mind about enlisting until his wife said to him, 'Dayton, I'm not going to have any other American pay your fare.' That phrase got him. He went into the service right away, his wife got back the job of file clerk she had before they were married, and the grandmother came on to take care of the two kids. Upon my soul, Louise, I envied him as he was telling me. How wonderful it would be to approach this war with a pattern—Pattern One: That the Germans are the wicked dragon; Pattern Two: That we are righteous Saint George who must slay the wicked dragon."

"What a wonderful phrase!" yearned Bobby. "Approaches this war with a pattern! Just sums up fellows like that!"

Still another description in this letter Louise read aloud to her group. "There's a Mrs. Saint John Letheridge helping with the reconstruction work in the devastated country, and she really means it too," commented Lucien.

"I met her the first time just as she was taking a whole armful of bright new pots and pans and American shoes into an old peasant's place. With her cool English voice and her eager English eyes and the scrubbed freshness of her skin she's like the sight of a clean tablecloth here in this infernal mud. She's a widow—thirty—just the age every widow ought to be—and I hunt her up whenever I have a chance."

It was Jasper's enriching comment which interrupted Louise at this point. "What a lucky thing the wah has been for the rich!" he sneered. "Given 'em an emotion, you know. I suppose this Mrs. Lethewidge wouldn't lift a fingah for any cause that didn't have a flag waving over it."

By the time spring came Louise had given up reading Lucien's letters. The fact of it was that they were now mere scraps, void of all the phrases in which he had once so daintily braceleted the war. Puzzled by the change Louise could account for it only by the supposition that her husband wanted to keep the notes for his book there where he could refer to them.

It was at Stonecraft that she received most amazing news. Stonecraft was an artist's colony in Massachusetts to which Louise had come early in the summer. Fortunately her pure impulses toward it had been much liberated by the number of despised pretty-girl heads which she had

(Continued on Page 54)

From War to Work in Great Britain

GM

By Meyer Bloomfield

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

OUT of the welter of many isms and programs which the passing of the war cloud from these British Isles has brought to light two things are clear: One, that the pre-war state of mind of employer and of those who work for him has undergone a change; the other, that unless the peace ahead is to be both sterile and stormy every capable man's shoulder must be put to the wheel of industry and help begin the mending of the war wastage with more and better work than has ever been done before.

If anything can be said to be settled in a time of so much unsettlement, of moving from a gigantic war footing to normal, it is the fact that both duty and self-interest require for the job of starting up the industrial circulation of the nation something of that same patriotic spirit all round which made it possible to overcome the great peril.

All the agitation and discussion now going on throughout the land a big word covers, and it means all sorts of things to all sorts of people. That word is reconstruction. To some—not a large number, perhaps, so far as one can judge, but a noisy and an energetic crowd, skillful in capitalizing every element of inevitable disaffection in these troublous times of change—the only reconstruction worth looking at bears one brand and familiar trade-mark: Russian Bolshevism. The Bolshevist is right on the job in this war-burdened land, and he is making himself heard whenever and wherever opportunity offers. In this home of free speech he doesn't have to work under cover. You will find him out in the factory yard, on the bus top, in both East and West End tea shops; and he is in his element at the mass meetings, whose number is legion.

Problems of Industrial Unrest

GO TO any Albert Hall gathering, whatever may be the purpose of the meeting; he is on hand to capture the meeting if he can, to heckle the speakers, and in general to start something. One Sunday night not long ago this hall was packed to the roof. A voice in the topmost gallery, louder than that of the poor speaker who was trying to hold his audience, yelled "We want a Trotzky revolution." There were cheers and cries and applause, but none so vehement as those which followed the retort of the young man of the pale face and the silver badge—the insignia of the returned and disabled soldier: "Why don't you clear out then and go back to Russia?" And these familiar exercises over, the speaker was allowed to proceed.

British good sense has always been the saving grace in every emergency, and it may be said to be getting into action at this juncture, for all the threatening differences so vehemently aired. One good sign of this is the general inclination to face with sympathy and good will, and also with a serious effort at understanding, the new purposes which have taken hold of the minds of the people. One evening while waiting for the doors of an assembly hall to open I was talking with my neighbor in line. He was a postman in uniform.

"What is coming off in this country?" I asked. "People are talking about changes. Is Russia going to be the model?"

"Not by a long way, it isn't—unless some very tall blunders are made. We have the vote, and now six million women are going to vote. We go along the constitutional way. We want no mob rule tearing everything up. The Bolshies are only Prussians painted red. We haven't put up with four years to save our country and then let them do what we wouldn't let Jerry do."

Jerry is trench for Hun.

More and better work, carried on under conditions which satisfy those who do it, be they managers or laborers, that their good will can be in it—these are the twin peaks of what may be called the general labor problem here. All sorts of other peaks and ridges line the industrial horizon; all sorts of trails and pathways show on the industrial map which many are busily redrawing—but they do not all lead to the Promised Land.

All through the war the country has been prosperous. Women who never before saw the inside of big Piccadilly and Regent Street shops became familiar customers of the luxury departments. That ghost which haunted the very retreats of pre-war statesmen, unemployment, was happily laid, at least for the time being. There was work enough—something new in British memory. Labor disturbances, though not unknown during the war, fell to a small figure, for war power has a way of bringing industrial disputants to terms, and short shrift for the recalcitrant. A grim reminder of this force was a tattered poster I saw on the wall of a Clyde yard machine shop serving notice on a body of strikers that within seven days they would be called to the colors unless they returned to work. The poster was dated September, 1918; it seems ages ago in tone.

Industrial peace, then, there has been, on the whole; but this is not to say that industrial unrest had vanished. The illusion of general prosperity covered up the real situation, while a marvelous national sacrifice to ward off imminent disaster submerged every other emotion. The heavy exertion of war-making does not usually carry over into the moods of peace. Let go the tension and a reaction easy to mark sets in. The spirit of ready sacrifice keyed up the population for nearly four and a half years; and all the people made sacrifices—rich and poor alike; make no mistake about that. Now war at best is a spendthrift business, and the future is its prey. Unemployment passed out of the country during the war because trade was booming, new demands on the labor power mounted daily, productive men by the million left their work places for the Front, the government became the great spender and almost monopolized the purchasing power of the nation, having to pay no regard to the buying power of markets or to the consequences of destroying rather than replenishing things. Give up these huge artificial stimulants and there is some job ahead.

Will the generous spirit which floated the British nation through the war last long enough to save it from rocks in the peace channels? The indications are that it will. Only facts have to be faced and spades and things called by no camouflaged words. Right through the war there were charges and counter charges between employers and employed. Bad feeling, distrust, calling of names were not infrequent. Each side asserted solemnly and without reserve that the other was putting self above country and was busy making ready for the day when war pressure was off and the field open once more for the best man to win. Employers have complained of labor profiteering, slackness, indiscipline and shocking time-keeping—that is, absence from work. The men talk of fat war profits despite the tax bills, oppression of the workers, subtle attempts to undermine their organizations, and, to top it all, the jump in living expenses. During the war these recriminations got but little hearing. Now they hold the front page.

There can be no question that, while war was on, a real brotherhood of sacrifice was the general sentiment of the nation. Industrial bitterness was, like politics, adjourned for the period of the conflict. How to keep something of that spirit alive and give that bit of the civilized world not yet in eruption a chance to build for the future of its own people and do something for those of the shaken lands—here is the biggest problem in industrial statesmanship.

The return to peace calls for a sloughing off of old-time formulas in the industrial bargain; a scrapping of platitudes; a truce to inertia; a frank facing of what has to be done. This is not the special chore of any specially ordained set of men. It is supremely the chore of every fair-minded man, be his job what it may. Not much headway will be made if the old imps of class suspicion and stupidity hold the stage, nor if lively cooperation among all the parties concerned fails to obtain. Never have said parties been so much in one boat as now, whether they are aware of this fact or not.

What the war did was to push the problem and fact of industrial unrest into the background; it did little to cure it. No intelligent man believed that it would stay down when peace came and the cement of common effort crumbled.

The Movement for Better Housing

THE entire subject of industrial unrest was gone into carefully by a commission made up of first-rate citizens. These men were not theorists, and they did not start out to prove any pet idea of their own. When they finished their job they told the country some plain truths, of use to keep in mind at the present time. Unrest, these hard-headed men said, was nothing new in the industrial life of the country. So far as it arose from small or temporary causes the matter could be dealt with by a little application of judgment and unselfishness. But the unrest which went down deeper and kept smoldering, with here and there an outbreak of bad temper and disaffection—that called for a broad-minded view of conditions which had to be dealt with in a statesmanlike way. The commission did not fool itself into believing that individual agitators were responsible for chronic discontent. They mince no words, to be sure, when they view the performances of extremists who bow to no authority but that of their own impulses and undermine the influence of the workers' chosen representatives in supporting orderly trade agreements. But the heart of British labor, take it by and large, is sound; the typical workingman believes in constitutional methods; one hears this phrase used again and again everywhere—but this same typical workingman has grievances a-plenty. Soaring food prices and general profiteering are constant sources of embitterment. Though the government has skimmed the cream off profits and incomes the men believe that an unconscionable amount of sudden affluence has come to many, and they are mad clear through.

Shortage of houses has for years been a crying evil, but very little has been done about it. Big war wages have made no difference so far as getting accommodations is concerned, and thousands of families who want to live as the English-speaking race has learned to live find it impossible. All sorts of petty restrictions, lack of enterprise and obstructive land laws have stood in the way and have bred a mountain of ill feeling. No pronouncement of the government has met with more hearty approval than that connected with its housing program. As far back as 1901 it was shown that in England and Wales alone nearly three million persons lived more than two in a room. In Scotland and in Ireland conditions were even worse.

The house famine has been growing on the country. During the war building operations came to a standstill of course. The result to-day is bad overcrowding and congestion in nearly every town in Great Britain in all the mining districts, where the men are bitter and discontent is rampant; in all the agricultural sections; and notoriously in the leading manufacturing centers. The common estimate is that the country is about one million houses short. At present landlords are prevented from raising rents above the pre-war figure by the Restriction of Rent Act. They cry out that ruin is staring them in the face. The act holds good for six months longer, after which a jump in house rentals must surely come. That will not help matters. From every point of view there is the most urgent need for prompt action. If there is, no one will expect miracles; the men will wait a reasonable time for houses if they see that the country is at last awake to this need and is doing something worth while to meet it. But they will not put up with more promises.

There is another reason for a bold housing venture: No one knows just how much unemployment, even of a temporary kind, may hit the country; or where it will occur. All sorts of dislocations are taking place, and more are bound to take place during the crucial next six months. Until the factories have had time to get back to their proper work and raw materials are forthcoming sufficient to enable industry to get into its stride there will be a period of anxiety for everybody. The building of a large number of houses would provide legitimate employment to thousands—hundreds of thousands of men who would be otherwise out of work. To provide three hundred thousand houses would employ four hundred thousand men of the building and allied trades and spur the furniture and other household trades.

As the present cost of building material is more than double that of the pre-war figure, and as prices may in a few years go down somewhat, no builder is inclined to take all the risks. The government is therefore making its plans for a national house-building project subsidized by the state under an arrangement with various local governments.

National aid for housing, both as a commendable employment project and as a means of meeting the outspoken demands on the part of masses of workers for better conditions, is only one line of state activity. There will be a large extension of such activity in other directions. What has already been promised only foreshadows other far-reaching enterprises intended to serve the same purposes. Lands, forests, farms, highways, transportation, public education, social insurance—these are among the topics which have left the academic shades and have become live practical issues.

The War Charter of Restoration

WHEN war broke, this country saw employers and workmen carry on their various occupations under a heavy crust of custom, tradition, habit and trade practices which must represent the overgrowths of a century or more. When speed in production became a life-and-death necessity to the nation a clean sweep had to be made at once of every sort of obstruction. The government called in representatives of the big trade unions, and with them drew up what has since become known as the Treasury Agreement.

This agreement called for a speeding up, and a manning of the factories regardless of any previous conditions or understandings. New and faster machinery was to be introduced, operations split up so as to allow for dilution of the working force by men and women of less skill; emergency training courses set up in place of the traditional apprenticeship; and payment by results enforced. Doors were thrown wide open to newcomers in trades hitherto the precious preserves of highly competent craftsmen. To help win the war, and in view of the agreement, trade unions gave up rules and provisions which they had built up through the generations.

The government pledged itself to "restore," when the war ended, all that the unions had waived. Here is the restoration pledge and the guaranty:

Provided that the conditions set out are accepted by the Government as applicable to all contracts for the execution of war munitions and equipments the workmen's representatives at the Conference are of opinion that during the war period the relaxation of the present trade practices is imperative, and that each Union be recommended to take into favourable consideration such changes in working conditions or trade customs as may be necessary with a view to accelerating the output of war munitions or equipments.

The recommendations are conditional on Government requiring all contractors and sub-contractors engaged on munitions and equipments of war or other work required for the satisfactory completion of the war to give an undertaking to the following effect:

1. Any departure during the war from the practice ruling in our workshops, shipyards, and other industries prior to the war shall only be for the period of the war.
2. No change in practice made during the war shall be allowed to prejudice the position of the workpeople in our employment, or of their Trade Unions in regard to the resumption and maintenance after the war of any rules or customs existing prior to the war.
3. In any readjustment of staff which may have to be effected after the war priority of employment will be given to workmen in our employment at the beginning of the war who are serving with the colours or who are now in our employment.
4. Where the custom of a shop is changed during the war by the introduction of semi-skilled men to perform work hitherto performed by a class of workmen of higher skill, the rates paid shall be the usual rates of the district for that class of work.
5. The relaxation of existing demarcation restrictions or admission of semi-skilled or female labour shall not affect adversely the rates customarily paid for the job. In cases where men who ordinarily do the work are adversely affected thereby, the necessary readjustments shall be made so that they can maintain their previous earnings.
6. A record of the nature of the departure from the conditions prevailing before the date of this undertaking shall be kept and shall be open for inspection by the authorised representative of the Government.
7. Due notice shall be given to the workmen concerned wherever practicable of any changes of working conditions which it is desired to introduce as the result of this arrangement, and opportunity of local consultation with men or their representatives shall be given if desired.
8. All differences with our workmen engaged on Government work arising out of changes so introduced or with regard to wages or conditions of employment arising out of the war shall be settled without stoppage of work.
9. It is clearly understood that nothing in this undertaking is to prejudice the position of employers or employees after the war.

[Signed] D. LLOYD GEORGE
WALTER RUNCIMAN
ARTHUR HENDERSON
Chairman of Workmen's Representatives
WM. MOSSES
Secretary of Workmen's Representatives
March 19, 1915.

This is the war charter of restoration. The men are asking the government to redeem its pledge. But, alas, it is much easier to talk restoration than to restore amid new conditions and emergencies. Efficiency once tasted and pronounced good cannot be so easily dispensed with. To slow down production at this time to the basis before the war would be for the British Empire to commit industrial hari-kari. Getting rid of the new workers who have shown themselves highly proficient is something not to be lightly undertaken. Here is a hard nut to crack—employer, workmen and government are wrestling with this restoration business. To the credit of all concerned be it said, restoration in the strict sense used when the pledge was made is quite generally recognized to be impossible. The line of final settlement lies in new understandings and safeguards worked out to protect both the interests of the men and of the industries of the country.

Right here let me pay a tribute to the sane influence of Mr. Gompers' speeches in this country. Conditions being different here from what they are in the United States the labor organizations between the two countries vary. Fundamentally their aims may be alike, but they do not see eye to eye in every particular. Mr. Gompers' long experience has taught him that an industry must be efficient and profitable if any gains are to be made. He is for efficiency as well as for a fair distribution of the results of such efficiency. Many people here have been puzzled by Mr. Gompers' advocacy of improved production. It sounded to them as if he were preaching the employers' gospel. This state of mind shows the nature of the gap which has yawned between employers and employed in this country. Gradually the meaning of his preachment is coming home, and these words of his are frequently quoted:

We are not going to have the trouble in our country that Britain had with restriction of production. We in the United States have followed a different policy. We say to the employers, Bring in all the improved machinery and new tools that you can find. We will help you to improve them still further and we will get the utmost product out of them. But what we insist on is the limitation of the hours of labor for the individual to eight hours per day. Work two shifts a day if you please, or work your machinery all round the twenty-four hours if you like with three shifts, and we will help you, but we insist on the normal working day with full physical effort. We will not agree to that overwork producing the poison of overfatigue, which destroys the maximum of production, undermines the health of the individual worker and destroys his capacity for daily industrial effort.

Demobilization, civil and military, is actively under way. Millions of men and women are involved. Miracles cannot be worked to make the process of starting up the normal activities of industrial plants coincide exactly with the flow of labor. Therefore hitches occur, human log jams, and it takes some skill to keep up a semblance of order. One factory, without a word of notice, suddenly discharged its thousand munition girls. The next morning the place looked as if it had been through an air raid.

The Effects of Sudden Peace

WHAT manufacturers fear most just now is not a possible shortage of labor or even exactions on the part of labor; they are worried lest raw material may not come in fast enough to keep their organizations going.

The conversion of British industry into a vast war machine was a great achievement. Its reconversion to a peace basis will be an achievement still greater. In the one case the withdrawal of men for the army and the demand for war material were relatively gradual—the national munition factories were not first put in hand till the war was nearly a year old; in the other the change will have to be accomplished within a space almost of weeks, unless the nation is to sustain an economic loss which it is in no condition to contemplate.

Moreover, though preparations for demobilization have long been in train the catastrophic collapse of the Central Powers in October was a result outside all calculations. It was always safe to count on three months' warning of the coming of peace. In the event there was not three weeks. The army, it is true, is still in the field, and demobilization on the great scale may be some distance off yet. But the pivotal men, those who just missed exemption as indispensable, are already coming back; and apart altogether from the army there are three million or more war workers in munitions and other supply industries at home who must not be kept a day longer than is absolutely essential in unproductive employment.

The immediate problem therefore is twofold: The war workers have to be disbanded, and disbanded in such a way that they shall neither be turned out on the streets nor let loose to capture the picked places in industry before the men still at the Front get their chance. That means, speaking broadly, that the whole field of employment has to be organized; that so far as is possible workers shall not be turned adrift till new places are open for them; and that sufficient posts shall be kept open in every industry to insure absolute equality of opportunity

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THE WALLFLOWER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

A DOZEN of Fairfield's conservatories had been gutted to decorate the country club's rooms for the fourth of the season's Red Cross dances. As it was the fourth of the dances, instead of the first, there was almost no aroma of camphor balls in the men's dressing room.

Outside, from the drive to the veranda, a fluted red-and-white awning sheltered the arriving revelers from the baneful effects of an absolutely cloudless night.

Arrup's Orchestra, at $19.50 an hour, was ensconced in the palm-hidden nook which served by day as an umbrella and raincoat corral. The orchestra was dissecting and vivisecting and clinically macerating the Muse of Melody on the noise-reared altar of the great god Jazz.

Nearly two hundred people were saint-vitusing industriously to the barbaric strains. Two people were not.

Of the two one was a girl with a tip-tilted nose, a fair allowance of freckles and a quantity of indeterminate-colored hair. She was not pretty, and she was not at all homely. A fellow woman, yearning to insult her, might readily have said she had a "good" face.

The other perpetual nondancer was a man in the early thirties. He needs no description, because he looked just like any other man. That was one of his life handicaps.

His name was John Harding. The girl's was Mary Gray. They were not dancing because no one cared to dance with either of them and because they did not care to dance with each other. They were not even sitting out together.

Mary was ensconced in a corner camp chair between two mounds of poinsettia. Harding stood propped against the wall six feet away. He was looking at the dancers with drearily hypnotized boredom. The girl was looking at him in a scaredly speculative fashion.

Presently she scaled her voice to one point above the distant jazzing and called Harding to her. He obeyed the call, foreseeing a plea for ice water or for the opening or closing of a window.

He was not even concerned enough to note that she was visibly bolstering her fright with an effort at bravado.

"Why aren't you dancing?" demanded Mary in the tone of serious accusation.

Harding was mildly surprised at the query. But he braced himself and answered dutifully if awkwardly: "Why, certainly! I'd be glad to if you'd like."

"How Often Do I Have to Tell You Never to Ask a Man Why He Hasn't Been to See You?"

"You wouldn't be glad to," she contradicted in calm positiveness. "And that's why I wouldn't like. I'm not sure I'd like if you were glad to. That's the trouble."

The man stared doubtfully, prepared to grin if the speech should turn out to be a joke.

"I don't understand," he said. "I ——"

"That's because you haven't had a month to think it out," she explained. "But I've had longer than that. So I've been doing ever so much thinking. And it dawned on me at the last of these awful dances that you could help me find the answer—if there is an answer."

John Harding's standard-pattern face was blank. The girl, gripping her resolve very tightly indeed, hurried on:

"You see," she said, "it's like this: Suppose you had some mysterious illness? Suppose there weren't any doctor to be found? Suppose you knew that some acquaintance of yours had the same kind of illness? Suppose you wanted to find out all you could about that illness in the hope that you could cure yourself of it? What would you do?"

"Why," pondered Harding, giving up hope of guessing the trend of her queer volley of questions, "I—I guess I'd hunt up the other chap who had it—and—and sort of compare symptoms with him—wouldn't I? And maybe he and I might pool our knowledge of the thing and our ideas for curing it; or—or —— Is that the right answer? I suppose not. It generally isn't. It's a new wheeze of some kind, isn't it?"

"No," she replied, taking his queries in reverse order. "It isn't a joke. And it's the right answer. That's why I'm trying to consult with you. You're the only other victim of my malady that I know well enough to—to pool symptoms and cures with. Not that I know you so very well either," she added, fear once more wriggling almost out of the shaky grasp of resolve.

But though he still stared foolishly she clasped her resolution afresh and drove on to the point, her fight with bashfulness making her words more baldly brutal than in their oft-spoken rehearsals.

"My disease," she said, speaking fast, "dates back to Bible days. Leah had it, in the book of Genesis. It is wallfloweritis."

"Huh?" broke in Harding, dazedly curious.

"Wallfloweritis," she repeated stoutly. "An acute and chronic case of being a perennial wallflower. Oh, please don't be polite and silly and deny it!" she interrupted herself as the man's mouth flew ajar. "It's true, and you know it is. So does everybody who takes the trouble to notice. Only you probably notice it more than anyone else because you're in the same boat. I'm being hideously rude, I know; and I'm sorry. No, I'm not sorry, either; because perhaps we can be of some use to each other."

She made her forcedly valiant eyes meet his in something like apology, and she noted that his face was waxing as beet-red as she knew her own must be. Yet she plunged on, speaking more and more rapidly:

"Will you pool symptoms and cures with me? Or would you rather we didn't? Please stop looking at me as if I were saying horrible things! I'm not. I'm just trying to see if there isn't any way to keep us from being the two invisibles at every party we go to. Even if there isn't any cure it can't do much harm to compare notes. Shan't we?"

The crass oddity of the proposal pierced through Harding's swelling sense of self-conscious discomfort and stirred something far beneath it—something in the seldom-dusted recesses at the bottom of his nature. It might have been inquisitiveness; it might have been adventure; it might have been an unconfessed and lonely longing for sympathy. At all events he found himself nodding glum assent, and then wondering why he had done it.

Mary Gray looked relieved. She continued with a closer semblance to ease:

"Good! Shall I begin? Or will you? Suppose I do? Because I'm more interested in my own symptoms than in yours. So I'll begin."

"Begin what?" he babbled stupidly.

She frowned a little at his denseness; then explained:

"I thought we had settled that we are two victims of wallfloweritis who are to compare symptoms, and all that. Well, I'm going to begin with mine. You see, I'm not even asking you never to tell my confession to anyone. I don't know whether it's because I trust you or whether it's because you're a man or because you'd be too shy to tell such a long story. So here goes."

Yet for the instant she did not seem to find the going easy, for she hesitated. And Harding, staring mutely, did not help her.

Then, impatient at herself or at him or at both, she drew a hysterical breath and said: "I wonder if it was my name that started it. If I had been 'Edith Gray' or 'Mary Delorme' the name would have been pretty. And it would have meant something. But 'Mary Gray' has no color in it at all. It's as simple as water and as wholesome as bread. And it is about as inspiring as a mixture of the two. I doubt if Lola Montez and Ninon de Lenclos would ever have been superwomen if they had been named 'Hannah Moore' and 'Susan Jones.' But all that doesn't get me much forwarder in my symptoms, does it?"

"I—I don't know but perhaps it does," argued the man, vastly amazed at his own brilliant powers of analogy. "You see, I've got that same bother too; though I never happened to think of it before. 'John Harding' is kind of in the same class with 'Mary Gray,' in a sense. It's a fine name for the—the ——"

"The honest young mechanic or the friend of the family," chimed in Mary. "But not for either of the two men who struggle on the cliff. See?" she added in triumph. "We have one symptom in common already. Only you may think I've an advantage over you because I can change my name by marrying. Well, I can't. I shall be twenty-four next April. And nobody ever asked me to marry. That means nobody ever is going to. So let's pass on to the next symptom. I'd better tell you a little about myself and how it all started, if you don't mind. That will make it simpler."

Without waiting for needless consent she continued:

"It began when I went to dancing school. At least I noticed it first then. I was seven. The day my mother told me she was going to take me round to dancing school I was so happy I almost fainted. I could just see myself all grown up and dressed in pale-pink satin with Killarney roses and with diamond knots on my slippers, and with fifty men clamoring to dance with me. I knew dancing school was the preface to all that. And I could frame a picture of Jimmy Thompson and Tom Hyde and Phil Powers and all that exalted set of youngsters clamoring to waltz with me at parties, just as they did with Annie Stockton and the other baby belles of my youth.

"Well, I don't think any girl ever worked harder at dancing school than I did. You see, I wanted to dance better than the rest, so that the boys would have still more reason for choosing me for partner. That's all the good it did me. Except when Professor Reilly actually ordered some luckless youth to dance with me at the school receptions I had to dance with other girls or else sit by mother. I couldn't understand it at all. It used to make me miserable. But it made me madder. It still does. There's no reason for it. At least, none that I can see. I dance better than a lot of girls. And I'm no homelier than some of them. Yet I honestly don't remember that any man or boy, of his own accord, ever asked me to dance or to go in to supper or called on me.

"There's something I lack. I don't know what it is. Perhaps it's lure or magnetism or charm or—or I don't know what. But it's been this way always. Once in a blue moon I see some other girl who is a chronic wallflower. And I try to figure out why. Because she is another girl I never dare ask her. And nearly always I find she isn't a bit like me. Either she dances like a cattle stampede or like a set of fire irons; or else she is stupid or ugly or sharp-tongued

or something like that. I keep on going to places because I'm asked to them and because I won't surrender. But oh, I'd give six years of my life to go to them the way other girls do! That's a silly way to talk, of course. You needn't tell me that. . . . I couldn't confess any of this to a person who wasn't as badly off as I am; and not even then if I wasn't desperate about it."

She caught herself up, tried to laugh, then demanded: "Now, how about you?"

She relaxed her tense muscles, still avoiding Harding's eye. He was silent for a moment. But he was not mustering his forces to hammer aside his lifetime barrier of reserve. Instead he was wondering at his new impulse to speak. Not knowing enough of psychology to realize the infectiousness of confidences he could not understand why he should be willing to open the rusted floodgates.

Yet before he was well aware of it he was talking, talking in a sheepishly disjointed way which gradually merged into naturalness as he forgot himself in his grievances.

"I've asked myself a lot of times why I come to these dances and other places where I'm invited," he said gruffly. "I hate 'em. There's nothing in 'em for me. I don't get scared to death, the way I used to when I was a kid, of course; nor feel sick inside from the minute an invitation comes till the party's over. That's the way I always did when I was little. For years the sound of waltz music used to give me a wrench in the stomach because it reminded me of dancing school. And dancing school was worse torture to me than ——"

"I see," she interrupted. "You were just shy. That was it. You had a logical reason for being a wallflower. Now with me it was different. I never was shy. I ——"

But the man was too strongly under way to be shaken out of his stride.

"The other fellows used to guy me about it in those days," he said. "They used to steer me up against girls who were shy too. And then they'd laugh their fool heads off at the miserable pair of us. . . . I saw a play once with a shy man for the hero. And all the girls went wild over him. If I could have got hold of the paretic who wrote that play he'd have been shy too. He'd have been shy a nose and half an ear before I was done with him. A girl has about as much use for a tongue-tied shy man as she has for a secondhand typhoid germ or a last year's fashion plate. Especially if he's cursed with too many hands and feet the way I always am when I get into a crowd like this. I get on all right with other men. But girls!

"I wasn't ten years old when it came to me that no girl would ever want me round. And I've never changed my mind. I tried to get over it, when I grew up, by dragging myself to call on one or two of 'em. But I didn't have to torment the same girl twice. She always saw to that. I come to dances and things because it'd look queer not to, here in Fairfield, where everyone knows everyone. And it might get me talked about and guyed. I'd rather be kicked than come to these places. But I'd rather be shot than know folks were guying me. That's about all, I guess," he finished, his voice muffled with a sudden return of his bashfulness.

Mary Gray was studying him with a pucker between her brows.

"It's funny!" she commented presently. "You say you're shy. But you didn't talk as if you were, just now. If you talked as eagerly as that when you called on those girls ——"

"I didn't," he said sulkily. "I couldn't."

"Then how could you talk that way to me?" she asked.

"Oh," he answered, off guard, "for the same reason you talked as you did to me, I guess. You're as badly off, in your own way, as I am. It's—it's more like talking into the looking-glass, I suppose. I don't know why else. But it's been kind of good to get it off my chest. I never put it in words before. I don't know what got into me to do it this time except—except ——"

"Except that I don't count," she supplemented, wholly without offense. "I see. Don't spoil it by apologizing. Well, we have compared symptoms, certainly. It sums up that you are too shy; and that I'm too—too —— We didn't decide what was the matter with me, did we? Only that I am a wallflower because I am a wallflower. And that you're one because you're shy. That doesn't seem to bring us much nearer a cure. Thus far our pool doesn't promise many dividends. We ——"

"I—I read some advice once, in a newspaper column," he interposed. "It was called 'Advice to the Shy.' It said a shy person must forget all about himself and be 'gay and bold and talkative and aggressive, particularly with those of the opposite sex.' Fine and easy, eh? As sensible as to advise a cripple to get well by beating the hundred-yard track record! If a shy chap could forget all about himself he wouldn't be shy. He ——"

"He isn't," she declared.

"Isn't what?" asked the puzzled Harding.

"Isn't shy," she replied. "He hasn't been for the past ten minutes. He's forgotten all about himself—except his grievances; and he's been 'bold and aggressive,' too, even if he hasn't been hilariously 'gay.' So you see the advice wasn't so foolish after all, was it? But what about me? I'm more interested in that. We've diagnosed your case and we've found the cure, even if you lack the courage to apply it. But we haven't found why I'm a wallflower. Why? I've helped you. Suppose you see if you can't locate my trouble?"

He nodded. In his present unwontedly expansive mood the request of his fellow victim seemed to him the most natural thing in the world. And he bent his mind in all honesty to its granting.

"Well," he ventured after a pause wherein he scowled with the force of his effort to think, "maybe it's this: Do you know anything about the advertising business?"

"No," she said, perplexed. "Not a thing. You do, though, don't you? Aren't you in an advertising concern? I — -"

"I *am* an advertising concern," he corrected. "Not very much of one yet; though we're climbing pretty steadily, this past year. It's been a tough tussle. And I've lived so close to it that it's taught me to think of everything in advertising terms. Get the idea? But of course you don't."

"No," she said with no vast interest, "I don't. And I can't see what it has to do with ——"

"I'm getting to that," he told her. "Ever hear of Bunson's Lozenges?"

"No. Yes, I did too! The other day dad brought some home for his cough. I think 'Bunson' was the name. He said he'd been reading ——"

"He had," averred Harding. "So had lots more people. I'd been writing."

"Writing what?"

"The things that made your father bring home a box of Bunson's. They did his cold good. As much good as any of six other advertised brands of lozenge would have. No more good. No less good. The point is that he bought 'em because he'd read about 'em. Bunson's Lozenges, between you and me, are nothing to call out the guard for. Nobody much had ever heard of them. The concern went under. It was a little, one-man, two-room business. The receiver got permission to take a mild flyer in advertising; to win them more than eighteen cents on the dollar. That was what they stood to pull out of the wreck. He turned the campaign over to me, with a microscopic appropriation. The creditors have not only hauled down a hundred cents on the dollar but the concern is going on for keeps. And the appropriation has taken a big boost too."

"Very interesting!" she commented in a tone of complete boredom. "But if you'll excuse me for reminding you ——"

"That reminds me of something else," he cut in, with no trace of acerbity; "I thought of it before, just dimly. But now it's clearer. Don't you think you might make more of a hit with men if you'd make yourself feel a genuine interest in what they're saying about themselves or their work? I just throw that out as a hint, you know. So don't get sore. You see, a man's business is about the biggest thing in his life. And when a girl gets him started on it—why, it's up to her to score a hit by showing interest, or to queer herself forever with him by—by looking and talking as you do when the conversation happens to slide off your own side of the fence. You won't mind my saying so, will you? Remember, we were to pool our "

"Yes," she agreed a little breathlessly, yet after only an instant's daze. "I see. And—thanks. Won't you please tell me more about that wonderful campaign to sell Bunnion's ——"

"Bunson's," he corrected—"Bunson's Lozenges. I will. The appropriation was so small I couldn't smear the lozenges all over the magazines and papers or cut loose on the line of ads that appealed to me. I had to get my effects with a toothpick instead of a crowbar. It wasn't easy. But I got

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"My Disease," She Said, "Dates Back to Bible Days. Look Had it, in the Book of Genesis. It's a Wallfloweritis"

PROPRIETORS AND PEASANTS

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

CHRISTMAS, 1915, we spent in the country. I rejoiced in the long trip from Petrograd's December darkness toward the southern sun. I had finished my Christmas shopping and attended to various business - my own personally, our regiment's, and some for the Red Cross branch in which I was interested; and I left town with a good conscience. I met my husband on the way home, at Kief. He had just come from the trenches on our Polish Front, and had a ten days' leave.

We were to be a large family party at Bouromka this year and we anticipated infinite pleasure in the big reunion. Forty-eight hours on the train and we landed, at five A. M., at our station, Lubny. There Lukantchik—or Little Lucas, who is twenty-seven years old and six feet tall, but having grown up in the house remains little in distinction to Old Lucas, who has cleaned the château lamps as his unique occupation for forty years or more—met us with welcoming grins and hand kisses. He seized our baggage, helped us out of the train, and while he and his colleague, Davidka, who had been my husband's valet since their extreme youth, struggled with trunks Mike and I seated ourselves in the station dining room, with the comfortable provision basket sent from home.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Old Home Week at Bouromka

BY THE time we had eaten and felt refreshed the winter's sun was rising, and Lukantchik announced that the carriages "were served"—one for us, another for Davidka and my maid Elène, with a wagon for our impressive pile of baggage. The servants ate, then packed our dishes quickly with gay phrases, Lukantchik giving us meantime the Bouromka news: "Her Highness the Princess is well. . . . Their Highnesses our children are also well and happy; awaiting your arrival and their presents with great excitement. . . . The young prince has already hunted with his aunt and uncle. . . . Old Grandmother Anna Wladimirovna"—my husband's ex-nurse and the present housekeeper—"has many goodies prepared already for the Christmas dinner." Though his chatter was so animated, it was not at all familiar; for Lukantchik's is the touching devotion that comes from generations of good relations between château and village, such as I have seen in nearly every Russian household I have ever entered during twenty years.

Finally, all being ready, we go to the door, and our traveling carriages—since the snow is not deep enough for sleighing—clatter up, to the edification of the gaping, crowding idlers, mainly peasants or quaint village Jews. We travel in a berline de voyage, which belonged to my grandmother-in-law. She drove it from Bouromka to St. Petersburg in the old days, before the time of railroads. It is well built on low, heavy lines; large and well-cushioned inside; swinging luxuriously and strong, over iron-bound wheels. Dimenti, most perfect and vast of coachmen, with a reputation, when sober, of being one of the best troika drivers in all Russia and, when drunk, of being quite the best, sits on our box seat, spreading over most of it, holding his glossy black horses back upon their haunches without apparent effort.

The large red ball of the rising sun makes a good background for the equipage, with its brass-studded red-tasseled harness,

A Fair in Kirghis Steppe, Western Siberia
Book—Emigration to Siberia

scarlet knit silk reins, and the gold-painted douga, arching high above the central horse. Dimenti's silhouette is magnificent, with his long hair and beard; and it is crowned by the small round hat of the classic troika driver, trimmed with a gay wreath of standing peacock feathers. His clothes are elaborate and numerous. First, a scarlet blouse, over which is a black velvet sleeveless garment or dress, buckled and belted with silver. On his breast he wears our shield of red enameled ground, the arms traced on it in gold. Over all this finery is thrown a greatcoat of black wool-plush homespun, fur-lined, with a high collar, and held in place by a nail-studded belt of leather.

Dimenti's well-booted legs are thrust into homespun, loose felt walinki, against the cold; and ice is caked on both his mustache and beard. Little Lucas wraps himself in a twin cloak to Dimenti's, and it entirely covers his smart blue Cossack costume with the scarlet sash. Even his face and his high furred scarlet cap are lost to sight. Then he tucks furs about us; and we lean back cozily and prepare for our sixty-two versts' drive in a temperature of twenty below freezing.

The carriage steps are raised, doors slammed and locked, and the horses plunge forward as Little Lucas reaches his perch and Dimenti relaxes the reins. We go like the wind through the town and out over a vaguely marked road across the steppes. These are slightly rolling and white with snow, upon which the radiant sun shines; and here and there a few trees or a tiny village of mud hatas—huts—nestling in the hollows of the great plains, break the flat monotony. Occasionally a peasant man or woman in a great sheepskin cloak passes us and bows low, bending from the hips in Oriental fashion; or a child stares round-eyed at Dimenti's and his horses' glory. We alarm chickens and dogs with our clatter sometimes; but generally we fly over the white silence, lulled ourselves by the silvery ringing of the bells on our douga.

A Very Mountain of Comfort

I DOZE through the hours, rousing myself only at the two relays, when horses and stablemen from Bouromka come to meet our cavalcade. We don't feel the cold inside our furs; and at last quite suddenly I awaken to the fact that the sun is already very high and we have swung into the home village, with its lovely church on the hilltop and its crystal lake. So transparent is the ice on the latter that the peasant children seem to be skating on a water surface, while their homes round the lake are reflected in the natural mirror. Peasant women are washing clothes at a square-cut hole in the ice. These clothes are wet, then pulled out of the water and trampled with heavy-booted feet, and rinsed again and again till they are clean.

The people and animals are concentrated in the village at this season and the place seems crowded, alive and prosperous. It has six thousand souls, and last month forty-five thousand rubles were put into the post-office savings bank. On all sides I see smiles of welcome and bows from the hips, dignified and graceful. We turn into the park gates at a gallop and go full tilt to the great doors of the house, where the horses stop short, jerked back on their haunches in Dimenti's most approved fashion. Our horses are not tired, for they are blooded stock, bred and trained to their work on the estates; and, besides, we have had relays, of three each for our carriage and of four for each of the other traps, making a total of thirty-three animals for the trip from the train homeward.

The park seems beautiful with its splendor of ancient trees in winter garb; and the château looms up, larger than ever—a very mountain of comfort. It has grown with the generations and is a luxurious salad of various peoples' tastes—Empire,

Mount Mashuk, Caucasus, Russia

Hochdeutsch, Gothic and English. Parts of the house are two stories high and parts are only one, with a tower containing five stories at one end; and on the other side of the house some eighteen hundred and thirty columns trim a great terrace. But, in spite of the incongruous lines, it has a sympathetic and inviting air.

There is a great bustling as we draw up in front of the wide-swung double doors Shouts in children's voices, full of joy. The Princess, my mother-in-law, who is French, shows great enthusiasm and excitement, giving many orders. The servants are quiet but smiling; and so numerous that they seem to crowd one another, even in this great space. They all precipitate themselves to help me, and I am lifted almost bodily from the carriage, as they tear out wraps and baggage with deft hands and rush everything into the house, taking Davidka and Elène in their midst.

News of the Front and the capital is asked for, for Bouromka is far away and mails are slow these days. The head men kiss my hands and ask, with kindly genuine expressions, after my health. There is old Moses-Kousmitch, nearly ninety years old, born a serf in the great Spéransky's time; who has served in the house since he was ten years old. He still calls my mother-in-law the Young Princess, and considers her somewhat unlearned in the traditions of the family. He no longer works; but he insists on appearing to serve dinner on occasions he judges important, making great difficulties then for the young butler of sixty-five, whom the Princess brought from France, and whom the elder considers a childish outsider, after years of observation.

The City of Kutais, Russia

Family Life at Bouromka

AUGUSTE, who came from Dresden in his youth with my grandfather-in-law as valet, and has become house steward now, with the special function of spoiling the children, is a friend of mine who has rendered me many small services since the day when he came to meet us at the frontier, with our special car, at the time of our marriage. Then he traveled back with us to Bouromka, for my first entrance into its halls; and always since he has been my ally.

There are a number more of the head servants—Old Lucas, who has cleaned lamps for thirty or forty years; Tiechen and Simeon, in Cossack clothes; Kyril, the children's friend, who can carve fish and birds and spoons in wood with his penknife; and who sings and plays the balalaika with true Russian talent and versatility. The children themselves, an avalanche of arms and curls and noise, rushed upon us, asking, all at once and breathless, whether I have all those Christmas things I promised. And am I well? Where are the trunks? And did I remember all their special errands? How nice I have arrived! And isn't the weather fine?

After hugs and kisses I go up the three steps of the anteroom to the Princess, who, with artistic instinct of her proper place in the picture, has become immobilized on the top step, and is already embracing my husband. I kiss her hand and am kissed upon the cheek in return; and she asks after my health and the comfort of our trip, and whether I have her letters and newspapers from town. And are her errands done? I compliment her mien and the beauty of Bouromka in its winter garb, and I satisfy her as to the letters and the rest.

Then I pass on to the two dear sisters-in-law—one tall and blond; the other dainty, small and dark, with lovely black sparkling eyes. Warm devotion has been our relation always and I am glad to have their affectionate welcome; also, that of the two charming men who are their husbands and my almost brothers. Beyond is a group of nephews and nieces—misses and mademoiselles and fräuleins, and at the rear our children's nurse, who has been my own special tyrant for seventeen years past. Finally the enormous proportions of Grandmother Anna-Wladimirovna, who, in her best cap, surrounded by a number of little housemaids, ends the line.

Everywhere there are wood fires in open grates or vast stoves, with the smell of burning green pine; and through huge windows the sun comes streaming gayly. One sees views that are romantic and tranquil over the lake and wooded valley, which form the park. Great rooms, rich in priceless books and paintings; treasures collected through three hundred years, in cabinets scattered about; old wood panels, made in Bouromka by our own people, as are also the marvelous inlaid floors; ancient furniture, used by many generations, worn, but luxuriously comfortable; splendid old porcelains, silver and bronzes fill the house, itself built by our serfs of homemade bricks. Carpets and laces woven by peasant women's hands add a dainty note here and there.

Everything is the slow growth of centuries of family life, and an atmosphere of delightful civilization pervades it all. The village people who work in the château partake of its tone and air. From generation to generation they have belonged to us and to it, and their pride is in their service, which is intelligent and willing. They speak of everything as "ours"; and, taking part in our lives, they expect us to enter into theirs. It is all a typically Russian scene; and this whole frame of life lacks completely the cold and classic style, brimming over instead with sentiment. It is rich in kindliness and patriarchal hospitality built on generous lines.

Christmas Eve

WITH Christmas Eve, excitement in the château culminates. Guests arrive, our neighbors coming from their estates, the frontiers of which touch ours next door—meaning fifteen miles or so away. They look and act as if they had just stepped from one of Gogol's novels. One is General Paul-Karlovitch Lange, who was an aid-de-camp years ago to the old Grand Duke Michael-Nicholaïovitch, in the gay days when the latter was Viceroy of the Caucasus. He was decorated for bravery on the field during the Turkish War; and now at the age of seventy-five, though a little bent and slow of movement, his eyes twinkle merrily behind his big spectacles, and his florid round face is most attractive still. He is courteous, accomplished and altogether willing to add to the general fun; and one readily understands the rumor that his road through life has been strewn with broken hearts.

His widowed sister, who came with him, is rolling in fat, and wears a round skirt, loose jacket, flat shoes with silver buckles, and heavy white woolen stockings. Nothing on her is stiff or tight, and children adore her and go to her naturally—she is so maternal; in fact, we all love her almost as much as they do, for her charm is as potent as her brother's, and they are both simple and sincere. They have come to us with children and grandchildren and a governess, to reënforce our large group; and the house is full now with gay talk and songs and laughter and little running feet. The guests join in trimming the house with the green branches brought in fresh-picked from the forest, and in arranging the gifts on the Christmas tree. There is great gayety in unpacking all my purchases, choosing and doing up the bundles; and, as usual in such cases, everything is lost and found many times over, to be finally, by the united efforts of the crowd, put in the right place for the fête.

In all this the guests are as busy as we are and just as interested; and old Paul-Karlovitch and his sister tell us

(Continued on Page 113)

Buffalo in the Russian Caucasus

The Abkhazian Tribe

TEMPUS FUGITS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

YONDER he comes!" The crowd pressed close against the gates of the colored exit of the Terminal Station, straining eyes into the gloom of the passageway.

"Tha's him! Tha's Spider!"

"Yeh—tha's him; shuah 'nuff!"

"Hey! Yo' Spider!"

The dapper little negro grinned and waved his bejeweled hands to the reception committee. He tried to appear unconscious of the fact that his sartorial appearance was creating a furore—and failed miserably. He was glad now that he had bedecked himself in his very newest suit, a pearl-gray serge of ultra English cut. His vest was a rich cream exquisitely flowered in crimson. His tie was scarlet; his socks vermilion. The long-visored cap, the insignia of his profession, was perched jauntily on the side of his head.

His long-toed tan shoes glowed in the light of the electric bulbs.

He mounted the steps two at a time, every move a symphony. Behind him clambered two red-capped station porters, each lugging a heavy suitcase. The exit gates rolled back and Spider Hawkins, jockey, found himself smothered in the ample maternal bosom.

Ingratiating, Smiling Tempus Attucks Hovered About Charity, Whispering Softly Into Her Dainty Ear

"Spider—honey! Is yo' come home to yo' ol' mammy? Is yo' r'illy truly heah, Spider?"

The little negro laughed gayly and implanted a fervid smack on his mother's lips. He held her at arm's length with hands in which there was a surprising strength, and allowed his mouth to expand into a happy prideful grin.

"Golly, mom, yo' shuah is growed! An' dressed up!" He faced the welcoming crowd. "On the level, folks, ain't she the bestest-lookin' 'ooman heah? Ain't she now?"

"Aw, Spider, yo' quit! Yo' allers was teasin' with yo'r ol' mammy. Lawd, boy, yo' is the dressin'est man!"

Spider shrugged.

"Jes' some ol' clothes I happen' to dig up, ontray noo. It ain't pay wearin' no r'il good clothes on the train."

He dug into the pocket of the peacock vest and extracted two quarters, which he placed in the eagerly outstretched hands of his attending porters. He did it grandly, with the air of one to the manner born. "Yo' boys run buy yo'rse'fs some ice-cream sodas." Then, to the crowd: "Thisyer shuah gives me the home-comin'est feelin'!"

They pressed closer about him, these representatives of the city's very selectest colored social circle. Society was doing him proud. There was the Reverend Plato Tubb, of the First African M. E. Church, and Lawyer Evans Chew, and Dr. Vivian Simmons, and the immaculate Florian Slappey, his own tailored preëminence unselfishly displayed against the greater perfections of his friend. And there was Simeon Broughton, and Pearl, his radiant wife; and Tempus Attucks and Charity Chism; and, teetering forlornly on the outskirts of the crowd, glum of expression and diffident of manner, was Pliny Driver, boyhood chum of the returning Spider.

Spider spied him and hurled his ninety-three pounds through the crowd. He seized the gloomy Pliny by the shoulders and shook him delightedly.

"Yo' Pliny! I'm dawg'd ef this don't seem like ol' times shuah 'nuff. Sa-a-ay! Ain't yo' got nothin' a-tall to ree-mark?"

"Glad to see yo'," mumbled Pliny dolefully.

"Huh! Yo' look glad, yo' does—not! Looks like yo' jes' been put out of the lodge 'cause they's skeered yo' benumficiary gwine c'lect yo' insurance."

"They ain't nothin' the matter with me, Spider."

"Then yo' face needs a operation fo' the removal of su'plus expression. That mug of yourn'd make a stake hawss fall down on the home stretch."

"Humph! Spider—yo' don't know nothin'! Tha's all—yo' don't know nothin' a-tall."

Spider poked his friend playfully in the ribs.

"Mebbe not, son; but Ise shuah gwine fin' out."

Mother Hawkins had stifled the loud protests of a thrifty soul and chartered a seven-passenger car for the child of her bosom. She and Spider and Pliny occupied the big tonneau seat; Lawyer Chew and the Reverend Tubb balanced precariously on the folding chairs designed for the daring sixth and seventh passengers. Charity Chism, her eyes everywhere save on the mournful face of the dolorous Pliny, climbed in beside Clarence Carter, the chauffeur, whose generous cut rates had made the chartering possible.

As the car rolled down the smooth paving of the avenue toward the glaring lights and early evening bustle of the big, prosperous Southern city, Spider Hawkins leaned luxuriously back against the cushions and gave himself over to a thorough enjoyment of the moment.

For the first time in two years Spider was at home. He envisioned himself as he had been—a spirited, mischievous kid; a youngster whose stature he had never outgrown. Every street corner, every building, was chock full of joyful memory. The soft balmy breeze floated in under the tilted wind shield and fanned his happy face.

Spider was glad to be home: glad to be away—even for so short a time as a month—from the odor of the stables, the reek of the tack rooms, the sight of quivering thoroughbreds, the clang of the bell in the judges' stand, the raucous yodel of the exquisitely profane starter. Latonia, Havre de Grace, Sheepshead, Saratoga—they were wine in the head of Spider Hawkins, jockey. But just now he was suffering from a surfeit and wanted a rest. And home he had come—home with a roll of money that would have caused serious inconvenience to an elephant's esophagus, a wardrobe destined to be vainly imitated by the young bloods for two years, an intransigent good nature, and a general warmness of heart toward the community that so obviously adored him.

The four-room manse of his childhood had been fittingly decorated for the occasion. A picture of himself in riding silks had been garnished with goldenrod. Prohibition punch filled a large near-cut-glass bowl; tasty crackers were piled high. There were huge dishes of persimmons and chinquapins. Parlor, dining room, veranda and tiny front yard were crowded with the quality of the city's colored folks, vying with one another in homage to Jockey Spider Hawkins.

The air was permeated with infectious hilarity. Spider, fairly bubbling over with happiness, alternately teased his portly good-natured mother and regaled the crowd with new and funny stories, inimitably told. Within ten minutes he had them all in paroxysms of laughter.

All save Pliny Driver. Pliny gloomed alone in a corner of the parlor, his eyes focused tirelessly on the radiant Charity Chism and the ingratiating, oily, smiling Tempus Attucks, who hovered about her—now serving a clinkling punch, now a toothsome cracker; whispering softly into her dainty ear. Murder was in Pliny's heart.

But, though Pliny dripped sadness, Spider more than evened things up. The little jockey fairly sizzled with good nature. He effervesced all over the room, the roving center of an admiring crowd. Finally he was cornered by a group of men under the leadership of Lawyer Evans Chew and the talk turned to shop—Spider's shop.

"Guess yo' is make a heap of money—eh, Spider?"

"Guess I is."

"Not all of it ridin', either."

"Meanin' which?" snapped Spider quickly as he singled out his interrogator as Tempus Attucks.

The big, blatantly overdressed Tempus hastened to take cover:

"Nothin'."

"Yeh—yo' shuah 'nuff meant sumpin', Misto' Attucks."

"Er—a-playin' the hawsses—that's what I meant."

"I see."

"Yo'-all does make a li'l' sumpin' on the side thataway. Ain't it so?"

"I reckon," murmured Lawyer Chew enviously, "that yo'-all jockeys git a heap of inside info'mation."

"Reckon we do, ol' spoht! 'Tain't so onnat'ral fo' us to be on the inside."

"An' when yo' gits a tip thataway," persisted Attucks, "yo' most gin'rally plays it?"

"Most gin'rally—ef it looks good."

"Ain't got nothin' up yo'r sleeve, have yo', Spider?" questioned Chew.

"Pair of good ridin' arms."

"Meanin' tips, like. You just come down from Sarahtoga ——"

"Ise bettin' he knows more'n a thing or two," insinuated Tempus.

"Yo' win, Misto' Attucks!" Spider turned his attention again to Evans Chew: "Yeh! I sort o' reckon I know of a r'il good thing gwine be pulled no later'n Sat'dy."

"Gwan, Spider!" The crowd ganged closer. "Reckon yo'd oughter tell us, Spider. We is all frien's of yourn."

Spider laughed. "Yeh; an' ef I was to spill yo'-all'd be jes' fools enough to go bettin'. Then come th' ol' dawg to trail the fiel', an' I'd git the blame."

"Nossuh, Spider; that ain't so a-tall. Not a-tall it ain't."

"Well ——" Spider drew a deep breath: "Bet yo'-all'd even be fools enough to b'lieve me ef I was to say a r'il long shot was gwine win the fo'th race up to Sarahtoga on Sat'dy."

"Reckon we would, Spider."

"Yassuh, we would that! Is yo' sayin' it, Spider?"

"Ise warnin' yo' folks they ain't no long shot that's a safe bet."

"We'll take the chancet, Spider, ef yo'-all jes' say yo' think they's a chancet. Is it a chancet?"

"Ise sayin' they is. Co'se I ain't 'sinuatin' the race is crooked. Don't hahdly reckon that kin' of stuff goes no mo' on fust-class tracks lak whut I ride on. But they ain't no tellin' but what the owners of a suttin hawss by the name Laddie Buck is been primin' 'im fo' a killin'. He been comin' in ev'y race jes' in time to clutter up the barrier fo' the next one. Slower'n Jinuwary m'lasses. Five yeah ol', an' still a maiden. Fo'th race on Sat'dy is fo' three-yeah-ol's an' upperds, an' they's some class showin'. Laddie Buck'll go to the post anywhar f'um tbutty to fifty to one."

Lawyer Chew leaned forward earnestly.

"That from headquarters, Spider?"

"Might' nigh."

"Yo' reckon it's a good bet?"

"It's a good bet," quoth the trackwise Spider—"even ef yo' lose."

Mother Hawkins appeared in the offing and swooped down upon the executive session, dispersing it by mass tactics. A string-and-reed orchestra arrived and dancing started. At one o'clock in the morning the tired happy crowd disintegrated. But when the disconsolate Pliny Driver would have oozed out of the front door Spider held him.

"Hol' on a minnit, Pliny. I wanna make talk with yo'."

"Yo' ain't wanna talk with me, Spider. I ain't no fittin' comp'ny these days."

"Reckon I is took a chancet befo', Pliny. Le's walk."

Arm in arm the chums stepped out into the clear bracing September night—Pliny, himself by no means a large man, looming like an ebony giant beside the diminutive Spider.

For half an hour they walked silently southward. They climbed, and reached the crest of the mountain on which the city's fashionable residential colony is built; reached it and seated themselves on a bowlder they had known of old, and from which they could gaze down upon the fire and smoke of the factories that justified the town's existence. Spider heaved a deep sigh.

"Golly! It's good to be home!"

"Is it now?"

"Yeh. Say, Pliny, I ain't saw yo' so happy sence yo'r ol' man tanned yo' britches fo' stealin' doughnuts f'um Sally Crouch."

"Reason is 'cause I ain't so happy, Spider."

"How come?"

"Nev' mind! On'y I wisht I was li'l', like what yo' is."

"Humph!"

"I'd leave heah an' be a jockey. Anythin' to git away f'um thisyer town."

"What's wrong with th' town?"

"Nothin'. 'Tis jes' folks."

"Colored folks?"

"Niggers!"

"Name which?"

"Name Tempus Attucks—tha's which."

"That they long, tall, shiny-colla'd, greasy—smilin' ol' sellin'-plater what was hangin' round Charity Chism all evenin'?"

"Yo' said it."

"Gwan, Pliny. He ain't went an' cut yo' out with Charity, is he?"

"Not no surer than Ise a nigger he ain't."

"Chk! How come that?"

"He's one of these heah slipp'y talkers. Says to a gal 'Nice day t'-day!' an' makes it soun' like po'try an' a perposal of marriage all in one. He's jes' a nat'ral-bohn lover. Swell chancet I got agin him; me wukin' on a ice wagon an' him a broker."

"Broker! Him?"

"Tha's what he calls hisse'f. Brokes his ch'nts, tha's all what kin' of a broker he is."

"How he make his livin'?"

"Gamblin'."

"Yo' wrong sommares," declared the jockey seriously. "Onless Charity Chism is change' a whole heap she woul'n't stan' fo' no fo'-flushin' crap shooter."

"He ain't no bone tickler," came the gloomy response. "He's agent fo' Jackson Ramsay's gamblin' house."

"The lott'ry man?"

"Him's which. On'y they's mo' to it than jes' bein' a agent. The p'lice ain't so lib'ral like what they use' to be. They kinder down on Cap'n Ramsay. He's op'ratin' awful close to the chist these days. Yo' see, they is got a new nimisipal'ministration."

"An' they's down on him?"

"On account they is got some crusaders 'mongst the colored folks. Rev'end Arlandas Sipsey, what pastorizes the Primitive Baptis' Chu'ch, stahted the refawm movement."

"To refawm all the colored folks, or jes' Tempus?"

"Mostly Tempus."

"'Bout him, then—is he hones'?"

"Yeh! He's always hones'—sometimes. Fur as I c'n see, Spider, that they Tempus Attucks is so crooked ef he swallered a nail he'd spit up a corkscrew. Co'se it ain't always good business fo' Tempus to be crooked; an' them times he's straight."

"Jackson Ramsay useter be on the level."

"He is yit. An' he woul'n't stan' fo' no fumadiddles f'um Tempus ef he knowed it. But he don't; an' they ain't no way of provin' up on him."

"How come the colored folks cain't deal d'rec' with Cap'n Ramsay?"

"Skeered! Sence the p'lice got such a conscience, Spider, they an' him been pow'ful skeered. Ain't hahdly nobody riskin' goin' to the Pool an' Ginuwine drawin's 'count ef the place git raided it's a long term in the Big Rock. So in ev'y colored section Cap'n Ramsay is got a agent, an' all the bettin is done th'oo him."

"Cap'n Ramsay run a hawss-racin' pool too?"

"Shuah's yo' bohn he do. Reg'lar two drawin's a day fo' the lott'ry an' his hawss pool; an' sometimes, w'en he's pretty shuah they ain't gwine be no p'lice intumfe'ence, he totes out his crap table.

"But times ain't lak what they was, Spider. Come lak white folks ain't want niggers gamblin' a-tall. Mostly all the bettin' what is goes th'oo Tempus; tha's how come him to call hisse'f a broker. Got a office, an' all that. 'Tain't nothin' but camelflage."

"An' thisyer Tempus feller done took yo' gal away?"

"Most onti'ly. Me'n my stiddy job with the ice wagon ain't look so good 'longside a broker with offices in the Penny Prudential Bank b'ildin'."

Spider Hawkins gave himself over to several minutes of concentrated thought. He was worried by his friend's abject misery.

"One trouble with yo', Pliny, is the face what yo' wears when Tempus an' Charity is in sight."

"It's the on'y face what I got, Spider."

"Yeh; but that ain't no call to make yo'se'f look like a long shot with a broken laig."

"Cain't he'p it."

"C'n too."

"Humph! Guess yo' don't know nothin' 'bout love, Spider—'bout havin' yo' gal lovin' another feller. Come thataway, its like the stummick ache—yo' jes' nat'rally cain't he'p it f'um showin'."

"An' Charity—was she lovin' yo' pretty strong an' stiddy befo' thisyer Tempus pusson stol'd her?"

"Tol'able strong."

"An' ef he was to git removed away f'um thisyer city sort of suddenlike ——"

Pliny perked up with the ray of hope inspired by his friend's words.

"Ef 'twas to rain gol' dolla's, Spider ——"

"Ef he was to be removed away?" repeated Spider firmly.

"Then I reckon I'd have a pow'ful good chancet. But they ain't no man gwine git removed away f'um a town where he's makin' money. An', no matter what faults Tempus Attucks is got, he shuah has a itch fo' the dolla', an it's a itch whut gits scratched frequent."

Spider Hawkins rose to the full height of five feet. He placed an affectionate hand on his friend's arm. "Pliny me an' yo' is been frien's fo' a might' long time. I reckon it's soht of up to me to git Charity Chism clinchin' round yo' neck pretty pronto."

"Yo' cain't do nothin', Spider."

"Mebbe so, an' mebbe not. But I got a hunch, wunst I git ol' Tempus Attucks runnin' free in the home stretch, I c'n kick a li'l' bit of dust in his eyes an' romp home under wraps."

"Yo' mos' prob'ly knows hawsses, Spider," gloomed Pliny, "but thisyer Tempus ain't no hawss. He's a mule, an' he cain't be driv'."

"Humph! But mules c'n be pushed!" proclaimed Spider; and thereupon he put an end to the subject, his beam of hope seeping through the Stygian blackness of despair dimly to light the soul of the doleful Pliny.

But that night Spider did little planning. Five minutes after he deposited his tiny but well-knit frame on the home couch he was off into a deep and dreamless sleep, from which he was wakened at ten o'clock by his voluminous mother, who proudly bore aloft a tin waiter containing a breakfast such as Spider had almost forgotten. As he munched he beamed gloriously from his background of pink silk pyjamas and brought delight to the maternal ears.

"Hones', mom, thisyer shuah is the bestest grub done pas'd my lips sence I been No'th. Ain't nobody makes no waffles an' coffee like what yo' does. Tha's how come li'l' Spider ain't never got him no gal. Swell gals up where I been at—plenty of 'em; but—ahucks!—ef I was to marry one of 'em I'd git d'voheed pow'ful quick on account of tellin' her how mom useter cook. Yassum! Jes' as shuah's a jinny ain't no race hawss. Gimme s'mo' that they jelly, mom. I 'clare, yo' is the bestest jelly maker what is! Yo'r jelly an' waffles is the fondest thing I'm of; an' tha's a fac'! B'lieve me, mom, my ol' man was lucky fo' to ever marry a gal like what yo' is!"

When he left the house half an hour later his mother was contentedly chanting an old and almost-forgotten plantation melody as she busied herself with the luncheon preliminaries. Mamma Hawkins was happier than she had been for two long years.

She found herself gazing after the tiny swaggering figure of her elegant son and marveling that she had been blessed of the gods.

At the ornate lodge rooms of the exclusive Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise Spider found several indolent brothers who were equalizing a sudden raise in wages by laying off for the day. From there he dropped into Broughton's Drug Store, where he quaffed an ice-cream soda and jollied the grinning soda jerker. He wandered forth and passed the time of day with the portly proprietor of the Champion Moving-Picture Theater Number Two; and later dropped into the editorial sanctum of the Weekly Epoch, where he furnished sufficient data for a two-column sketch of himself.

(Continued on Page 102)

"Spider—Honey! Is Yo' Come Home to Yo' Ol' Mammy? Is Yo' R'ally Truly Heah, Spider?"

REMOVING THE MUFFLER

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE sea power of this war was the greatest hush-hush organization the world has ever known. It was a matter of restricted public information that the British Navy was operating in European waters, and that later the British Navy was joined by a portion of the American Navy. Further, it was cautiously allowed to become bruited about that the waters in and on which these navies were employed were, generally speaking, salt; while the fact that navies are, approximately, made up of ships of various sorts was admitted with such reserve as the situation seemed to demand—which was a good deal of reserve, it may be said.

That was about all. When, where, why, whither and how these associated navies were doing what they were doing was not for print; nor much else, save in the broadest terms, with an occasional story officially let loose which told how the gallant ship ——, in latitude —— and longitude ——, on the morning of ——, in command of Captain ——, and in company with the ——, the —— and the —— did this or that, greatly to the honor and increment of the British flag. To make this policy of secrecy stick they had a censorate that was impervious and implacable; and those of us to whose lot it fell to write about these navies wrote about them warily, impressionistically, almost cubistically, and with full knowledge that this grim censorate, this unhumorous, serious, solemn censorate was not to be trifled with or held in light esteem, for it was in fact perfect and far-reaching, and well calculated not only to eliminate any item of forbidden detail from writings, but also to eliminate the writer thereof from further activities along naval lines.

Take the matter of the American destroyer fleet at Queenstown, Ireland, for example, based there and operating from that port under command of Vice Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, of the British Navy, and in direct control of that great American sailorman, Capt. J. R. P. Pringle, who commanded the U. S. S. Melville. First off, Queenstown must invariably be "a British port"; though—inadvertently of course—it slipped through in one of my articles as "an Irish port"; which was lamentable, inasmuch as Ireland is an island, and has only twenty or thirty ports, all told; and this was, of course, almost as descriptive as "a brick house" would be in telling of a structure in London.

Admirals Spilled the Beans

AFTER the laborious screed was written seeking to tell to the United States some of the pulse-stirring things our ships and our men were doing, but not getting by with anything but the mistiest of misty outlines, it was passed in review by five censorates—five—count 'em—as follows: Captain Pringle, Vice Admiral Bayly, the censor at Vice Admiral Sims' headquarters in London, the chief British naval censor at the Admiralty in London, and the censor in the Navy Department in Washington. Reasonably complete precaution there, I should say, to prevent the Germans from knowing that there was a fleet of destroyers operating at and out of Queenstown. And yet night after night German minelayers came right up to the mouth of Queenstown Harbor and laid mines; but, of course, they didn't know the destroyers went in and out that harbor. Certainly not. There were five censorates to prevent that. Probably the Germans laid those mines night after night just for practice in mine-laying; or because they had the mines and felt they must lay them somewhere.

Then there was the matter of the haven of the Grand Fleet, which was so tremendously secret. The Grand Fleet lay, much of the time, at Rosyth, which is a few miles from Edinburgh, Scotland. It stretched out for miles up and down the Firth of Forth. That fact could not be mentioned in print, and wasn't, for the duration of the war. The censors saw to that. Everybody kept it dark.

However, running across the Firth of Forth, plumb through—or over, rather—the middle of the Grand Fleet, when it was at Rosyth, which it was for many months of the war, is the biggest railroad bridge in Scotland; and over that bridge there pass, back and forth, each day and night, fifty or more railroad trains filled with passengers. All any person had to do to see the Grand Fleet in all its glory was to look out of a car window while his car was on the bridge. I got my own first glimpse of the fleet when I was coming down to Edinburgh from Inverness; and I might have seen it on the way up by the simple expedient of pulling up the curtain of the window in the compartment in which I was.

Every day and every night that the fleet was there—and it was there much of the time—each of the hundreds of passengers on those trains could see it, and did. Conceivably there were folks among those passengers who took the trip for that purpose, and for motives of their own. Anyhow, the trains ran through, or over, the fleet day after day, but to say in print that the Grand Fleet was at Rosyth was anathema. It could not be done. The Germans might find out about it. It is my opinion that this war would have ended much sooner than it did if the Germans had found out a lot of things that laboriously were concealed from them; but passing that it must be admitted that the censors kept the news of the haven of the Grand Fleet from print, whether it was kept from knowledge or not. It was the same with Scapa Flow, where the fleet swung a good deal of the time; and with many other phases of the naval endeavor.

There was also this phase of it that gave a lot of writing men pause: We were hemmed in by "don'ts," surrounded by "don'ts," submerged in them; but any time an admiral or a first sea lord, or something like that, felt the need of a little space in the newspapers for himself he ponderously rose at a public dinner or at a meeting for the benefit of thus and so, and spilled any particular pan of the navy beans he felt like spilling. These eminent gentlemen, it seems, were superior to all rules of the censorship. They told what they pleased and got their applause and their paragraphs in the public prints, and were hugely content! But if a writing man had tried it he would have been visited by a hand heavier than a shell for an eighteen-inch gun.

Every man who had to do with the Navy knew, for example, all about the Q-boats when they were interesting, and was bursting to tell the story. Impossible.

That was the deepest buried secret in the great graveyard of secrets. They could not be referred to even in fiction, and vaguely. But one night Sir Eric Geddes, feeling a fit of forensicality coming over him, rose and told the whole story; thereby securing for himself a column on a conspicuous page of the Times, and making every other Q-boat story dead stuff.

And so on, all down the line, not only with British admirals, but with our own. Next time I am sent to write anything about a navy I am going as an admiral or not at all.

I have no quarrel with the censors. Nor any complaint. They treated me well, and I had no desire and made no attempt to break any of the multitude of rules. I have never met a more courteous or helpful official than Commodore Brownrigg, the chief British censor, and the Americans were anxious to help, and did. I merely set down these observations as illustrations of the system, and in explanation of the British naval policy of hush-hush. The men who operate that navy, and our own, knew what they wanted, and how to get it, and had the authority. Wherefore, it is all over now, and more power to them. The British naval censorate is off, and so is the American naval censorate, and this seems a good time to tell a few of the interesting things that could not be told while the war was in progress, to which task I now address myself.

Wireless Chats of Tom, Dick and Harry

MY ASSOCIATION with the combined navies, as a writer, began in June and ended in October. During those months I saw them in action in many places and in about all their functions—on the water, under the water and in the air—and had many interesting experiences. I was on all sorts of ships, on various cruises and patrols, went submarining, ballooning, seaplaning and out in dirigibles. I rode in coastal motor boats that go thirty-five miles an hour, in destroyers, in submarine chasers, and was with the Grand Fleet. I have given abundant testimony in what I have written to the spirit and efficiency of the American Navy and of the British Navy. All that I have said I desire to repeat here with renewed emphasis and to this effect: The American Navy operating in European waters, man for man and ship for ship, from Admiral Sims down to the newest gob recruit, from the big oil-burning dreadnoughts to the tiniest submarine chasers, has done its job well, with credit to the Navy and with credit to the United States. It is an efficient, smooth-working, American machine, and there is every reason to be proud of it, not only as a whole but in each of its detailed functionings and endeavors and enterprises. It is a great Navy worthily representing a great people.

Returning, however, to the hush-hush features, one of the most interesting, from my purely landlubber view, was the use of the radio or wireless telephone. That is a development in telephony that is ours. The Navy had been working on it for years, and they put it into operation with the submarine chasers. Recently there have been demonstrations in the United States showing the use of the wireless telephone in connection with airships. I saw that tried out a year ago last December, and it was successful then in a limited way, and has been developed since. My first experience with the wireless telephone at sea was at Plymouth, England, which was our largest base of submarine chasers, and out of which port some fifty or sixty of these craft operated last summer and fall.

In an article about the submarine chasers I told of the style of communication, but not of the manner or methods. The chasers go out to hunt in threes, with the commander of the three in the center boat. Each boat has a wireless telephone—an ordinary telephone receiver, with the proper appliances attached—and when the commander of the flotilla, for example, wants to get in touch with one of his craft he simply takes the receiver off the hook and speaks, as one speaks into the ordinary telephone of commerce. As the boats go in threes they have calls in sets of threes—that is, in a set of three one boat is Tom, another boat is Dick and another boat is Harry.

The commander on Tom wants to talk to Dick. He takes down the receiver and says, "Hello, Dick," and the call goes out through the air and is caught by the man at the receiver on Dick just as a call comes into a hotel room or an office. The commander gives his order and it is executed. It is as simple as that. Dick may be one mile or three miles away.

(Continued on Page 72)

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

VI

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

WITH the blood pounding in his throat Mathison rushed to the side of the old lady standing opposite his door. He saw that the lights were on in his cabin. "Just a moment—until I get my breath!" she said.

"The steward?"

"No, no! Ran out to identify the man if possible. I'm afraid there's something deadly in your room."

"But Malachi!" The bird was huddled on the bottom of his cage—a bad sign.

Mathison dashed into the cabin, inhaled sharply, and this inhalation thrilled him. An unknown but pleasant odor tingled his nostrils. His glance roved quickly. On the floor under the port was a brown box, perforated. He seized it and tossed it through the porthole, beyond the rail, into the sea. Then he stepped out into the companion.

"Come! . . . Outside, where the air moves. . . . Malachi!" Mathison's voice broke. "Hurry!"

She followed him, still clutching the cage and wondering if he would remark her eyes, now without the baffling spectacles. He led her to a spot where the rail opened, took the cage from her and set it on the deck. He sat down beside it, and she imitated him. "The poor little bird!" she murmured. Was the wig on straight? She dared not put up her hand to feel.

Mathison stared at Malachi. He should have taken a cabin in the lower deck. Still, he couldn't understand how the port had been opened. He had kept it locked. No matter. Inspection would solve that. Thought he had turned in. He had until to-night gone to the cabin regularly at eleven; and they had planned the stroke accordingly. Their only hope of entering the cabin was after midnight, when he was in it. He had liberally subsidized the two Jap stewards. Day and night the companion was guarded. But after midnight the companion was empty.

Clever. To stupefy him, to send him into a deep artificial slumber, force his door and ransack his belongings leisurely. He was confident the fume was innocuous beyond the sleep-producing effect. But Malachi—it would have been the death of Malachi.

He still clung to that idea. He had read of such things, but until now had never considered them in the light of facts. If Hallowell had called to Malachi the little bird knew. But would he ever speak? Had he understood that one of his masters had been trying to tell him something?

Every morning for an hour Mathison had worked patiently to get the bird to speak; but aside from grumbling in parrakeetese Malachi refused to utter a word. All this confusion annoyed him. There was a strange swing to the world—now up, now down, now from side to side. It kept his temper, normally irascible, in a state of feverish vindictiveness. True, he would climb up Mathison's arm, nip his master's ear gently—the only way he had of expressing affection; but he was generally unhappy.

"I don't know why," said the gray lady, when Mathison's silence began to get upon her nerves, "but my first thought was of Malachi. I—you have told me so often how much you loved him."

"And you have probably saved him. In ten minutes he would have been dead."

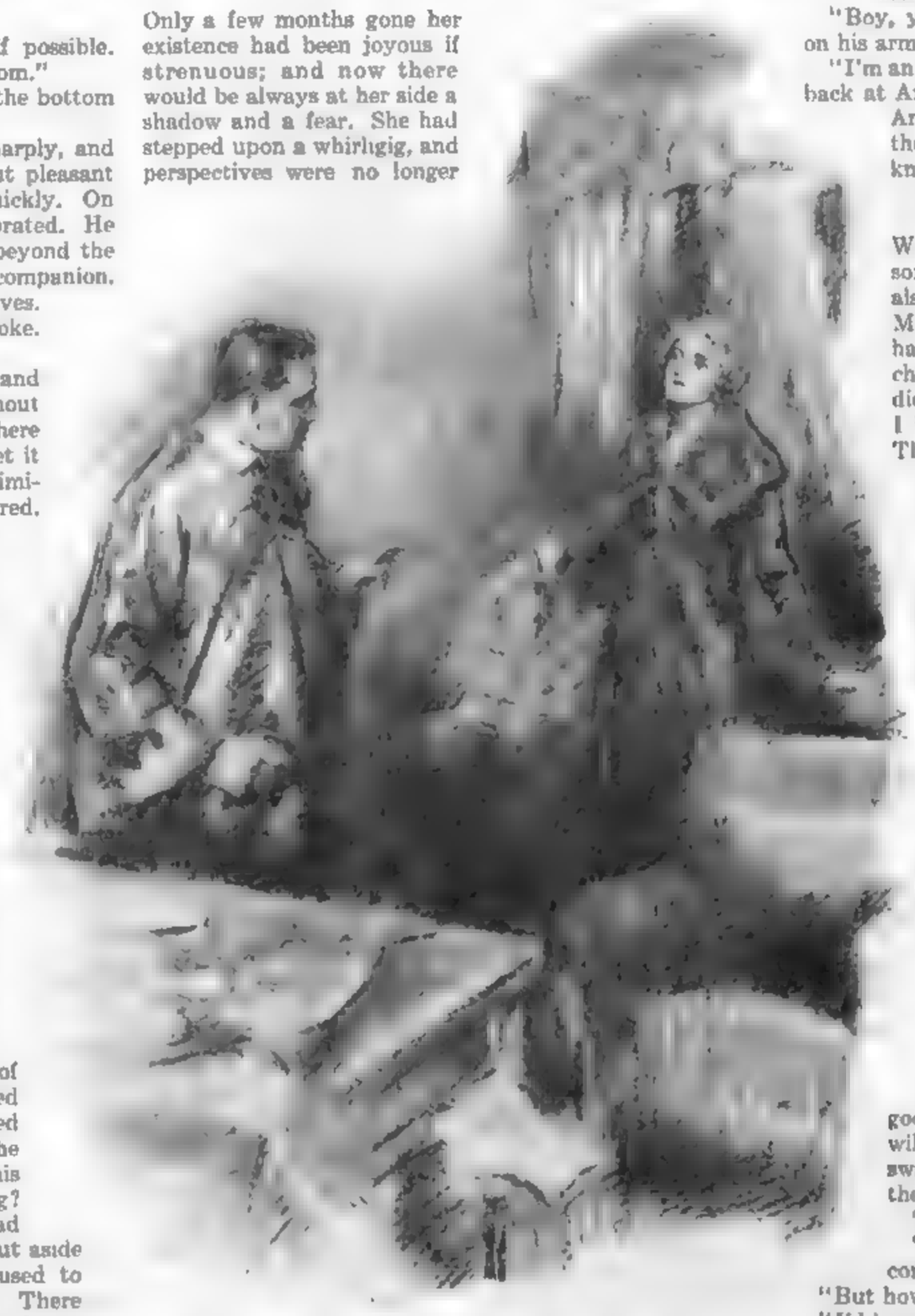
Malachi turned slowly head-on to the wind. The beak was closed. This was a good portent.

"Malachi, old boy!"

The woman stifled the sob that rose in her throat. A strong vigorous man, young, handsome beyond ordinary, all alone but for the little green bird. Why? What was the meaning of this self-imposed isolation? "A mollycoddle as far as women were concerned." Why? There was nothing about him to suggest bashfulness. She had not studied him through all these hours without learning that fundamentally he was light-hearted in temperament and tremendously interested in living. No woman in the background, for he was not cynical. And here he was, his sole companion a Hindustani parrakeet.

Mathison thrust a finger into the cage, and Malachi struck at it drunkenly. "He'll come round. I can't thank you; I haven't the words. But it would have broken my heart if anything had happened to him. Won't you please tell me exactly what happened?"

She did not begin at once. She had to weigh her words. She must never let him suspect that night after night she never went to bed until she heard him enter his cabin. What a coil! He would never know who she was! To-morrow, after landing, the gray lady would vanish forever. Only a few months gone her existence had been joyous if strenuous; and now there would be always at her side a shadow and a fear. She had stepped upon a whirligig, and perspectives were no longer clear. The horizon of the future was dark with complications. She dreaded New York, and she was honor-bound to return. Berta in New York? The kite in the dovecot? Escapades which would become the talk of the town, and which the public would naturally lay at her door. She shivered.



"You are in Grave Danger. Don't Leave Your Room Under Any Circumstances To-Night. Hide Whatever You Have, and Hide It Well"

Yes, to-morrow she must vanish completely, even though she would always be close at hand, all the way across the continent. The Yellow Typhoon! Her heart swelled with bitterness. He would never know. Filled with the grim business of war he would be rushing in and about Washington or the great naval yards. He would spend his leave in activities that concerned his future. There would be only one chance in a thousand of his stumbling upon the truth and finding her. Ah, but if he should!

"I could not sleep," she began; "I left my door open and knelt on the lounge to watch the sea. I don't know how long I remained in that position. Suddenly I observed a man stealing along the rail. His face was in a complete shadow. I watched him. He stopped in front of your porthole, then approached it. This looked so suspicious that I stepped into the companion. Your door was open the width of the hook, and I could see the porthole clearly. I saw the glass swing inward. There was plenty of moonshine. I saw an arm reach into the porthole, and something was dangling at the end of the shadowy hand. Quickly I threw up the hook, opened your door and turned on the lights. Saki, the steward, came running up. In a word I told him what had happened. There was a peculiar odor in the air. I caught up the cage and rushed out—just as you appeared."

"All my life I shall be grateful. I can't explain anything to you, much as I'd like to. You will never realize what your companionship has done to buck me up. I came aboard very nearly a broken man."

"Boy, you don't have to confide." She laid a hand on his arm.

"I'm an odd duffer. They used to call me mollycoddle, back at Annapolis, until I had whipped half the class. And all the while I've been just as normal as the average man." There was a pause. "You know Kipling?"

"His books? Yes."

"Then you remember that yarn called Love o' Women? My father—he was like that. Handsome and lovable and weak in fiber. He was also in the Navy. For a hundred years we Mathisons have been in the Army or Navy. We had money. We were soldiers and sailors from choice. My father died when I was sixteen. He died terribly. He broke my mother's heart. But I knew nothing of that until after the burial. Then one day she called me to her. I wish you could have seen and heard her. Tender and plucky and beautiful—and unafraid. She talked to me as fathers always should talk to their sons. Frankly and truthfully she drew life. I had the example of my father. She told me that somewhere in the world there was a mate for me. Should I take her a clean heart or a muddy one? Should I know real happiness or should I choose a bed like my father's? I listened, dulled and appalled. Then she asked me to promise to go clean. There's a point—we Mathisons always keep our promises. It is the motto on the shield. But we never give our promises hastily. My mother knew that. My father had never made her any promises of reformation. He knew he would have kept them. She told me to fight it out, then come and tell her what I had chosen to do with my soul and body."

"And you promised?"

"Yes. And I've kept it. She died shortly after. The wild streak was in my blood. I've had to fight. I have sown my wild oats in work and adventure. This took away a good deal of the gregarious instinct. I have fought wild beasts on foot, I have explored poisonous swamps, I have climbed precipices; and always the thing tugged at me."

"And the dream woman?"

"I'm afraid she's been a little too long in coming."

"But how would you know?"

"I'd know. I can't tell you how or why. Only, I shall know. Something will tell me. I wonder am I a mollycoddle?"

"Boy," she said, pressing his arm, for she hadn't taken her hand away, "I did not believe that there was such a man in all this world. Why, you have won your Marne! And she will come, this mate; for God is just. If I had a son I'd want him like you. All mothers long for sons like you. She will come!"

"She'll have to hurry," he replied lightly. "I'm heading into the war zone. I may never come back." He laid his free hand on hers. "I wonder if I can make you understand what your kindness has done for me? When I came aboard I was all but done for. I had just lost the one human being I loved. I may come and see you in New York."

"I shall be waiting for you. You have my address."

Later in her cabin, while sleepy Sarah brushed and aired the wavy coils of hair which had been confined all day beneath the hot wig, she turned with shining eyes—eyes like purple grapes in the rain.

"Sarah, am I beautiful?"

"Ah, madame, all the world ——"

"Bother the world! What do you think?"

"I? Madame is more than beautiful. She is famous. She is good. She is worthy of a good man, of many healthy children."

"Thanks, Sarah. That is all I wished to know."

"Will madame continue wearing this make-up?"

"I shall change it for another in the cab that takes us from the dock to the train to-morrow."

When the ship lay alongside her pier the following afternoon Mathison put in his buttonhole the bit of green ribbon. Then he rang for the steward, assigned the cage and one of the two kitbags to his care, took the other himself and went up on deck to bid Mrs. Chester good-by.

"Good-by," she said from behind a heavy veil. "You will not forget me?"

"Never in this world! I have your address. I'll dig up New York from one end to the other, but I'll find you, little mother!"

"Take care of yourself. And please come and find me!"

But she went down the gangplank with a queer empty feeling in her heart. He might find her, but the gray lady would shortly vanish forever. Had she been mothering him? Or had she been attracted from another angle? She had never met a man like this before, worldly in his understanding, handsome, virile, a man's man, but an utter child in the presence of a woman. Perhaps the attraction was its novelty. Hitherto she had looked upon men cynically. She was like one who had been chasing a mirage across the desert, to find a water hole unexpectedly.

It had been so easy to deceive him. Her voice, the roundness of her body, the firmness of her hand and foot—these hadn't told him anything. How many times had she almost reached out to rumple his hair? Why hadn't she? Why did she want to? She carried this riddle with her for many days.

Mathison walked down the gangplank into the vast shed. Almost at once a man approached him and handed him an envelope. He made off without a word. Mathison without glancing at the envelope stuffed it into his pocket and proceeded toward the customs barrier. He passed this with little or no delay, got into a taxicab and was driven to the ferry. Over in Oakland he found the train made up, so he went into his compartment immediately. He put away the green ribbon and rang for the porter.

"Screens in the window," he said.

"Yes, suh."

"I shall ring for you whenever I need you. Knock three times shortly on the door when you answer."

"Yes, suh."

"I shall have my meals in here. Always bring the waiter to the door yourself."

"Yes, suh," said the porter, the whites of his eyes growing.

"Follow these instructions and you will be ten dollars richer when we draw into Omaha. That will be all."

Mathison left the door wide open until the arrival of the conductor, when he produced the envelope he had so mysteriously received. It contained his tickets. After surrendering these he closed and locked the door and took inventory. Imitation mahogany—steel. Above the little door to the lavatory was an electric fan. He discovered that one of the windows went up easily. When his bunk was made up he would be able to reach the light and fan buttons without difficulty.

"Well, Malachi, old scout, this is America. How do you like it?"

Malachi teetered on his perch grouchily.

"I'm beginning to think that you're a chronic grouch. You don't like anybody, anything or anywhere. Poor little beggar! I wonder if you'll ever chatter again. I suppose I'd better break the news to you. When we get to New York I'm going to give you away. Yes, sir. To the dearest old lady a chap ever had the good fortune to meet. To have met a woman like that when she was young! My luck! They call us idiotic Yankees, these Huns, Malachi; but we're going to fool them. Ever see a spider weave his web—and then wait for the fly to walk in? Wait and see!"

Mathison turned slowly and faced the rear partition. He stretched out his arms, his jaws set, a savage luster in his eyes.

"With these two hands! . . . All right, Bob. Trust me to see it through."

But how was he going to secure that blue print—Number Nine? He possessed the power to search every human being on this train. That would, if used, serve to recover the print; but it would set Messrs. the Flies winging to parts unknown the moment they suspected what was on foot. The long arm of the Secret Service at his beck and call; and he would not dare use it! Beyond identifying himself to the watching agents by the display of the green ribbon he would never dare call for help. His enemies would be on this train, probably in this very car; they would be on the same trains all the way to New York, whither he must draw them. Once there he would not have much difficulty in recovering Number Nine. But if they mailed it! If it entered their calculations to mail it!

How many against him? He would never know until the end. The Yellow Typhoon? Let the viper beware! Morgan had described her minutely, but Mathison doubted if he would recognize her unless she entered some extraordinary situation.

To live in this infernal bulkhead for days—eating, sleeping, reading—that would be the supreme test, that would prove whether the metal in him was iron casting or forged steel. Never to question the porters, to confuse his enemies by a grim silence, to force them into offensives out of sheer curiosity.

"We idiotic Yankees!"

That night as he lay in his berth—it was after one o'clock—solving mathematical problems which had to do with jumps between trains he became conscious of a pleasant odor. He recognized it. Instantly he sat up and hauled away at the window. Next he brought over Malachi and lowered the covering of the cage. The cold night air came in at the rate of a gale. Then he remembered the fan. He groped for the button and the fan began to hum. Still he could smell the fumes. Suddenly he laughed. It was the cold tranquil laughter of a man who had lived among men. He pressed the porter's bell. If there was anyone waiting in the corridor he would have to move on. But if the porter did not arrive!

"Have Patience. Sooner or Later the Skillful Man Grows Careless. Somewhere Along the Route I'll Find a Weak Spot"

The porter, however, came almost at once. Mathison, holding his automatic behind his back, opened the door full wide.

"Any way of getting a cup of coffee?"

"No, suh."

"Sorry to have bothered you, then."

All Mathison wanted was an open door for a minute or two—a clearing draft. When he shut the door there was only a vague taint. Clever work. Not a lethal fume—neither his heart nor his lungs were troubled in the least. A sleep fume. There had been an almost irresistible desire to curl up and let the world go hang. Malachi's feathers were ruffled, but he clung to his perch, his eyes beaming with their usual malignancy.

How had they got the fumes into the compartment? Forward there was no danger, as he was occupying Number One. He went over every square inch of the base of the rear partition. In the corner under the berth—a difficult spot to get to—he found an oily thimbleful of steel filings. He drenched a towel and dammed the aperture. Compressed air had forced the fumes into the compartment. Evidently they were going to keep him awake nights.

So his friends were next door? Something, to find that out. But what was the idea? They could not force that door without dynamite. Had they speculated upon his running out into the corridor? Or was this the beginning of a series of night attacks to break him down physically and mentally? To keep him awake until he threw caution to the winds? There were big storms forward; there would be delays. Very well; he would sleep afternoons and stand watch through the night. A man's job.

The next offensive came while they were crossing the Rockies. It had caliber. It convinced Mathison that he was dealing with a man of brains, a man who was not untrained in psychoanalysis. They ran afoul a tremendous storm in the mountains and became stalled for several hours because of a fallen snowshed. It was near eleven o'clock when the porter came along and announced what had happened.

Though Mathison was sleeping as much as he could through the day he undressed at night, propped himself under the reading globe and studied navigation peculiar these days to British waters. Round about midnight he heard a pistol shot, another, then a fusillade from opposite directions. He jumped out of his berth and got into some of his clothes—and sat down suddenly, grinning. Had he been dressed they would have got him! What would be surer to call forth a fighting man than the sound of shots in the night? They were going to keep him thinking fast. They wanted him out in the open.

Before the train reached Omaha, many hours late, Mathison began to feel the strain. Sleep in the afternoon is never energy-producing; a number of minutes pass into oblivion, that is all; body and brain stand still, they do not recuperate. Mathison upon coming out of these naps felt as if he had been playing cards for hours. He had to apply cold water to shake off the lethargy. He was full of confidence, however.

There wasn't any doubt at all that they were after his nerves. The door knob rattled mysteriously during the small hours of the night. Whenever the train stopped there was a clicking on the windowpane. But he never opened the door or raised the window curtain. The vantage was still on his side of the net: though he knew what they were attempting to do they hadn't the least idea where their endeavors were getting them.

At Omaha passengers for Chicago would be transferred to another train. Mathison was last to leave. He put the green ribbon in his buttonhole, picked up the kitbag which contained the manila envelope, and sauntered forth. The freshness of the winter air and the joy of swinging his arms and legs freely! The porter preceded him with the other bag and Malachi.

Mathison did not hurry. He was among a dozen or so moving in the same direction. As he reached the platform of the new car two men broke away from the group and hurried off toward the gates. Negligible and unnoticeable—unless you knew what it signified. On the lounge in his compartment, which was still Number One, he discovered some novels and a bundle of the latest magazines, a present from the Secret Service. He would look through them all for a message.

A point in passing: If Mathison was confusing his enemies he was also confusing the various chiefs of the Secret Service along the route. Here, the latter reasoned, was a man who temporarily possessed colossal power. Orders had come from Washington to obey him absolutely. He could commandeer a car for himself, a diner, put operatives in the cars fore and aft, order the arrest of suspects, knock railway schedules galley-west; and to date he had issued but two orders—to engage Number One compartment on all trains and to have three taxicabs at the station at Chicago. And these orders had come from mid-Pacific, by wireless. On the other hand they appreciated the fact that if Mathison could make it on his own, so much the better. Still they were puzzled.

There were three novels. As Mathison idly riffled the pages he saw a word underscored. He followed this clew, and at length came upon this message: "You understand your powers? Car straight to Washington if you order it." Mathison chuckled. If the Secret Service was baffled what was going on in the minds of the men following him? He had determined from the start to send no wires. The green ribbon must suffice. Telegrams passing to and fro might create confusion, alarm the quarry.

There were two empty compartments on this car—Four and Five. Mathison had Number One. Number Two was occupied by a man with straw-colored hair and a ruddy complexion and a woman with a charming mole at one corner of her mouth. In Number Three were two men playing Canfield. In Number Six there were two women.

All women had entered the car heavily veiled—the women in Six and the woman in Two. They did not remove the veils until the conductor passed. From San Francisco to Omaha, all on the same car; and they would be on the same car from Omaha to Chicago. Mathison and the woman in Two had not stepped outside their compartments until this transfer from one car to the other. But one of the women in Six walked the corridor at all hours of the day and night, her face hidden behind a thick gray

veil. Her maid, however, brought all the meals to the compartment.

The blond man stood up and put a cigar between his teeth.

"Well, once more luck is with us; and yet I am vaguely puzzled."

"Over what?" snapped the woman with the mole irritably.

"It is almost too easy," scowling.

"The stupid Yankee pigs!"

"Not this one, Berta. We haven't got him clear in the open yet."

"Ah! Then you are beginning to doubt that superior efficiency of yours? . . . I'm tired. To keep me cooped up like this!"

"You may open your wings as wide as you please once we are in New York."

"But if he goes on this way?"

"I have still some traps. There will be a little journey in Chicago between one station and the other. Who knows what may happen?"

"But why coop me up?"

"The hour may come when I shall need you. If he saw you it would not be possible. Did Hallowell have a photograph of you?"

"In his watch case. But he destroyed it the night he left me." She frowned.

"Nevertheless, he must never see you. On board the ship it was your impatience that caused me to fail. We merely put him on his guard. The blue prints were in the purser's safe, and his signature was not in the receipt book. Have patience. No man is perfect. Patience often overcomes skill.

"Sooner or later the skillful man grows careless, or he forgets, or he comes to believe he is a godson of luck. And then, there is the lack of sleep. Somewhere along the route I'll find a weak spot."

"I hate all Yankees!"

"So do I, Berta. I hate them because some of them are not boasters. Have patience. A small city east of Chicago, a chief of police who likes newspaper notoriety. A couple of hours; we shan't need any more than that. New York!"—jovially.

"Champagne and beefsteak!" she retorted contemptuously.

"Well, and why not? Haven't I promised you all the dresses you can pack in two trunks? I haven't had a decent meal or a good cup of coffee since the war began."

"New York! . . . after all these years!"

"Bah! Who in the world will recognize you? We are a good many miles away from that gambling house in the Bubbling Well Road. You're moody. You've missed the parade for nearly five weeks. You'd be all right if you could walk through the cars to the diner and have them gape in wonder at you. Somewhere between Chicago and Buffalo we'll use that crook scheme. Now I'm going in next door for a few rubbers of bridge."

She did not reply. She turned her face toward the window and stared out into the night. New York! What was the matter with her that she did not blaze with pleasure at the thought of New York? Fifth Avenue, Broadway, the theaters, the brilliant restaurants, the shops—why did the thought of New York set a little chill in her heart? Were they alive or dead? In all these years she had not made the least effort to find out. New York—youth that had known nothing but poverty! With a repellent gesture she cast out these thoughts and picked up a fashion magazine.

In Compartment Six the young woman read a manuscript while the elderly maid, with the broad stolid countenance of the Breton peasant, brushed the golden hair tenderly. By and by the manuscript fluttered to the floor. She knew it so absolutely, even after all these months. She stared at the partition. She saw in fancy a window curtain, forms swaying back and forth, then darkness. She would never be able to identify the men. She had cried and shaken the iron bars of the gate until her palms had peeled.

"Sarah, dear, am I tiring you out?"

"I love to brush your hair, madame."

"I mean the slaving I've set you to."

"No, madame. The only happiness I know rests in serving madame faithfully. Besides, madame has told me that all this is for France; and that is enough for me, who am Breton."

"Then I am still beautiful to you?"

The maid smiled. "Madame, that handsome young man with the green bird ——"

"Well?"

"Madame is not offended?"

"No, Sarah. Speak on."

"Well, it would appear that madame—and madame knows that I am observing—no longer despises mankind."

"Oh, but he isn't a man, Sarah!"

"But yes, madame!"

"No. He is an anachronism—a half god who has lost the way to Olympus."

"Ah! If madame is not interested!"—with a sigh of relief.

"Men! How well I know men! The sameness of them. What do they offer me? Orchids, hothouse grapes, jewels that I return. Never a flower that is free and wild. What is it I want, Sarah? Romance! A whirlwind, an avalanche to sweep me up, to carry me off—berserker love! A man who will take me if I'm what he wants, without pursuing me in circles. I am a viking's daughter! This man? . . . We shall wait and see. Get me to bed. I am weary."

Meanwhile Mathison went through his magazines, taking in the pictures first. Then he fell upon a good story. It was illustrated by photographs, and one of the photographs made him forget the story. What was it? What was it that stirred in the back of his head at the sight of this bit of dramatized photography? He studied it near and afar, from this angle and that, but the lure remained tantalizingly beyond reach.

Fate never hurries. She takes time in writing her human scenarios; she can afford to. She knows that inexorably they will be enacted, without deviation. She had chosen this moment to place before Mathison's eye the photograph of a beautiful young woman.

The train from Omaha arrived in Chicago exactly twenty-four hours late. Great storms were raging across the land. As Mathison was passing through the gate, the green ribbon in his buttonhole, a man approached him covertly and thrust an envelope into his hand. More tickets. Mathison did not accelerate his stride in the least. He knew that everything was prepared for him. Upon reaching the cab stand he stopped. At once three taxis rolled up. Mathison bundled his luggage into the middle cab, rested Malachi's cage on his knees, shouted an order, and the three cars started off rapidly.

The snow was coming down in thick sheets. A blizzard was in the offing.

Just outside the regular cab stand stood a private car, a heavy, powerful limousine. As the three taxis rolled away into the storm a man dashed up to the limousine, jumped in and called to the chauffeur:

"The middle car; follow that! Smash it or tip it over. In a storm like this accidents will happen."

The limousine shot forward. The going was heavy. The man in the limousine saw the three taxis string out a little as they went on. What he did not see was the fourth taxi which followed him. Almost in a kind of military maneuver the three taxis forward veered together suddenly and shot down a side street. It took the limousine two minutes to pick them up again. There were plenty of arc lights, and by the aid of these the pursuer saw that he had gained a little. They were strung out again, about fifteen feet apart. They held this formation for several blocks. To the occupant of the limousine this was baffling as well as maddening. He saw that until they separated it would be impossible to ram the middle taxi. He decided to draw up broadside.

The woman in the fourth taxi laughed.

"Sarah, that young man knows how to take care of himself. If I should happen to fire a pistol you promise not to scream?"

"Yes, madame."

The young woman laughed again. "Oh, this is glorious! I feel all my youth coming back. I'm alive, alive, alive! The Fates have appointed me his godmother, Sarah. My duty is to watch over him until—he grows up!"

The maid smiled in the dark.

Presently the man in the limousine cried out joyfully. The forward taxi swooped north, the rear one south, while the middle car continued east, toward the railway station.

"Now! Beat into it! Anything to stop it!"

A block farther on the private car and the taxi collided. The latter reeled toward the curb and stopped.

As the man in the limousine jumped out, his chauffeur pointed his hand menacingly at the chauffeur on the taxicab seat. That individual raised his arms without resistance. He could not see the gun, but he knew it was there.

The man with the straw-colored hair swung open the door of the taxicab ferociously—to find the cab empty. He whirled back into the limousine, which was already moving. The right mud guard was badly crumpled.

"Station—all the power you've got!"

Tricked! He understood what had happened. When the taxicabs had maneuvered into the side street the original middle car had gone either to the front or to the rear. There was nothing for it but to play his last card—mistaken identity—to get Mathison away from his luggage for an hour or two.

The occupant of the fourth taxi, also comprehending what had taken place, picked up the speaking tube and ordered full speed ahead.

"Sarah, this young man will bear watching. He has ideas. I doubt if I shall be necessary to him at all."

"If madame should be hurt ——"

"No bridges until we come to them. Keep your veil down. He might be watching from his car window when we arrive. He must never see you."

VII

MATHISON was extremely pleased with the result of his exploit. To have thought out all these moves in mid-Pacific and to find them moving without a hitch! He closed the door of his compartment and drew the window curtains. He pulled down the covering of Malachi's cage.

"Malachi, you're likely to think cross-eyed all the rest of your days. But to-morrow night at this time you'll have peace and quiet."

Then from the corner of his eye he saw a bit of paper come jerkily under the door. He pounced upon it.

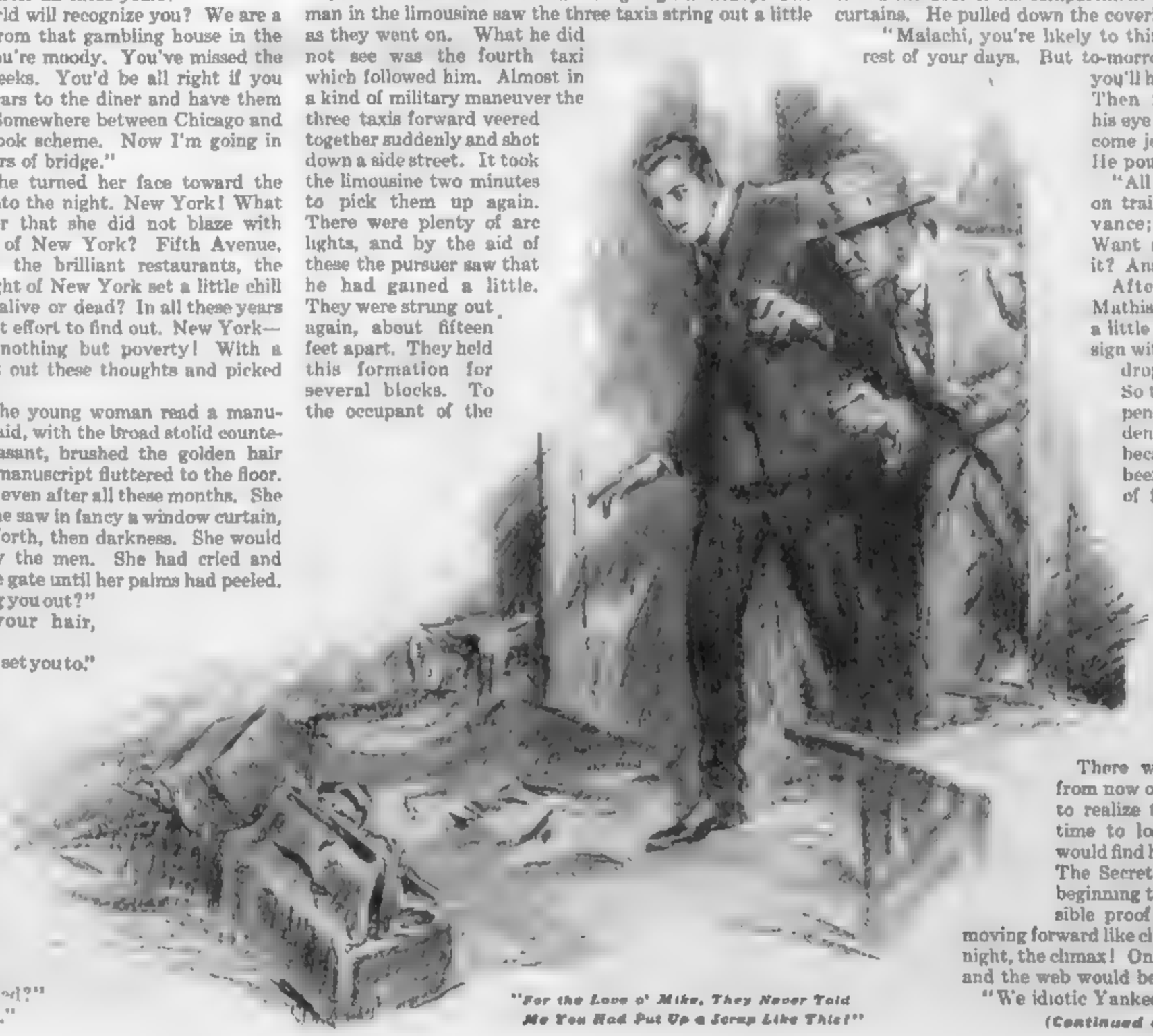
"All Compartments Two on train bought out in advance; unknown persons. Want anything done about it? Answer window."

After a minute's wait Mathison raised the curtain a little and gave a negative sign with his hand. Then he dropped upon the lounge. So that's how it had happened. Luck and accident in San Francisco because travel east had been light; but a matter of foresight and calculation in Omaha and Chicago. Confident that he would always occupy Number One, that he would travel a given route as rapidly as transportation facilities permitted, they had bought out Number Two Compartments on both trains.

There would be real action from now on. They would begin to realize that they hadn't any time to lose. Very well; they would find him ready. He smiled. The Secret Service agents were beginning to fidget, the best possible proof that his plans were moving forward like clockwork. To-morrow night, the climax! Only a few more strands and the web would be complete.

"We idiotic Yankees!"

(Continued on Page 77)



"For the Love o' Mike, They Never Told Me You Had Put Up a Scrap Like This!"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 1, 1919

A League With a Body

THERE ought to be no difficulty about disposing of part of the German Navy. It should be handed over to the League of Nations, along with the German colonies, the Kiel Canal, the guardianship of unappropriated and undeveloped regions and various other possessions.

The League of Nations ought to be a ponderable thing with a physical body in the shape of police ships, police troops, a revenue, such tangible symbols as a flag and a seal. It ought to have a territory, consisting of German colonies, and so on, substantially as our federated thirteen states had their common Northwest Territory and the German Empire had its Reichsland.

Such physical attributes will help people everywhere to think of it as a veritable thing—no mere writing that can be rubbed out again with a pass of the hand, but a solid fact in human association; as much so as their own government. The authority, endurance and usefulness of the league will probably depend finally upon the degree to which it attaches the sympathetic interest of the people of Europe and America—their patriotic feeling toward it. Without a real popular allegiance it might easily be brushed aside when the first important clash of national interests arises. There will, of course, be such clashes of national interest.

A mere arbitration board will not answer; still less, a mere international debating society. There has got to be something that evokes human regard and admiration, to which human sentiment can attach. Nobody ever attached much sentiment to a mere arbitration board. There must be a ponderable league with physical powers and attributes. German colonies and suitable ships from the German Navy would give it a good start.

That Wheat Guaranty

A GOOD many people are excited over the wheat outlook. Do not join them yet awhile. The Government has guaranteed two dollars and twenty-six cents for every bushel harvested in the United States next summer. A big area was seeded last fall. No doubt a big area will be seeded next spring. If it all comes through to the threshing machine in good condition there will be a big crop—a billion bushels or more. Australasia has available wheat, now that shipping restrictions are relaxing. India will have wheat to spare. Europe may harvest more wheat next summer than last. Wheat in the open market may be worth only a dollar and a quarter a bushel. Buying the American crop at two-twenty-six may let the Government in for a billion-dollar loss.

But a long, melancholy procession of gentlemen have gone broke figuring on the wheat harvest after the grain was knee-high, and part of our crop has not even been planted yet. It will be eight months, with multitudinous chances of bugs and weather, before the last of it is cut.

Perhaps you noticed in your newspaper the other day a hunger map of Europe, with more than a third of the continent black, indicating famine conditions. At any rate, you have seen what Mr. Hoover and other persons with pretty good sources of information have been saying about a grievous lack of bread across the water. And fighting stopped last November. When the Government gave its guaranty, for the purpose of inducing the fullest possible production of wheat in the United States this year, it had no means of knowing that fighting would not be going right on to next harvest, in which case every surplus bushel of American wheat might have meant life or death to somebody in Belgium or France.

The Government took a big chance. It was committed to a big game. There was a huge chance on the other side. If war had continued and the Government had failed to use every rational means of providing bread it would have been deeply blamable. Say we lose even a billion dollars. We won the war, and risking the billion dollars was one of the means of assuring that we should win it.

And we have not lost any billion dollars yet. It is terribly easy, and cheap, to be wise after the event. Long after the fire is out and the lives of the family are saved it is easy to complain that the firemen mussed up the rugs.

Considerable Mess

THREE weeks before the end of the year the Senate Finance Committee reported a revenue bill levying about six billion dollars of taxes on the income accruing in the year. Whether the bill could be got through the Senate, through conference, passed and signed in time, so that it would be physically possible for the Treasury Department to prepare and distribute millions of blanks, get in the returns and collect the taxes within the prescribed period was rather doubtful.

The bill was somewhat better than the Revenue Act of 1917; somewhat better than the House bill; yet it was a poor bill. No one can read it through without a conviction, first, that some of its intentions might have been more lucidly expressed; second, that it is doubtful what some of its intentions are. It is well known that the exceedingly involved and obscure Act of 1917 was put into effect pretty largely by administrative discretion—that is, the Treasury Department made the best guess it could as to what the Act meant.

The Senate bill is something of an improvement; yet it leaves much to be desired

It retains the wholly unsound theory of excess profits—namely, that any business concern ought to earn only eight or ten per cent on the actual money invested in it, or may properly be penalized by a progressive tax if it earns a greater percentage. This theory ignores the fact that in numberless cases—especially cases of comparatively small businesses—intangible assets, such as exceptional ability, special processes, trade-marks, patents, good will, are far more important than the actual money invested and are as legitimate a source of earnings.

The Senate bill—enlightened no doubt by experience with the unfair Act of 1917—seeks to meet that fact by giving the Treasury Department discretion to take intangible assets into account. It also seeks to hedge the discretion about with various restrictions; and, on the whole, in our opinion, it makes a poor job of it.

No open-minded person can contemplate our war-revenue legislation without realizing how much we need an expert fiscal organ at Washington—some agency that can draft an intelligent revenue bill intelligibly and get it done in time. An expert fiscal organ of that kind would be part of a genuine budget system.

The Cure for High Prices

"OF ALL the difficulties confronting the country at the close of war, price inflation is, in a business way, the most serious and the one calling for most immediate correction," said A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, in addressing an audience of economists recently.

Roughly, prices have doubled in four years, and everybody knows the untoward effects of that. You can look at it in two ways:

War created an immense demand for goods of various kinds, and hampered production of goods of other kinds. Looking at it that way, you can say these prices are due to scarcity of various goods in proportion to the demand for them. The way to cure that is to increase the supply or decrease the demand, or both—to produce more or consume less, or both.

Of eighteen and a half billion dollars of loans put out by the Government, five to six billions are not paid for out of the current savings of the people, but are carried by the banks. Mr. Miller calculates that if you take the increase in currency in circulation and of bank deposits, which have the same purchasing power as currency, and deduct the increased quantity of goods in circulation you get a balance of five billion dollars or so—roughly corresponding to the quantity of government loans held by the banks—and that this represents currency inflation, or credit inflation, which is a cause of high prices. The way to cure that is to save and pay off the Liberty Bond loans which the banks are carrying.

Look at it from any angle you please, a greater margin between production and consumption—saving—is the dependable corrective of high prices. If they are due to scarcity a greater margin between production and consumption will cure that. If they are due to credit inflation saving to pay off the loans will cure that.

Returning the Railroads

NINETY-NINE per cent of railroad traffic runs across state lines. If the roads return to private management the interstate authority—the Federal Government—must do the regulating, with power to revise or set aside any state regulation that trenches on the national interest. Many state regulations have trenched on the national interest—being designed for the benefit of shippers and travelers in a given region at the expense of the railroad system as a whole or of all shippers and travelers taken together.

The roads should be permitted to merge and consolidate indefinitely under Federal permission and charter. The Sherman Act, as it affects railroads, and every other statutory restriction designed to compel competition should be repealed. The object of all such restrictions is to protect the public against monopoly prices, and Federal power to regulate rates affords ample protection.

Federal regulation should proceed on the principle of guaranteeing a certain minimum return on the capital invested say, five per cent—and offering a reasonable margin above that as a reward for excellence and progress in managerial efficiency.

By such an arrangement every advantage of unified operation—such as joint use of terminals, consolidated train service, and so on—could be had. The public would be protected against extortion, for rate control would be in the hands of the Government. Capital would be protected against confiscation. Labor would have an open, impartial court for the arbitration of its grievances. There would be scope for private initiative; a reward for progress. We should be saved the plague of government ownership, under which politics would corrupt the railroads, and the railroads—with two million organized voters on the pay roll—would corrupt politics. We should escape the progressive hardening of the arteries which attends government operation.

Plenty of people will object, including state railroad commissioners, whose functions and importance would be much attenuated. But some such sweeping reorganization of the old status is the only thing worth considering as an alternative to costly and corrupting government ownership of the roads.

A Reminder

HERE and there a man with tear-dewed face is asking you to look at the corpse. Inflated prices and wages, millions of idle hands, an enormous debt, Europe mostly stone broke, anarchy advancing—all over practically except reciting "dust to dust."

When Germany plunged Europe into war a lot of people funked—people whose funking was high treason to the positions they held, and who ought to have been punished by official decapitation. They were British bankers, French bankers, neutral bankers. "Credit all gone, universal bankruptcy," they said. They would not cash a letter of credit. They would not change a bank bill. They would not do anything but shiver. And exactly because they funked and feared the worst, the worst—for the time being—came to pass. Their fear killed credit—nothing else. Once they got their hearts back out of their boots credit functioned just as before.

If a man scares himself to death he is dead. If he gives himself up to fear of the worst the worst is already there. The gloom brother simply throws up the game. He is out before he goes to bat.

Worst, loosely speaking, has happened. It may happen again. But if you act on the principle that it is inevitable you simply foreclose the big chance that it may not happen. You drag it in by the tail, whether it would come of itself or not.

CAN GERMANY COME BACK?

By Isaac F. Marcosson

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

CAN Germany come back? This is the question that bobbed up the moment the armistice was signed. It vies with permanent peace as the foremost problem of world readjustment. The swiftness of the Teutonic collapse upset every theory concerning the close of the conflict. The wildest speculation about the overthrow of the old order in Germany did not reckon with the precipitate flight of the Kaiser or the advent of a saddler into the chancellorship. A struggle in which one group of belligerents defied every tradition of humanity and which was projected on an unprecedented scale ended with a dramatic suddenness that left the social, political and economic line-up of its chief instigator hazy and hazardous.

The war was fought to free the world of a sinister militarism that provoked four years of sacrifice and suffering. Behind that militarism, and its full brother in power and profit, was the whole German business structure. Hand in hand they strove for the same end. This teamwork alone made Germany's forty-odd years of martial preparation possible. If this economic machine is permitted to be restored to full and unrestricted activity the world will not remain safe for that indignant and outraged democracy which rose in protest against its despoilers. Hence the problem of Germany's ability to recover is of vital importance to every nation that took up arms against her.

Future trade safety depends upon how the German productive capacity is censored and supervised. Until the peace treaty is signed—and never in the history of war has commerce figured so largely or so significantly in the framing of such a document—it is impossible to make any authoritative forecast.

If altruistic tendencies or academic convictions give her an even break for rehabilitation Germany will capitalize this concession into a new world menace. Meanwhile we can analyze the situation in the light of past performances. Together with an appraisal of her activities during the war we can reach some estimate perhaps as to the probabilities of reconstruction in that one-time empire.

A Dangerous Sort of Optimism

DURING the past three years I visited every neutral country in Europe. I went to find out just what the German economic penetration was doing and to see at first hand the foundation that Germany was rearing upon which to erect the structure of her post-war trade. Everywhere I discovered the silent army of propagandists and well-wishers strictly on the job. Everywhere I found immense stores of raw materials piled up, against that day when the German factory would cease to produce shells and divert its energy to the products of peace. Everywhere I heard that familiar refrain: "Germany cannot be beaten." Now that the great decision has been registered this defiance of the truth has not subsided.

I speak from experience because I happened to be in Switzerland four days before the armistice was signed and when everyone knew that it would be signed. The German diplomats and economic propagandists at Bern and Zurich were just as cocky and defiant as I found their colleagues in Holland in June, and in Spain, Sweden and elsewhere a year ago. That is why I say it is dangerous optimism to believe that, despite the jolt that defeat and the surrender of her fleet administered to German pride, it is not highly important for the United States and the rest of the civilized world to scrutinize the German economic situation carefully and unite to make it difficult for Germany to swing back to a commercial authority that has been synonymous with world conquest.

Any estimate of the Teutonic ability to recover must be prefaced by a swift survey of the Germany that was. Forty-eight years ago an empire of blood and iron emerged triumphant out of the crushing defeat of France. It was consecrated to one kindling ambition, which was to have and to hold a place in the world's trade sun. That desire was realized.

I can best illustrate the keynote of this extraordinary expansion by repeating a story told me in Paris last summer by a distinguished American who was received in audience by the ex-Kaiser back in 1912, when he was then at the crest of his power and popularity. The conversation between this American and Herr Hohenzollern turned on the English hostility toward Germany—then a timely topic of conversation in that country. The duel of naval armaments had been on for some time, to the particular grief of the German pocketbook.

"Do you know what is the matter with England?" asked the former ruler of Potsdam.

"No," was the New Yorker's tactful reply.

"It's 'Mig,'" rejoined the Emperor with a knowing smile.

The American looked somewhat surprised and answered: "I must confess that I do not follow you."

The now dethroned All-Highest smirked and then proceeded to explain as follows:

"'Mig' stands for 'Made in Germany.' Every Englishman sees it in the morning when he shaves himself with a German razor. He cannot travel to his office or do his day's work without using something that Germany manufactures. England is suffering from too much German enterprise."

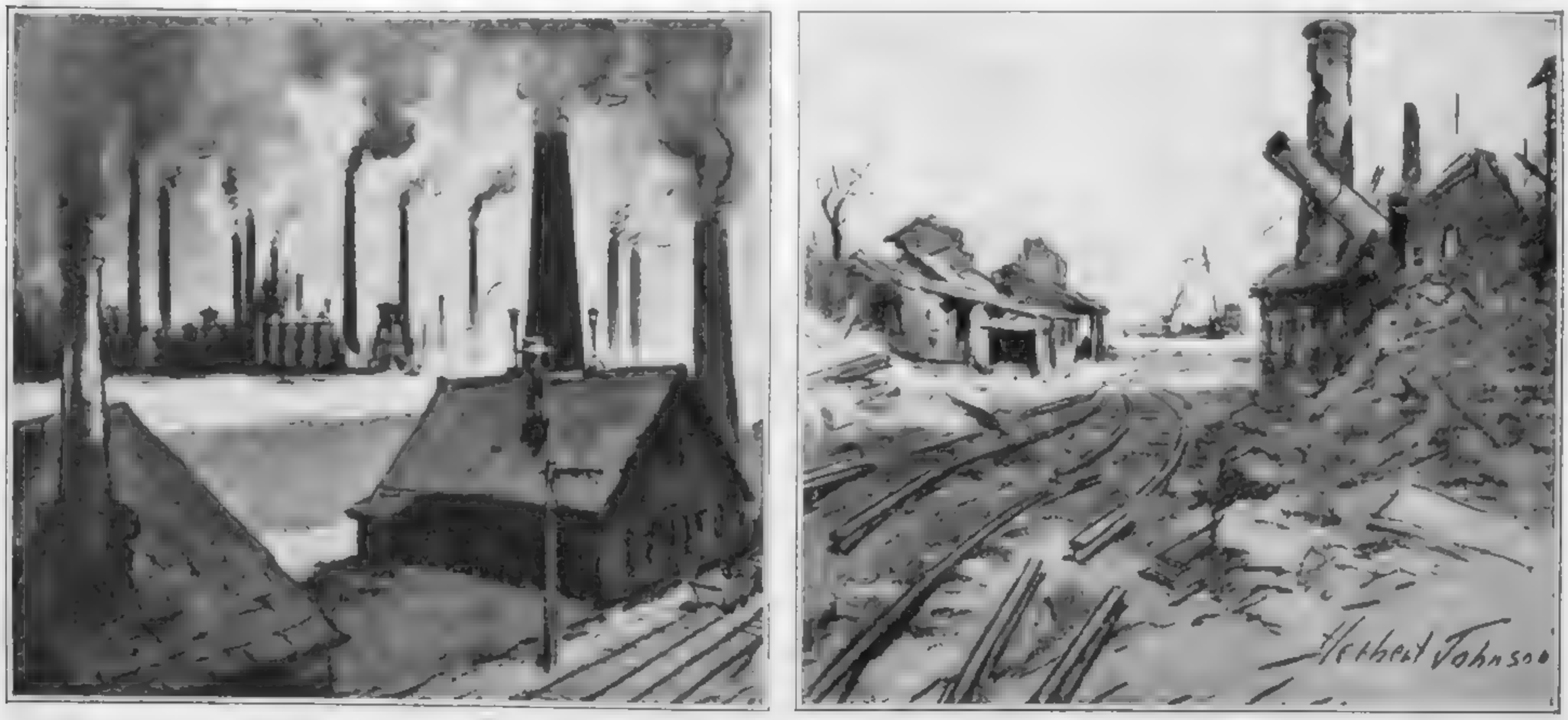
What the discredited master of militarism said that day was quite true. Yet the stamp Made in Germany, which was the hall mark of a proud prestige, was likewise the root of the German undoing. It led her production to overreach itself, and therein lay the real reason for its fall. It took the Germans four years to realize the bitter truth that they could have accomplished the peaceful trade conquest of the universe if they had only kept the dogs of war leashed. Germany's mistake was that she could not leave well-enough alone. Her peaceful penetration, as everyone knows, had fastened its hooks into every trade body; the sun never set upon her banks, her ships and her salesmen.

Germany progressed not only in terms of geography but in terms of goods. England acquired colonies and left their development to individual enterprise and initiative. Germany, on the other hand, colonized and did the developing herself. From the dawn of her empire the government was full partner in every German overseas enterprise, the glorified inspiration and accelerator of business. No community and no trader were too small to be cultivated. It was the aggregate of small accounts, garnered throughout the world, that made the sum total of the German widespread trade strength. In this the German was wise, because, as any comparison between German and British trade accounts will show, the percentage of loss among the former was so small, with the possible exception of Japan, where she plunged heavily before the collapse of the boom in 1906, as to be almost trivial when you consider the gross volume. This systematic and efficient colonization would have literally sewed up the markets of the universe, and no one, not even England, would have had any considerable look in.

The Price of Imperial Folly

GERMANY was the economic master of Italy; she dominated Russia; the Berlin to Bagdad Railway was the key to the treasures of the East; Belgium, Sweden, Spain and Holland were commercially plastic in her hands; England's complacency had made her an easy victim, and France, despite the resentment over the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, was flooded with Teutonic goods. In South America and South Africa she was making hay while the business sun shone, and in the United States Kultur could do no wrong. Thus Germany had everything coming her way. Trade nature, like human nature, is prone to follow the line of least resistance. Germany would undoubtedly have found herself commercial mistress of the globe in the natural course of events. But she went too far and paid the price of her folly.

The bulwark of German world-trade might was a Junkerism no less potent in creating commerce than in framing up war. The nerve center of the Teutonic business adventuring was not the Kaiser, as many have been led to believe, but the Pan-Germans, whose real headquarters were in the German Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Kaiser believed what the Prussian business barons told him—Ballin admitted this shortly before his death—and he really acted as exalted mouthpiece and press agent. It is no great secret that W. Hohenzollern was himself



Shall We Let This German Town Run on Machinery Taken From This French Town?

subsidized by German commerce in precisely the same way that the government endowed business. He was a large stockholder in Krupps; in the Potash Trust; in the A. E. G.—the German electric-machinery octopus; and in both the great navigation lines—the Hamburg-American and the North German Lloyd; he played no favorites when it came to the box office. Under his royal hot air German business hypnotized itself into the belief that it was invincible, that it was only necessary to clinch an international triumph by the waging of a successful world war. Besides—and it is an interesting side light on the causes of the stupendous struggle—the army looked with envy upon its full partner, business. Trade was getting all the action and the acclaim. The helmeted and spurred gentry needed some real exercise.

Germany got what she was looking for, but without the result she anticipated. The myth of German might was shattered; the much-vaunted partnership between the Kaiser and God proved to be a fervid piece of imagination. Despite this disillusion, and though the German fleet is dissolved, the U-boats safely tied up in British harbors, and a large part of the German Army scattered to its disillusionized homes, there still remains the genius of thrift, concentration and organization which made Germany industrially great. It is with this genius that the world must now reckon.

Can German business recover in the face of defeat and without the subsidies, colonies and other incentives that bulwarked it before the war? Can it stand up against the ill will of a whole world now wise to the hypocrisy and cruelty that lurked behind its astonishing development?

No matter from what angle you examine the prospects of German economic rehabilitation, one thing is certain: The eagerness with which the late Imperial Government literally begged for an armistice indicated that conditions were worse than we thought. For three years—as a direct result of much observation in Europe, particularly in the neutral countries that bordered on Germany, with whom she was in daily social and commercial communication—I believed that no matter when the war ended she would turn swiftly to recovery. The unexpectedness of her apparent collapse changed my point of view considerably, but only to the extent that the restoration would take longer than the original estimate.

The Possibilities of Recovery

I USE the words "apparent collapse" advisedly and deliberately because I am still convinced that there is a good deal of camouflage in Germany's protests about economic disintegration and the inability to make adequate restitution for the horrors and humiliations that she imposed upon the world. The German armies have been received at home as conquerors. Her whole industrial machine stands untouched.

Keep in mind the fact that the German workman and not the German war god dictated the surrender. Economic peace was the first consideration. The imperialized industry which made the disguised Germany of other days a superforce will dictate regeneration. No matter whether she becomes one republic or a group of thinly veneered and equally unrepentant democracies her struggle for existence and recuperation alone will swing Germany back to some degree of prosperity. Furthermore, if definite and permanent curbs in the shape of rationed materials, restricted use of the world's highway of traffic and, most of all, the full glare of publicity on all her overseas activities are not placed upon her new expansion she will make a surprising come-back.

Let us now see just what the possibilities of German recovery are. This examination naturally reveals two phases: One includes the constructive lessons learned during the war and the various assets with which the nation faces the future; the other is the roll of handicaps under which Germany, stripped to her unashamed self, will labor in the eyes and the markets of the world.

Any estimate of the assets with which Germany initiates reconstruction must begin with industry. The foundation of her one-time world trade was a vast export in manufactured articles. In 1914 her foreign business amounted to $5,000,000,000. During the war this dwindled to almost nothing. From 1914 until 1917 the empire was able to carry on a nominal trade with Scandinavia, Austria and Turkey. During the last year of the war, however, self-preservation dictated an almost complete concentration on national defense. All this means that so far as world trade is concerned Germany will have to begin all over again. In some respects she reverts practically to her status of 1871, when the whole era of her modern expansion began.

Between 1871 and 1914, however, the whole close-knit, highly organized and government-endowed industry was reared. This industry, instead of being paralyzed by the strain of the war and the shock of defeat, is in reality more intensive, and therefore more efficient, than ever before. Moreover, this vast productive machine stands intact. Except in that comparatively small area bordering on the Rhine which was bombed during the last three months of the war not a single German factory has been damaged. The war taught Germany the meaning of a super quantity output as never before. While British guns were being rationed in the first twelve months of the war the German artillery literally rained projectiles simply because the shell factories and the industries of peace knew the formula of vast output long before the world saw red. Hence, given even a moderate supply of raw materials plus the genius of substitution, which was second nature in Germany long before the invasion of Belgium, German production will catch its stride.

The keynote of the whole German commercial expansion before the war lay in industrial foresight. I might paraphrase a famous maxim by Pascal and make it read: "To foresee is to sell." While the rest of the world, to employ the happy phrase coined by Henri Hauser, the French economist, suffered from "economic myopia" Germany looked ahead. Every port, canal, railway, warehouse and factory that she constructed was capable of expansion. The British and French said it was a waste of money and energy, but somehow or other the German business always kept pace with this progressive development. Here you get the secret of the empire's ability to hold out during those four years of struggle. The productive organization met every strain of war. Being ready it did not suffer the dislocation that upset British and French industry for a time. Physically it is equipped to do the same job in peace.

But the most powerful productive machine in the world is impotent unless it has the wherewithal to work and can turn over its output. First and foremost is the question of raw materials. After Dr. Alonzo Taylor's comprehensive statement of this case as affecting Germany, which was published recently in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, there is no need to go into any elaborate discussion here. I will, however, go into two important aspects that bear directly upon Teutonic reconstruction. One deals with the great lesson of substitution that Germany learned during the war. The "iron ring" of the British blockade at once shut off the import of scores of essentials to manufacture, especially cotton, copper and rubber. To a degree not approached by any other nation Germany was able to create and devise substitutes for many of the needfuls. Life became one substitute after another. *Ersatz*—the German word for substitute—became the god that industry had to worship. There were substitutes for everything but human life and sunshine!

Let me illustrate with the case of cotton substitutes. The production of yarn made from paper from June 1, 1917, to June 1, 1918, aggregated 40,000,000 kilograms. At first the public declined to accept this substitute in place of the pure cotton thread. Necessity knows no choice. As soon as they began to use it they found that it was both cheap and practical. It could not be used for underwear and the better qualities of cloth, but it was successfully employed for workmen's clothing, table and bed linen, sail cloth, and even for the manufacture of substitutes for leather. This paper yarn was combined with wool and artificial wool in the manufacture of outer garments—even overcoats. This industry reached such a point of development that the soldiers in the field, in the last months of the struggle, were equipped with these phony clothes.

I cite this really extraordinary example of substitution to show that the Germans, having learned to do without many things during the war, will be able to continue this abstinence during the years of reconstruction. It means that the country will have to import less and will be able, therefore, to sell more.

Germany Not Without Trump Cards

RIGHT at this point it may be well to impress the fact that so far as any future trade with Germany is concerned it must be remembered that you cannot sell a nation without buying from it. This is one of the ironclad and uncompromising rules of international business. Coupled with this maxim is the second important consideration that, though the hand of the civilized and self-respecting world will be raised against her, Germany, despite the loss of the Lorraine iron fields, will continue to have certain valuable bargaining assets. For one thing, she has and will continue to have immense quantities of coal.

Her vast coal deposits are still unplumbed. During the war coal meant life, and the nations that had it wielded a power that was both economic and political. Germany, as I have frequently pointed out, used her immense coal supply to browbeat the neutrals. Those neutrals will continue to need coal, and in exchange for coal concessions from Germany they will find the means to provide her with raw materials.

What most people do not realize is that during the past four years Germany has piled up immense quantities of raw materials in the neutral countries. One of her favorite

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REPUBLIC TIRES wear very slowly, and very evenly—almost like a fine blade on an oil-stone.

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THE SHANES DISAGREE

By Alice L. Tildesley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

AFTER they had left the parental rooftree for homes of their own the Weatherbee girls had a happy little habit of suddenly whirling back in a taxicab, for which they invariably forgot to pay. On these occasions they were usually penniless, for as Laura truthfully observed: "Who'd come to Kenwood if she had money enough to stay away?"

Mr. Weatherbee, a harassed-looking little man with deep-sunk eyes, never exhibited any particular joy over their returns to his hearth: but neither did he show any other emotion. He rarely indulged in speech, seeming to regard the use of language as so much wasted effort. After an invasion of this kind he merely sought his tobacco jar, rolled a score of cigarettes, and settled down to smoke them, one after another, while he went over his account books, making minute figures in painfully exact columns.

Having arrived, the girls took possession of the choicest bedroom, spread their belongings all over it, found a bell and kept it ringing constantly, until Katy, or Ellen, or Nora, or whoever had the kitchen destinies in charge just then, wrathfully announced that she wasn't going to run her legs off toting hot water and clean towels and cocoa and what not up to them lazy women. She'd throw up her job first, so she would. Followed some slight unpleasantness about the exclusive use of the ironing board; also concerning the operator of the iron upon said board, Katy or her successor being averse to doing more than she'd been hired to do, and not having come to the place to be a slave. Not much.

Then, if it was Laura, there was the breakfast-in-bed battle. It made no difference how often the affair was settled; with her next visit it must be fought out all over again.

If the arrival was Maude there was the usual controversy about burning the lamp all night. She wrote free verse. That wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't insisted upon writing it at night.

If Beatrice chose to inflict her company upon the household things were even worse. In the first place Bee was entirely too nice looking. Added to this she had the genuine article in come-hither eyes. Whether she tried to attract them or not—and to be candid, Bee very frequently did—men certainly obeyed the eye language. They came hither in droves. Jane Weatherbee, the youngest and sole unmarried daughter, complained that she couldn't move without stepping on one.

"Here, It's Something You Dropped. And it's a Wonder You Wouldn't Let Me Tag You All the Way to Town!"

When the summer of 1917 was almost over the fair Beatrice appeared upon the scene. Mr. Weatherbee and Jane were in the garden banking up the celery and pretending not to see Maude waving a towel out of her window as a signal that she must have a cup of tea. Maude had come down to round off a masterpiece. You can't, she had explained, do the serious work—the actual slavery—of retouching in a crowded city apartment. Harry, her husband, had felt that she should take herself away from the madding throng.

Along the road in a perfect swirl of dust came the taxicab. The two in the garden heard it before it turned the corner by the locusts. Mr. Weatherbee stopped patting the ridge with his trowel and inclined his ear in that direction. Jane's expression became one of mingled dismay and indignation.

"If that's Laura ——" she began. But then she saw the lavender hat boxes on top of the cab, and finished: "Oh, dear, it's Bee."

Mr. Weatherbee examined the contents of his pockets grimly. He knew that he would be carelessly permitted to pay the chauffeur. He and Jane proceeded to the gate without enthusiasm.

Bee leaped gracefully out to meet them. She kissed them both eagerly. She held them off at arm's length and told her father that he was getting younger every day, and Jane that she was going to be pretty some day.

"But you do look a sight in that rig!" she added with some truth.

Jane was wearing some soiled overalls, a faded cotton shirt, and a straw hat with a tear in the brim. It was her first year with a war garden. It must be said that the garden was more successful than the majority of such efforts.

"There's nobody to see me except your taxi man," retorted Jane; "and he's only waiting for his money."

But even that hint had no effect upon Bee. She tripped into the house and directed Jane and the man where to put her things, showing only a momentary annoyance over the fact that Maude had seized the best room; and began at once to unpack. Mr. Weatherbee had either to allow the man to wait indefinitely or to pay the bill. He paid the bill. When Jane went past his door presently, bearing tea and cakes, he was getting out the tobacco jar.

"Why, Janie, you needn't have brought it yourself!" cried Bee from a chaos of exquisite lingerie. "Couldn't Ellen ——"

"There isn't any Ellen," said Jane.

"No," sighed Maude, who had come in and was sitting on the edge of the bed holding a pair of pink silk stockings so as to appear useful; "the horrid girls simply won't work now they can go to munition factories. You can't get them to do a blessed thing."

"Besides," said Jane very clearly, "father and I can't afford to keep a girl now. He's paying the wives of the two men in the office who went to France the difference between their private's pay and what they used to make."

"Isn't that dear of him?" murmured Bee; and Maude said it was altruistic. She felt that she had inherited some of her best thoughts from father, truly she did—not perhaps the deepest ones, but ——

Neither of them appeared to grasp the idea that she might be something of a burden upon the altruistic one.

"How long are you going to stay, Bee?" asked Jane as the latest arrival munched tea cakes over an assortment of pink crape nighties.

The beauty of the family raised indifferent eyes. She was absorbed in a consideration of bureau and dresser accommodations.

"Oh, until after the war!" she replied; and apparently decided on the dresser.

"Until after the—after —— What's going to become of Kerry?" gasped Jane.

It seemed to Jane as if Bee were deliberately avoiding her gaze. "Kerry?" she repeated lightly, diving into the roomy closet. "Didn't I tell you? Kerry's going to war."

"War?" echoed Maude. "I thought Kerry was thirty-one last May and didn't have to register."

"Kerry didn't register. He enlisted. Marines, I think. Yes, Marines. I don't quite know what they are, but he's in 'em." Bee's voice came to them somewhat muffled from the closet depths: "Felt he ought to do it—duty, you know."

"I thought you two were so hard up," began Maude.

"Oh, Kerry's always broke," laughed Bee, coming back a trifle flushed. "Won't it be tough on him not having more than thirty dollars a month—or whatever it is?"

"Won't it be tough on you?" asked Maude pointedly. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll stay here with father and Jane and brighten things up for the poor dears. I've sold all our things and I've got the money. I'm sure father will be glad to give a soldier to the country."

"We should all be glad to do what we can," said Maude, taking on her sad-sea-waves expression. "I feel like that. This new work of mine, now. I'm going to contribute the entire proceeds to the Red Cross—or else to the Fatherless Children Fund—I haven't quite decided. I'm putting in a dedication. That's what I was working on just before you came. By the way, Jane, I shouted at you for perfect ages for a cup of tea."

"You know where we keep the tea," retorted Jane.

"My dear child, I have no time to bother getting tea when I'm in the midst of a difficult thought. I might lose the thought."

Jane's countenance did not fall at this threat. Her attitude conveyed plainly that she considered any and all of Maude's thoughts unimportant.

"Never sell any of your stuff, do you, Maude?" inquired Bee.

Maude ignored that. "I'll read you some of it," she offered grandly. "There's one bit about the war that ought to be taught in the schools. In fact I was just thinking I'd write to Junior's teacher about it. They could learn it and say it in the morning exercises, you know; like Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans."

Jane made unnecessary noise over the replacing of cups on the tray.

"You'd better come down and explain to father about Kerry," she told Bee over her shoulder as she went out.

Bee flitted into the hall after her and hung over the scarred banisters to call down that Jane had better take a look at the parlor and see if it was all right. She was rather expecting Doctor Graham.

"Met him at the station," she explained, "and he said he'd run out. Oh, and Jane! Couldn't you have some lemonade and cakes handy?"

Mr. Weatherbee took the news without comment. He was sitting at his shabby desk making neat little figures in

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AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

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his account book, and was immersed in a regular cloud of smoke. He bore at the time a resemblance to a certain type of heathen idol. Maude was in the habit of calling his eyes enigmatic. That described them as well as anything.

"And so," said Bee, establishing herself picturesquely on the arm of his chair, "I'll be with my own darling daddy for ever and ever so long. Isn't that lovely? I shall wake the old place up. It needs light and youth and joy, doesn't it?"

Mr. Weatherbee edged about uncomfortably. He did not commit himself on the subject of brightness in the home.

"And I shall bring Janie out too," planned Bee. "I shall probably find her a match."

Her father finished the column of figures. "Would you mind," he inquired mildly, "just getting off my back?"

Bee rose from her affectionate position with the suggestion of a pout.

"I should think you'd be glad to have someone make a fuss over you, daddy. Jane is so undemonstrative. I always made a big fuss over Kerry. He'll miss that." She sighed and took a dragging little step, in what might be called a center-stage manner; but as that brought her directly in range of the mirror in the bookcase, and the vision in the mirror was anything but saddening, she brightened almost at once. "I bought this little red thing before I came down," she added in her usual gay voice. "Cheap. You wouldn't believe I got it for nineteen-eighty-five!"

Mr. Weatherbee surveyed the little red thing through the smoke haze. Bee looked decidedly stunning in it, but she looked stunning in everything.

He merely growled: "Pay for it?"

"They won't send a bill till the fifteenth, daddy."

"Where's Kerry then?"

Bee lifted her pretty brows. "Camp. Paris Island or somewhere."

He only grunted at that and wrote a neat little $19.85 at the end of the right-hand column. After Bee had drifted to the porch to wait for Jane to announce dinner he wandered into the kitchen. Jane, wearing a big apron, was dishing up the beans. She was hot and sticky and didn't seem pleased.

"Kerry and Bee fight?" he asked.

"I s'pose so. They're always fighting. I think he was mean to dump her on us. I'd like to know what he thinks we'll do with her." Jane stuck a fork into the potatoes, decided they were done, and found another dish. "Bad enough having Maude." She slammed the potato dish on the table and took up the meat.

"Know what they quarreled about?"

"No." She added that it didn't matter. They didn't need an excuse. Kerry was a red-headed Irishman, and even the Angel Gabriel couldn't be expected to live in peace with Bee. Besides, the Kerry Shanes enjoyed disagreeing. Probably they didn't know themselves what they had fought over by now.

At any rate if she knew, Beatrice did not reveal it. She did not admit that there had been a difference. But the fact that she received no mail from Kerry Shane, private, was evidence enough. However, she had much to console her. The Weatherbee porch became the Mecca for all males within a ten-mile radius.

"Why, I can't help them coming, daddy, darling," she would say when the head of the house ventured to object. "I'm considering Janie's future. I'm sure it's time. She must be nearly twenty."

"Jane's never there."

"Well, that's because she's jealous of my getting so much attention. It's a pity the child's disposition is warped. . . . Oh, daddy, I met the most elegant man to-day! Little mustache and sort of sad eyes. I told him to drop in to dinner. He's perfectly lovely. I'm sure Jane ought to be wild about him."

And the revelation that Jane was not in the least wild about him did not deter her from finding another specimen a week later.

The boys who were too young for the draft or who had not yet been called liked to come and sit at Bee's feet and punch each other when she spoke to them, or sigh and make sad mention of fighting for humanity. Jane never heard what the older men said. But they always came back. Bee was one of those rare spirits who can keep a dozen men simultaneously interested and happy. Some of them arranged for other meetings. They took Bee riding or driving or walking—not often the latter. Bee's shoes were never made for that.

"I have a perfectly new one," she announced, coming in one day in late November. "He has a limp, but he's a regular beautiful-beautiful! Looks like the cover on a military magazine. Oh, Jane, won't you press out my coral? It's disreputable."

Jane paused in her progress down the worn hall carpet. She had donned a ragged green sweater over her mud-colored trousers. To be entirely frank, she looked like a tramp. "If you'll go out and finish thrashing the beans," she agreed.

And naturally, as Bee didn't even know what beans were thrashed for, that was out of the question.

"But I adore that coral," sighed Bee, following the young tramp out of doors. "And I'm lovely in it too. Don't you think so?"

Jane picked up the small flail she had been using and began raising an immense cloud of tan dust, which drove Bee to a seat at the other end of the brick walk. From this point she continued to eulogize her beautiful-beautiful. The sound of her gay voice floated to the kitchen, where Maude had been driven to making her own tea, and the impossibility of understanding the words brought the older sister to the steps. They shouted at each other over Jane's insistent banging.

"I know who he is!" shrieked Maude, stirring the tea absently. She always put exactly three-fourths of a spoonful of sugar into it and stirred it once. "He's Courtney Mellish. Doing some government work at the big plant in Bancock."

"A perfect love with a limp?" cried Bee.

"Yes. I wish Laura was here. She always knows all about people," screamed Maude. She tasted the tea, found it too sweet, and sank down disconsolately on the steps. "After I'd gone to all that work too. And I need it to stimulate me to finish the dedication. Jane, will you stop that pounding? How can I concentrate?"

"You'd Better Come Down and Explain to Father About Kerry," She Told Bee Over Her Shoulder as She Went Out

"You've got all night," retorted Jane without ceasing. "My dedication is superb. You must hear it, Bee.

"To you, my Soul—
I feel your nearness and I know
That you feel mine!
You are the flagon into which I pour
The precious distillation of my thoughts ——"

Maude's voice rose higher and higher, but Jane's blows with the flail became louder and louder. Maude took herself into the house again in outraged dignity. She even went so far as to fill her own lamp. She would revenge herself by sitting up all night.

The beautiful-beautiful duly arrived. Jane was engaged in washing the dinner dishes at the time and did not see him until later, when she marched into the parlor with the coal scuttle to replenish the fire. She still wore her apron over her dinner frock, which was a faded blue with a darn in the front breadth. She was all the way into the room before she saw him. She realized what Bee had meant about the cover on a military magazine then. He had a fighter's face. He was a tall man, compactly built. He stood on the hearth with his hands in his pockets, staring into the fire. Bee was softly playing in the firelight. There were only two things Bee could play by heart. Jane recognized this one at once. It was, of course, Love's Old Sweet Song.

"Allow me," he said with a start, and took away the scuttle.

But he did not place a chair for her, and after a moment's hesitation Jane marched indignantly out again. He had taken her for the maid! Ordinarily that would have given Jane a certain wicked joy. But it didn't this time. She snatched off her apron, pulled on her tam and her father's overcoat and slammed out of the house. Now let them call her! She hoped Bee wouldn't be able to find the cakes and chocolate. She stamped down the road, kicking at the fallen leaves and muttering to herself like an old-fashioned villain.

After she had gone some distance she remembered that the beautiful-beautiful would not be staying much longer. If she went back she'd probably meet him. Of course she didn't want to meet him. Just the same, she started back. Then when his soldierly form loomed up ahead she hesitated and tried to decide whether or not to dash under the fence and hide. A man's overcoat, particularly a shabby one, is not supremely becoming. She yanked the tam over her left ear and pulled a curl from under its brim. She turned down the overcoat collar to a V. And after all that he merely limped past her with a casual "Good evenin'."

She stopped quite still, jerked the tam over the other ear, kicked an inoffensive rock into a ditch, jammed her hands into her pockets, and was about to march on to the accompaniment of words not encouraged in a young lady's vocabulary, when she stepped on something.

She drew back her foot impatiently. A man's leather case lay there. She snatched it up.

In the dim light of the watery moon she saw there were initials on it, but she couldn't make them out. However, it was evident to whom the thing belonged. She would have liked to throw it at him. Instead she turned in pursuit.

He didn't hear her coming. He was apparently engrossed in his own thoughts, and Jane panted along with the tails of the shabby overcoat flapping grotesquely at her heels. He made marvelous progress, considering the limp.

"Oh, wait, can't you?" she cried at last when he had reached the beginning of the cement sidewalk. A street lamp gleamed ahead. "Hey—wait! Wait! Mr. Mellish, wait, why don't you?"

At the sound of his own name he stopped short. He was right in the path of the street lamp, and he looked if possible handsomer than he had seemed in the firelight. Jane was conscious that she looked like something out of the Sunday funny sheet. The knowledge brought a scowl to her face. She extended the leather case as if she were aiming a gun.

"Here. It's something you dropped. And it's a wonder you wouldn't let me tag you all the way to town!"

"I had no idea ——" he began.

And Jane cut in that he didn't look as if he had, either. She was cross because she had been such a fool over her appearance on the road.

"I thank you very much," he said after an awkward pause; and then after a further pause of the same variety he added: "I don't believe I know whom I am thankin'."

"No," said Jane shortly; and failed to enlighten him.

"But you know my name."

Jane shrugged herself round.

"Anybody can know that," she retorted, and marched off.

Once he called after her: "I'm mighty grateful to you, Miss Mystery!" And after that: "Good evenin'." But Jane made no reply.

She liked his voice. He had a queer way of drawling the vowels, and he carelessly omitted the final "g" without making it sound as if he had once been a street newsboy.

Bee hadn't gone to bed when Jane got in. She was dreaming before what remained of the fire, and looking like a painting by an idealist.

"I wonder," she said when she saw Jane, "how it ever happened nobody married him." She didn't even mention the fact that she hadn't been able to find the cake. "To-morrow night he'll bring out some of his music," she

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

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But mere luxury of performance, bought at a prohibitive cost in maintenance, had no chance of acceptance by the War Department.

The Department demanded, also, that sound and rugged construction which alone spells economy in the long run.

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But you will find that what pleases him most, in the last analysis, is that same element of permanent value which determined the choice of the Cadillac by the Government.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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CADILLAC
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 26)

added as they started upstairs. "He has a nice voice; don't you think so?"

Maude opened her door to inquire tragically whether or not she could expect peace in the silent watches of the night, and they both crept to their separate rooms without further discussion of the beautiful-beautiful.

Jane endeavored to forget that he was coming again the next evening. She remained in the ragged sweater and trousers until it was too late to change for dinner, and then let the pudding burn because she was afraid Courtney Mellish would come in early and see her. She got out last summer's white frock, and had even tied the sash when she remembered that Bee and Maude would comment upon her attire. So she had to put on the faded blue after all. It was just about time she was getting some clothes.

He was late. Jane and Mr. Weatherbee had taken their books to Mr. Weatherbee's room and were reading under the only decent light in the house when the bell rang. They heard Bee's dancing step in the hall, and her bright welcome, then his voice, with its "Good evenin'." Jane did like the way he said "Good evenin'."

Jane didn't attempt to read after that. She considered whether she could possibly go in and see if the fire was all right, and decided she couldn't. Of course if Bee should call her ——

Bee didn't.

After an interval Courtney Mellish began to sing. Jane stopped lounging over her open book and leaned back in her chair to listen. He sang such things as The Low-Backed Car and Pack Up Your Troubles and some college glees. She had rather expected him to sing about the sands of the desert growing cold, and liked him better for not singing it.

Mr. Weatherbee shifted the current cigarette to the corner of his mouth.

"Who's that pup?" he inquired.

Jane rose. It was the only way she could avoid the telltale light.

"Bee's latest—Mellish or Smellish or something."

Mr. Weatherbee creased his paper carefully. He was always excessively neat.

"What's he making that row for?" he grumbled.

"Why, he's singing!"

Jane amazed herself by her indignation. Her father's brows came up in queer little triangles. He tried to see her, but the circle of light was below her face and simply showed up the darn on the front breadth of the blue frock. So he contented himself by observing: "Dear me!"

Jane went out to the hall. But Courtney Mellish didn't sing again. He and Bee were sitting together by the piano bench, talking very softly. Probably what Jane called "slush" though he wasn't holding her hand, for Jane brazenly peeped. Then she slipped out to the kitchen for the coffee. When she returned he was kneeling on the rug poking the fire, and Bee was humming to herself and picking out an air with one finger. That meant that he had gone as far as Bee intended him to go that night. Jane set down the tray with a bang and he dropped the poker, picked it up, dropped it again, swore under his breath, and finally got to his feet. Bee generally had that effect on them at first.

"My little sister, Janie," said Bee. She said it with a mixture of amusement and condescension particularly galling. It made Jane feel like an intruding schoolgirl. "This is Mr. Mellish, dear."

Mr. Mellish bowed and Jane ducked her head in the manner of the aforesaid schoolgirl.

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Mellish - only he pronounced it as if it contained a "w" instead of an "r." "It's the little girl who ran after me in the road last night." He used the broad "a," which Jane had hitherto considered as absolute proof of mollycoddleism.

"I didn't!" she snapped.

He smiled and presented her a chair, taking the one beside her, and made a remark about the weather and the war. He did not shake his head sadly and say anything about giving a lot to be over there. There was that much to be said for him. Bee sat on a lacquered footstool, where the glow played on her hair, and propped up her head with one beautiful white arm. Mr. Mellish's eyes wandered very frequently in her direction, and Jane couldn't really blame him. She was lovely.

After he had demolished the last cake Jane departed. He rose politely, but she had barely reached the door before he was at Bee's feet watching the coals with her, in the fatal intimacy of firelight.

When Jane dared to steal back to the door again she heard Bee saying: "I haven't told anyone but you."

And his answer in a glad voice: "I can't tell you how happy the telling makes me. Perhaps when we've known each other longer ——"

But Jane didn't remain to hear more.

Maude received a curt note from the patient Harry that week. He mentioned the fact that Junior had broken out with measles and the maid was leaving. Maude had better come home and let the world suffer for the masterpiece.

"The trouble with Harry is that he's a materialist," she explained as she fluttered about uselessly, picking up a shirt waist and laying it down in another place. "He has no conception of creative art. I just conceived a phrase—'flower-dew'd grasses.' What do you think of that?"

"How many of these camisoles are yours?" asked Jane. She was doing the actual work of packing, it being to her interest to return Maude to Harry's bosom. "Show me what's yours and I'll stuff it in."

Maude took on the sad-sea-waves expression. "Some persons are born without souls. It's a mercy there are a few of us. The minute I get to town I'll ask Laura what she knows about the Mellish man. I wrote to her but she didn't answer."

"What do you want to know about him?"

"Why, Laura always knows something about everybody. Besides, I think Bee is getting interested."

Jane lifted one shoulder.

"Well, she doesn't hear from Kerry, does she?" remarked Maude.

"What's that got to do with it? She doesn't write to him."

"Of course I wouldn't say anything," said Maude righteously, and proceeded at once to say it: "But I've seen Bee and Mr. Mellish out together every single day this week. They don't act like mere acquaintances, either. You'd think at the very least they were—they had an understanding!"

"So you suppose he doesn't know Kerry's living?" Jane wrapped a delicate dinner gown into a tight wad and wedged it into a corner of the trunk.

"My dear, what do I know about it? I never see him."

"Well, I do. Or anyway I will. I'll tell him," promised Jane. "Bee has no right to let him get in as deep as that."

"He's quite big enough to take care of himself. I think I have an idea—perhaps I'd better go down by the fire and see if I can express it. You won't mind finishing the packing, will you? And put in some of your ginger cookies for Junior, Jane. They'll keep him quiet. I need quiet. It's so essential to concentration."

Jane finished the packing. She crammed the lid down and sat on it to get the thing locked. She corralled an expressman, disposed of the trunk, lured Maude to a street car, and waited until it was out of sight before she drew a long breath. Now she had time to plan what to say to Courtney Mellish.

But after it was all carefully planned, even down to his proper replies, he didn't come. The week slid by without a sign of him. The fact that Bee went about with her usual gayety convinced Jane that she saw the beautiful-beautiful elsewhere. Jane was nearly ten days waiting for the chance.

She was in the front yard covering her tenderest plants with cornstalks when it came. With her usual luck she was attired in the old sweater and trousers. There was a smear across her cheek; but she didn't know that until later. He spoke to her before she saw him.

"Hello there, Miss Janie!" He was standing quite near her, but on the other side of the little fence. "Is Miss Beatrice at home?"

"No," said Jane; and never had a statement caused her more satisfaction. Bee would have been home if she had known, no doubt. "And I don't know whether you know it or not, but Bee's name is Mrs. Kerry Shane, and the other half of the family is still alive."

She stood up to see the effect of this upon the gentleman addressed.

"Pardon my callin' her 'Miss Beatrice,' but she prefers it." He was entirely matter of fact.

Jane took hold of the fence between them and gave it a little shake.

"I didn't know whether you realized that Kerry is Bee's husband and he's away at present fighting for his country."

"Yes. Possibly I understand the situation better than you do," he had the effrontery to reply, and inquired what she was tucking up for the winter, capping that by inviting her to go driving—"as Miss Bee's not here, you know."

So Jane, having firmly resolved not to go, promptly accepted the invitation and took him to the house while she dressed. She heard the murmur of voices below as she hustled out of the garden toggery, and the thought that Bee had come home unexpectedly sent her heart down with an awful suddenness. Then she realized that Mr. Mellish was holding a one-sided conversation with the head of the house, and her heart gradually resumed its proper location.

Mr. Weatherbee was his customary noncommittal self when Jane came down. He might have been enjoying the interview immensely or he might have been cruelly bored. But Jane noted that he had not lighted the cigarette in his hand.

Mr. Mellish had a small, dark-blue, expensive-looking car. There was room in it for two and no more—especially when one of those two was its owner. He explained the car to Jane. He even let her drive it and said that the steering gear and brakes were no different from any other make. Jane said she didn't see much difference herself, which was hardly strange, as she'd never tried to drive anything but a wheelbarrow.

They wound up the drive at the Mary Louise. It was the tea shop of the town. Jane had never entered its sacred precincts before, but it was a favorite resort of the other Weatherbee girls when they had an escort with plenty of detachable coin.

Jane felt very important as the maid led them to a conspicuous table. To her mind Courtney's undeniable good looks made up for the fact that her suit was two years old. She liked the way he ordered—not too lavishly, as one who tries to impress his guest, but as though he knew they were hungry and intended to be satisfied.

"We'll stop at the plant on the way, if you don't mind, Miss Janie. I've my mail to sign ——"

He did not finish what he would have said. Simultaneously their eyes fell on two people at the rear of the shop. The man's thumb and forefinger worried his chin, and he listened frowningly to something the girl said. Jane did not know the man, but the girl was Bee. Bee, very patently in trouble. She appeared to argue, to plead, even to be on the verge of tears.

Jane's eyes came back to her escort. Oddly enough he avoided her gaze. He looked even as though he might be guilty—though Jane hadn't the faintest idea of what he could be guilty.

"Do you know who that is with Bee?" she asked.

"Phillips—Phillips & McCoy, you know. Lawyers."

He turned the conversation into other channels. Jane did not try to turn it back. She watched Bee, who was making little patterns round the edge of her plate with bits of salad.

The lawyer had only a shake of the head to contribute to the scene.

"We'd better be goin'," said Mr. Mellish. He continued to ignore the subject of Bee and Mr. Phillips, though he could not have helped knowing that it was on the tip of Jane's tongue.

They stopped at the plant, and Jane waited in a little coop of an office while he examined and signed various documents. He sat at a glaringly new desk with a brass plate above it reading: MR. MELLISH. Jane read it over and over while she waited. There was nothing else on the wall except a card of regulations in fine print.

"Oh, Mellish! Mellish there? Say, can you come here a sec?"

"Important?" called Mr. Mellish.

The voice roared back emphatically that of course it was important. It might have gone on with still further emphasis save for Mr. Mellish's hasty exit. Jane grinned to herself and inspected the brass sign more closely. She could hear their voices beyond the partition, but the words she distinguished were such as may be read in a doctor's prescription. On the desk were numerous square boxes neatly labeled: "Mellish Formula 86A"; "Formulæ Cores 2DF." Her sleeves brushed a sheaf of papers to the floor and she stooped to pick them up. The upper sheet caught her eye.

"*Dearest darlingest Courtney,*" it began. It was written in Bee's unmistakable curlicue, on Bee's lavender-toned paper. Jane put it down as if there had been a pin in it. She left it squarely in the middle of the desk and went to the window. She was still there when Mr. Mellish returned. He called a witty repartee over his shoulder as he came, and she could hear the others laughing ruefully outside. He smiled over it, too, as he resumed his seat at the desk. Then he stopped smiling. She heard him change his position. She felt him looking inquiringly at her back, but she continued to stare into the dark glass before her. She could see the reflection of the light over his desk, and his image vaguely also. He had the letter in his hand. He made a move toward the wastebasket, checked that, eyed the letter, eyed Jane's back, and ended by shoving the sheet into his coat pocket.

"Ready? I hope your father isn't worried over your bein' so late. But we'll make it in forty minutes if we have luck."

They made it in thirty-five. Such driving required all his attention, and Jane was fully occupied hanging onto her hat. They drew up at the gate and Jane got out with what she hoped was cold dignity; but before she could say the chilly little "Thank you, Mr. Mellish, I won't keep you," which she had prepared, he broke in:

"I'm sorry you happened to come across that letter."

"I didn't read the thing," she assured him disdainfully.

"But you saw it. It's a little awkward. Why not ask your sister? I don't suppose she'll ever forgive me for leavin' it on the desk."

"It doesn't interest me."

He had the impertinence to laugh at that.

"It concerns the situation you started to lecture me about, Janie—Miss Janie—your sister's husband."

"I don't care. I just wanted to be sure you knew she was married and Kerry was alive. After that it's your own business."

And she didn't wait for him to answer. But she paused in the hall to see if by any chance he'd run up the walk in pursuit, and heard instead the purr of the engine as he drove away.

Mr. Weatherbee was poking neat little strips of wood into the kitchen stove and trying to look as though he had not spent the last hour hovering at the front door with a vision of Jane pinned under the dark-blue car.

Bee failed to appear for the evening meal; and Jane was startled, on taking her place opposite her father at the table, to find a worn ten-dollar bill on her plate.

"Clothes," elucidated the man of the house. And after her rather shy thanks: "Fellow's not so bad."

Jane's natural honesty made her state that he was not a matrimonial prospect for herself.

"'Thing matter with him?" he asked; and grunted expressively when she denied it with too much vehemence.

Bee ignored the dark subject. She went singing about the house as usual, petting Mr. Weatherbee—when he could be induced to bear it—and coaxing Jane into slaving at the ironing board. There was a pause of half a day in the effervescent gayety when word came that Kerry Shane had landed safely in France. There was no word personally from that Irish doughboy, however.

Courtney Mellish continued to adorn the Weatherbee hearth at least once a week. Sometimes he was one of many, sometimes he reigned alone. He generally asked for Jane, but if she appeared he never had much to say to her, and did not again take her driving in the dark-blue car.

With the coming in of March there was another invasion of the house of Weatherbee.

Jane, in a helmet that had been meant for Kerry but hadn't turned out well, otherwise disguised in her father's old rubber boots, was clearing a path to the gate. She was grumbling to herself about the unceasing fall of the snow. They were decidedly sick of snow by that time—Jane having possibly more cause to be sick of it than the rest of them, as it was she who had to wrestle with the snow shovel.

Laura chose that moment to arrive - in an old-fashioned hack, because no taxi man would risk his life on the unspeakable roads. Trunks and bags, suitcases and umbrellas weighed down the ancient vehicle.

There was Laura, waving an armload of bundles that wouldn't go in anywhere at

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

the last minute, and beginning to talk as fast as she could, regardless of the fact that there was no one to listen. And here was Mr. Weatherbee, looking like a sphinx and fingering his loose change with a fond-farewell touch. His premonition was entirely correct. He had to part with almost all of it.

"My dear, when I saw the bill for that Lenten luncheon I gave at Conrad's I said to myself, 'Well, this looks like Kenwood!' Robbery! Nothing but highway robbery. And they won't let you have anything you want. Make you eat just so much sugar and so many substitutes. Ugh! I nearly killed myself at surgical dressings. I need rest. I've been working like a horse, Jane. Like a horse. You'll have to make a household pet of me for the next month.

"Oh, Bee, remember that Ellsworth woman? Yes you do too—creature with a lot of henna hair and all that white wicker furniture. Well, she's married again. I heard all about her."

She proceeded to inflict them with what she had heard. It did not concern her that they didn't know the woman, didn't want to, and didn't care what had happened to her. Laura was going to talk about what interested her if it killed the rest of the family.

Added to her breakfast-in-bed habit was her absolute refusal to go there at night until the last moment. She wanted to stay up and talk, and folks had to stay up and be talked to. If they didn't Laura would come in and sit on their beds, leaving the light shining into their blinking eyes. She followed this course with Jane that night. Bee had been wise enough to lock her door.

"My dear," she began, settling herself, "tell me about Bee and Kerry."

"I don't know anything about 'em."

"Really? Well, then I'll tell you all I know. It's the queerest thing. You know they quarreled? . . . Oh, yes, indeed! Didn't you even know that? Of course they were always squabbling, but this time it was the real thing. They weren't speaking for a week. Kerry was white mad, and Bee went round with her ice-bound air—you know. The funny thing was that Kerry must have done something, because he acted so guilty if you saw them together, but he kept on being mad just the same. I suppose Bee landed into him too strong. That's a mistake. If Will is wrong—and he generally is—I don't rub it in, after he admits it. . . . I told you, didn't I, that Will has gone to some hole in the ground to dig up funds for the Red Triangle? Hates not going to war. . . . Oh, same old weak lung. . . . Well, the next thing we knew Kerry had enlisted and Bee was selling all their stuff. Will was at the station the day Kerry left for camp, and Bee wasn't even there! Maude says she doesn't hear from him either."

"She doesn't write."

"Isn't it odd? Maude says Bee's crazy over some man who comes here. Is she?"

"I don't know."

"Jane, you're frightfully unsatisfactory. I'll know inside of a day. Maude said it was Mr. Mellwood that I ought to know."

"Mellish!" corrected Jane crossly.

"Mellish! Courtney Mellish? Not that good-looking Courtney Mellish we met in New York before the war? I can't wait till I see him again! I thought he would have gone over."

"How can he—with that limp?" snapped Jane.

"Limp?"

"That's what I said. L-i-m-p, limp."

"I know how they spell it. But I never saw him wearing a limp. I don't think it can be the same man; or else it's recent."

She went on speculating as to why she hadn't known about the limp, and from that to an intricate tale of a woman who lived in the flat above hers and had a caller who limped. Jane fell asleep in the middle of that.

It took nearly two hours to get Laura up next day.

"You know, Jane, I expect to have my breakfast served in bed when I'm home," she reasoned from the depths of the two pillows she insisted on using. "And I should think it would be just as easy for you to get it and bring it up as it is to keep on bothering me."

"It's all the same to me if you don't eat any breakfast," said Jane. "Only I don't want to hear that bell jangling as if there was a fire all the time. You can't eat in this house unless you do it in the dining room. . . . And if you want to see Courtney Mellish you'd better get up," she added, the last time the frantic ringing brought her upstairs. "He's coming to take Bee out to lunch."

That did it. Laura came down while he was waiting in the frosty parlor rubbing his hands and moving his feet to get back the circulation after his run up in the car. He remembered her perfectly. The Weatherbee girls were not among those easily forgotten.

He said: "Good to meet you again, Mrs. Cameron. I haven't seen little Miss Janie to-day."

Yes, he said that! Jane heard it quite plainly from her father's room.

But Laura made no effort to find the missing Jane. She began at once to interview the caller, much in the style of a vivacious reporter with a dull celebrity, for Mr. Mellish was very stupid when the subject under discussion was himself. The one thing that stood out in the conversation was Laura's sprightly suggestion that he get a larger car and come round for Jane and herself—and of course Beatrice—some day soon. He said that he would be "charmed," with a broader "a" than ever and a total absence of "r."

After this he found no opportunity whatever to see the fair Beatrice alone in the old-fashioned parlor. Laura was always there, always very certain that her presence was the most desirable thing in the world, and, so long as tête-à-têtes were thus effectually destroyed, Jane was there also, with perhaps a sprinkling of the remaining male population.

It cannot be said that the visits of the handsome Mr. Mellish lessened. There was this to be said for Laura—she never allowed a party to be dull. She made them sing or dance or play games if conversation lagged. She dragged them to the kitchen and had them all participate in getting a late supper or set them to popping corn; and even once hustled them out to coast down the Lower Hill on a bobsled they manufactured on the spot. It was rather jolly to have folks running about the kitchen, getting in each other's way, and doing a Maypole dance with the tablecloth when they were supposed to be setting the table. The spirit of that appealed to Mr. Mellish and to Jane. It did not especially appeal to Bee. She preferred the drives in the dark-blue car, which had grown less and less frequent with the increasing pressure of work at the plant.

He Was Explaining the Character of One Particular Sector in the First Year of the War

"Do you know why Mr. Mellish sometimes walks?" Laura asked Jane one evening when they were waiting for that gentleman. "I do. It's because he lends his car three days a week to the Red Cross. He's been doing it ever since he came. He wanted to give it to them altogether, but Bancock is too small. They can't use it but three days. . . . Oh, did I tell you I found out about his limp? He wouldn't tell how it happened, though I asked him. He got a piece of shrapnel in it—in his leg, I mean—the first year of the war. He belonged to a Canadian regiment."

"What?"

"Yes! And after he was wounded they discharged him from service as absolutely done for, but he's over it except for the limp. Hurt in his very first engagement. So he offered his services as expert chemist to the Government, and they wished this frightful hole on him. . . . There he is now."

Jane went to the door. Bee preferred to have him see her first in some pretty pose, such as lighting the tall candles at either end of the piano or playing on her latest acquisition—a violin—chosen more for the graceful attitudes possible in playing than for her mastery of its music. The latter unclosed the lips of the taciturn Mr. Weatherbee.

"Wouldn't it give you the same satisfaction," he queried, "if the strings were made of rubber or something noiseless?"

"I didn't know you'd done some of the fighting yourself," Jane greeted Mr. Mellish abruptly.

"I didn't do an incredible amount," he rejoined, shaking himself out of a snowy overcoat.

Jane brought out the whiskbroom and began to brush him off, ignoring his protests as though she were stone-deaf.

"You might have said something about it. Put out the other foot. No, the other one! You're just as wet! Could you get into father's slippers? You'll have to take off those shoes. . . . No, you can't dry 'em on you. How perfectly silly! I'll get the slippers. . . . But I don't see why you acted as if it were a dead secret—being in the war."

He smiled down at her. "We seem to have quite a prickly little sister this evenin'," he observed; and laughed aloud when she indignantly announced that she wasn't his sister, wouldn't be his sister, couldn't be forced to be his sister if he came to her on his knees.

He followed her to Mr. Weatherbee's room, lips serious, eyes a riot of merriment, and apologized to her back.

"News?" inquired Mr. Weatherbee, after taking in the comedy quietly.

The word brought immediate gravity to Courtney Mellish. He handed a paper to his host.

"Beasts begun their drive. Sweeping everything before 'em."

He sat down where he could look at the sheet over Mr. Weatherbee's shoulder, and the two read it, making monosyllabic comments to one another as they read. Presently Courtney produced a map, Mr. Weatherbee opened the box of cigarettes, and when Beatrice, who had been standing before the tall candles with a lighted taper for some twenty minutes, came in to see what was keeping her cavalier they were bending over the table, heads together—all three of them—blue smoke rising from two fags held in the corners of the gentlemen's mouths. Jane's firm little chin was crowded against Courtney's right arm, a bright brown curl brushing his square shoulder. He was explaining the character of one particular sector in the first year of the war.

Bee was a trifle short with the veteran of the Canadian Army. He had an uncomfortable five minutes with her in the hall. Laura heard—and of course retailed it to a reluctantly attentive Jane—that Bee was uncertain whether to go through with "it" after all, and that his sole contribution to the conversation was: "Oh, now you know I'm not makin' love to Janie, any such thing!"

It was Jane herself who broke up the lecture by appearing with the forgotten slippers and standing over him while he, with a delighted little grin, had changed his own sodden shoes for them; by which time Laura had decided that they were going to play musical chairs, and came out to inform them so.

But with the increasing gravity of the big German drive the wild jollity of the evenings ceased. They took to sitting about the fire with the latest extra and following the bending line fearfully.

"It doesn't seem as if the war would ever end!" sighed Laura, and began a long story of something that had nothing to do with the case.

"I wish I'd been born a boy," sighed Jane.

"Or I'd been born twenty years later," sighed her father; but not aloud.

Mr. Mellish may have sighed to himself, but he did none of it openly. He worked every Sunday now, and very frequently at night also.

Bee suddenly lost her gayety. She began to carry the papers to bed with her, and get a ghastly gray-white if the Marines were mentioned. She did not sleep at all upon that Sunday night that the news came in of Haig's order to his men to die fighting with their backs to the wall.

Jane worked furiously in the new war garden. She had the same feeling of God-forsakenness when the April blizzard wiped out her efforts as she had when she saw the cruelly advancing wave of Germans toward the Marne.

But she worked all the harder after that. She had no time for frivolous frocks. The last of the twilight saw a little figure in overalls toiling in the potato patch or stabbing the spading fork into a newly made bed. The only interruption was that of Mr. Mellish with the latest war news. All the battles of the spring of 1918 were refought in Jane's garden.

On the day that word came of the halting of the Hun by a handful of Yankee Marines Mr. Mellish arrived to fulfill his long-deferred promise of taking the Weatherbee girls for a drive. He had a natty gray car with the flags of all the Allies at the side. They drove away from town, out to the hills, where the trees had taken on their summer green and wild honeysuckle made fragrant masses of bloom. Bee sat in front, clutching the newspaper, her lips stiff; but the man at the wheel did not confine himself solely to Bee.

A particularly beautiful spray of honeysuckle swaying from a leaning dogwood caught Laura's eye.

"Stop! I want that."

They stopped, and Mr. Mellish obediently alighted, leaving the engine running. It was not so easy to get the spray. Jane jumped out to assist, and Bee immediately ordered their return:

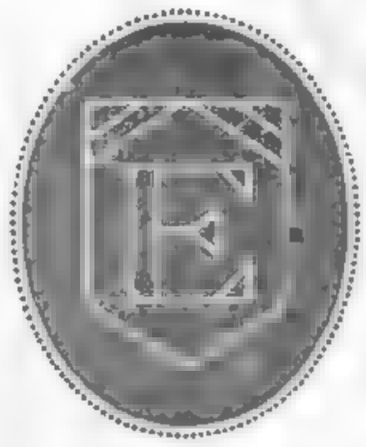
"We don't need those stupid flowers—and it's not necessary for Courtney to break his neck. Courtney, don't you climb that tree! Don't you do it!"

"I'll have it in a second," he replied without desisting.

Jane angled for the elusive cluster with a forked stick, from her position in the path of the car. She was enjoying herself. This was her first holiday since the German drive began. Bee slid to the driver's seat and honked the horn furiously. Neither of the truants paid the slightest attention. She pulled a lever and set her foot on a small bit of metal.

It was all over in a moment. Laura clung to the back of the front seat, screaming. Bee, with a tiny line of red beginning to show where the flying glass had struck her face, nursed the bruise Courtney's leap for the wheel had given her. Bee and Laura were alone in the car, the front of which looked as if it could not merely have run into a sycamore tree. Some twenty yards to the rear the host of the afternoon bent over a little huddle in the road. A broken branch of wild honeysuckle lay in the June dust.

(Concluded on Page 33)



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COLUMBIAN

Sledge-Tested VISES

(Concluded from Page 30)

After he had given up his panicky attempt to bring the still figure back to life he carried her to the car and told Laura curtly how to hold her. Then he did certain mysterious things to the engine's insides and it responded. Even inanimate things must have answered that look in his face. He drove with the reckless speed and unbelievable care of an ambulance expert to the nearest hospital, and followed the stretcher bearers within, still wearing that indescribable look.

An interminable wait.

The dusk was falling when he reappeared. Bee leaned from the dilapidated car to lay two agitated hands on his shoulders and sob out a question. He moved back slightly, but enough to make it impossible for her hands to remain in that position.

"The car didn't run over her. It was strikin' her head against the rock. No bones broken. . . . We'd better go home."

"I didn't mean to," wept Bee. "It was all because of K-kerry's being in the Marines and not knowing if he's dead."

Whereupon he made the enigmatic remark that she would find things greatly simplified if Kerry were killed, of course. A cold-blooded remark, that.

Mr. Weatherbee was at the gate. Jane's name was on his lips before the car reached him, and he boarded the wreck without waiting for them to stop.

"Jane! To Jane!" he said, and stood clinging to the door of the thing the whole journey through, hearing the story from all three in the same flinty silence.

They wouldn't allow him to see Jane, but he chose to remain, however unwelcome, at the institution. All Bee's pretty affection and Laura's arguments did not move him. At length Mr. Mellish supplied him with a jar of tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers and took the daughters away.

Mr. Weatherbee did not return to the bosom of his family for more than a week. When he did he discovered the difference between a house and a home—the definition of a home being a place containing the person you love. Laura had regretfully given up trying to have her breakfast in bed, and neither of the girls seemed to care so passionately for the exclusive use of the ironing board now that there was no operator for the iron. Laura was beginning to talk about going home, too, which usually meant that Will had made some more money for her to spend, and she and the lovely Beatrice got more or less indifferent meals and kept the house from utter rack and ruin.

Their parent observed that the garden was going to pot and hastened to the rescue. Jane must not be allowed to come home to that. The establishment of the new time made it possible to work among the weeds until past the nine-o'clock curfew. He used to take the proof of the garden's well-being to the hospital as Jane came slowly back from the edge of the infinite—now a pod of extra-size peas, now a delicately green cucumber. Jane was an inordinately long time getting well.

The day after Laura departed for her flat and Will's recently augmented income Mr. Weatherbee brought in the first of the sugar melons. Jane was sitting by the window, her head still tied up, a suspiciously damp handkerchief wadded in her hand. At his sympathetic grunt she denied emphatically that there was anything the matter, and attacked the melon as if she were excavating an enemy's grave. He sat down beside her. His left hand fingered the little box of cigarettes in his pocket. For once he wished that Jane smoked, that he might offer her his brand of consolation. Failing that he cast about in his mind for some other variety.

"Mellish's new explosive's got 'em going," he brought out after a pause, and was rewarded with a faint sniff.

"Laura's gone back," he tried again.

"I know it," said Jane; "she came in yesterday."

"Upset you?"

"No!" replied Jane, as if she'd like to make herself believe it; and then as her understanding parent patted her hand she let the whole thing come out. Laura had unburdened herself of the latest discovery in the Shane family fight:

"Bee and Kerry want to get a divorce. They don't think they can stand each other any more. . . . Maybe you don't want to hear about their last fuss? It's silly of course. All their fights are silly. You see, Kerry was objecting to Bee being too nice to somebody—just about as usual—and this time he thought he'd show her how it felt; so he began to rush a little French girl who was over here on one of the fund collections. He rushed her night and morning, and even took lessons in French from her, and went round the house jabbering—you know how Kerry would torment anybody by answering them in another language? He only wanted to show Bee how it was, and Bee got even by having a scene with him right in front of the girl!

"He swore he'd never forgive her and insisted that she should sue for divorce—he giving her a chance at a technical charge of desertion or whatever they have. Well, he started in to desert her, according to promise, and ran into a recruiting officer and got himself enlisted before he knew what was happening. Bee sold the furniture and came home, but when she talked to a lawyer about getting the divorce he said nothing doing; a man who enlists and isn't home to defend himself shouldn't have to come back and find his wife has a divorce on the ground of his desertion, when he's only doing his duty. It wouldn't be popular with any judge, and in this case there wasn't any evidence that Kerry enlisted to get out of Bee's way. . . .

"And by that time Bee was crazy about Mr. Mellish and had told him about the quarrel—you can imagine how she put it!—and Court—Mr. Mellish was going to marry Bee just as soon as she could get the divorce."

"I see."

"Of course," continued Jane painfully, "Mr. Mellish has never met Kerry and probably thinks he is a big brute who has made Bee's life miserable."

"'Course."

"You know yourself that Kerry is always wild over Bee after the last squabble, and he'll come home all jolly and expect to begin where they left off; and—and it's a shame."

"It is."

"And that's all," finished Jane; and lapsed into silence.

Mr. Weatherbee smoked. When the nurse came to send him home he observed offhandedly, as though he had not resolved to say that very thing ever since he came, "Mellish don't come out much. Inquires for you every day downstairs. 'Night."

Jane came home in early September. Courtney Mellish had gone to the national capital to demonstrate his latest discovery, but the house was full of men included in the new draft, all very much excited, and quite as eager to talk of what they were going to do in France as to discuss Bee's extraordinary beauty. The lawn had become a parade ground wherein the boys exhibited what they knew of military lore, and the older men disagreed as to the form of salutes and exchanged literature on officers' training camps. They all registered. Most of them received and answered questionnaires, needing Bee's assistance—even after the things had been signed and sworn to! And some few were examined and classified. Then they waited to be called. And they waited. And they waited and they were not called.

A group of them lounged about the early November fire grumbling about it. Bee sat at the piano, the tall candles shining on her lifted face, and played the other thing she knew by heart, which was Memories. . . .

Mr. Weatherbee sat in his room, under the only decent light, and tried to read, but as he had propped open the door in order to see Jane he wasn't really reading. Jane was packing a Christmas box for Kerry Shane, according to directions issued by the Red Cross, and having difficulty. She was scowling over the impossibility of squeezing two pounds into a place made for one, when the doorbell jangled.

One of the youths who dreamed of succeeding Pershing answered the bell. Bee played with renewed interest. She did not look up when the newcomer entered, and she was quite right about the picture she made. Beatrice was a very lovely girl. It was Jane's exclamation of "Courtney Mellish!" that halted the music. Bee and Courtney met in the middle of the room.

"I'm sorry," he said; and handed her a message.

That was a strange thing for him to say. Bee read the message and left the room quietly. She did not make an exit, which had come to be second nature to her. Mr. Mellish enlightened the others at once.

"Mr. Shane has been seriously wounded," he said.

He didn't stay, merely looking in on Mr. Weatherbee and saying something to Jane about her recovery in a jerkily embarrassed way. Jane sent the draftees home and found Bee sitting on her bed, doing absolutely nothing. So Jane sat down too.

"I don't think there's much the matter with Kerry," she volunteered; and Bee flared up at once.

She guessed Jane would think there was something the matter if she had half a dozen German bullets inside her, and a lot of poison gas and shrapnel, and—and everything. She added that Kerry never liked being sick, either—as though the majority of men enjoyed it!—and wound up by wishing Jane would get out and leave her alone! Which Jane did.

They went down to Red Cross headquarters next day to see whether there was any way of getting more definite news of Kerry, and Bee was rather rude to the lady in charge, who could hardly give her such news on the spot. Kerry wasn't the only wounded husband in the world. There was the further drawback that he perhaps imagined himself a divorced man and so would send no word on his own account.

They walked the streets to calm Bee after that interview. There came a blowing of whistles and a ringing of bells. Newsboys sprang up from nowhere, shouting madly. Crowds appeared. Everybody talked to everybody else. Some of them sang. Flags waved. Men threw up their hats. Some women wept, but most of them laughed. "Peace!" shrieked from billboards in letters ten feet high, and merchants wrote the wonderful word on their windows before closing up their stores to join the jubilant mob.

Even the thought of Kerry lying wounded in an unnamed hospital could not prevent Jane's spirits from soaring. She could have kissed everyone she met. But the next day, when Mr. Mellish woke the household with the news that the whole thing was a hoax, she was very glad she hadn't.

Jane was not in town on the eleventh, but she realized what it was like; only this time she began to think of Kerry coming home—and Bee—and Courtney Mellish.

"They're going to send the wounded back first," Mr. Mellish remarked very casually, later. He handed the paper containing that item to Mr. Weatherbee, who read it for a longer interval than seemed necessary. Bee had to sit on the arm of his chair and peep over his shoulder in her impatience. Courtney took occasion to add that he wondered whether they would send back the men who had married or wished to marry over there—French girls or anything.

"That has nothing to do with Kerry!" snapped Bee.

"Hardly," agreed Mr. Mellish, eliding the "r" and quirking his brows at her, so that she felt she had said something ridiculous. Presently he invited her to go for a drive, and she accepted. They did not go down the walk arm in arm as of old, but walked warily, like two foes forced together by an armistice.

When they returned Mr. Mellish came no farther than the foot of the porch steps. Bee sailed in like a tragedy queen, and the once-upon-a-time beautiful-beautiful retreated to his modern steed. But he didn't go away. Jane, hovering at a shadowed window, wondered why she didn't hear the familiar purr of the engine.

Bee had gone directly upstairs. From the fact that she was softly singing It Was Best to Leave You Thus, Dear! Jane gathered that she had just finished a pathetic scene to her entire satisfaction.

Jane made herself go back to the kitchen. But even while she stirred the biscuit batter and broke eggs for the omelet her ears strained to catch the engine's hum. At last she couldn't stand it. She stole out the back door and slipped along the edge of the old house to the low fence. Mr. Mellish was surveying the inside of his engine's hood.

"Engine trouble?" asked Jane.

The electric bulb he was using flashed on her, shivering in the keen wind.

"Thank you, Janie. Perhaps if I had a little hot water ——"

"Why on earth couldn't you come in and ask for it?" scolded Jane.

"And why on earth will you come out in the cold with nothin' round you?" he countered, and jumped the low fence with surprising agility for a man with a limp.

They raced each other to the back door. They had an argument over who should carry the steaming kettle, and another over what Jane should wear over her little pink apron on the second trip to the car—it apparently not occurring to either that there was no special reason why Jane should go out to said car at all.

"Don't laugh so loud!" he warned her once when they had shouted together over some footless little witticism.

"Oh, dear!" grinned the wicked Jane. "It's not proper to laugh when you have a broken heart, is it?" And he grinned shamelessly back.

It was at this moment that the lights of the approaching taxicab appeared. Jane, who had been standing on the running board, almost fell off at the sight.

"It's Maude—I'll bet it's Maude; or else it's Laura!"

The front door opened. In the lighted entry they saw Mr. Weatherbee, his head inclined in the direction of the chugging motor. At an upper window Bee's lovely silhouette showed dark against the lamp.

The cab stopped with a jerk at sight of the tail lights on the dark-blue car. Someone impatiently inquired why the man didn't stop at the gate, and Jane groaned: "It's Laura!" Someone petulantly said she couldn't imagine where Jane was, the girl ought to be out with a lantern—and Jane whispered: "It's Maude!" After that there came a man's voice with an Irish lilt to it. Jane didn't pause to find out what he said. She darted to the taxicab.

"It's Kerry Shane!" she cried.

"Sure and it's me living remains," admitted Kerry.

"Back from the edge of the grave," added Maude in a voice that matched the sad-sea-waves expression she was probably wearing.

Laura began to explain volubly why they had sent Kerry home, how long ago he had been wounded, and exactly how she and Maude happened to accompany him to Kenwood. As though he needed an excuse for coming back!

Mr. Mellish helped the red-headed Irishman to the house. Mr. Weatherbee prepared an easy-chair and wheeled in his smoking stand. Maude hurried up to claim the second-best room, Bee having long since moved into the best one. Jane ran to call Bee, and found the beauty of the family trembling a little, laughing and crying together, and for once in her life not remembering how she looked. They came downstairs at once. Courtney Mellish was standing in the parlor doorway, and Kerry Shane was sitting, bent forward eagerly, in the easy-chair.

"It's herself!" shouted Kerry, and Bee went past the man who might once have had the honor of being her second husband, straight into the arms of the man who held the honor of being her first.

The taxi man stamped his feet in the hall, and Mr. Weatherbee started toward him, fumbling for the necessary change, but Mr. Mellish anticipated him. He accompanied the knight of the cab to the gate.

Jane went briskly after him. She was still wearing his overcoat, which had been the result of the argument aforementioned.

"I'd like to know," she demanded as the taxicab buzzed down the road, "why you should pay the debts of the Weatherbee family?"

"Well," he replied in his fascinating drawl, "I don't know as there is any answer to that, except, perhaps, that I'm hopin' to belong to that family myself very soon!"

WHEN IT DAWNED

By Maude Radford Warren

IF WE should live a thousand thousand years we never could forget it—the day that peace dawned. Unforgetable, whether we were at home in big cities where church bells rang and horns boomed and men and women shouted and laughed and wept; or in joy-wild Paris; or in chilly barn-billets; or in the deep, deep mud at the Front, where it was not easy to realize that the long bloody toil and waste were ended. In whatever spot we were, to each and all of us it was an immemorial day; a day to stand beside those we hold most tender and most sacred and most significant; one of our vivid milestone days.

My fortunes of war had kept me close on the heels of that last American drive up to the Meuse. In the beginning, through the exigencies of my work in the ambulance dressing stations, I had been close enough to the front lines to be shelled several times; close enough, once, to see the reserves crossing a field and entering a wood on the other side of which were the Germans. And now at the end I was on the banks of the Meuse. On the first day and the following days I was on roads and in villages from Stenay to Sedan. Accident in most cases afforded me exactly what the most cautious foresight would have planned.

On the roads, asked like anyone else for information—for the very air was tense with question—I gave the news to soldiers marching up to the Front, to others in the shell-torn town of Laneuville, practically the front line. I told it to two boys who were standing over a dead comrade who had given his life crossing the Meuse that morning. I told it to the wounded in the ambulance dressing stations in Beauclair and in Laneuville—to wounded who had paid toll in the last half hour before the armistice was announced.

Peace dawned more quietly at the Front than in other places, and yet more dramatically. The coming of peace was one of the great experiences that are like waves of the sea. When one is upon it the reach and power of it become diffused, incapable of definition; but looking back the full sweep appears, its majesty and force and towering inevitableness. Happiness, great and mostly noiseless; there was that. A turning to home? Ah, that more than anything else. And underneath it all a relief so deep, so relaxing that it could not but hold an element of incredulity.

First Rumors of Peace

MY FIRST intimation of an imminent peace came in the form of a mirage on the Thursday before the immemorial Monday. Since the beginning of the drive I had been working just behind the front lines, moving as the Front moved, often under shell fire, always too busy to read a newspaper, usually unable to find one under three days old. For we were about a hundred and forty kilometers from the nearest railway station where papers could be called for, and though the Y. M. C. A. did its best to convoy them it often fell a victim, like the Army, to hope-robbing, crawling traffic. Often a Y car would be two and a half days traveling with papers for the front lines. Therefore, of the events of the war I knew only from first-hand experience that we were advancing, that our boys were still being wounded, and that because of impassable roads in the Jolny woods some of them were lying where even horse ambulances could not go. They had to be carried out by litter.

On this Thursday when I got the mirage of peace I had gone a few miles southward to get a real sleep. For a week I had been sleeping on litters which had been placed in stables or cellars or kitchens or receiving stations—in whatever place was nearest the wounded patients. On this night I was to sleep in a bunk made of chicken wire and two-by-fours—a great luxury. The dwelling was an old farmhouse on the edge of a little village populated by French soldiers. A group of us people were sitting about a stove that really drew, discussing the last drive. All along we had called it the last drive—not the latest. Suddenly our rather disjointed talk was cut across by a series of joyous French yells, from which we could disentangle the words:

"Finie! La guerre!"

We ran outside. The road was filled with moving, shouting, exalted people. They threw their arms high, and their caps and their voices. From far away we could hear other shouts, and on the hillsides Very lights shot aloft. Any German bombing plane could have reaped a red harvest in that region. Blankets shrouding windows were torn aside, and for the first time in four years shafts of light poured out across the village street.

"La guerre! Finie!"

It was the first cry of joy I had heard in France; not at all like the triumphant shout that sometimes signals a great victory. There was a unique timbre in this cry—a mingling of exultance, of a certain rough thrilling sense of mastery, of deep relief; and also there was a touch of weariness. Even in that moment the rejoicing French could not lose sight of the price they had paid, remembering that nine-tenths of their youngest soldiers lay with their heads low in the earth they had saved.

But—was it true that it was all done with? The best French linguist among us Y people could not elicit from anyone a statement definite enough to justify us in believing that the war was over. Still, there was something in the air that intensified our belief in a speedy coming of peace. I suppose the real reason for such a belief was just that it was so badly needed.

That night—bombardment! The deep snap and roar of our guns; the double slamming of the German shells that burst about the villages where our batteries were set. Peace a deferred dream, evidently; and yet the echoes of it would not down. Few of us had access to official communiqués, yet rumors of the coming peace flew and grew among us: The Germans were going to swallow the ultimatum; Jerry had nothing left to fight with. Peace would surely be on by Monday.

On the Tenterhooks of Doubt

PUSHING my way back next day to the dressing station with the snail-like roundabout travel that makes either for patience or for insanity, I came upon a group of engineers doing their best to make out of an impassable road something that automobiles, or at least wagons, would not buck and shy at. The car I was in chose to buck, so while the driver tinkered and coaxed I talked with the engineers. Big, handsome lads they were, picturesque in their khaki and burnt-orange jerkins, shoveling at the red earth against a background of autumnal color. They thankfully leaned on their shovels and seized the excuse to rest and talk.

"Are we going to have peace, do you think?"

"Well, I'm betting on it, lady," came a chorused reply.

"Yes, but whom do you bet with? You can't all bet on the same side."

"Say, there are 'some fellows betting against peace because it's a proposition they want to lose on. And there's others betting on it that if they win they'll never collect their debts."

They weren't the only men on the road looking for peace. Engineers and pioneers do not strike the note of war as do men marching. Yet on this day even the infantry going up to the Front had a sort of tentative air, much as if they were on one of those hikes taken, they assure you, by way of obliging difficult officers—footling hikes supposed to keep a man out of mischief, and which remind a man that he is very heavily under orders.

"We're supposed to relieve the ——'s," the spokesman of one group said; "but I bet it will be all over but the shouting when we get there. I hope so. I've been wounded four times now and I've a feeling that if I get it again all my troubles will be over."

"It's why we're here," one soldier said—"to rush this man's war through. It's lasted long enough, I'll tell the world that."

But behind all this expectance of peace was the readiness for another winter of war if the Germans insisted upon it.

In our little dressing station at Beauclair there was nothing to show that the war was drawing to a close. Day after day and night after night life was the same in that gray, little, muddy street. Inside, dark rooms, patients lying on the floor in their litters, doctors and assistants bending over them; other assistants sitting round the slim stove that was so slow to heat the cocoa. Sometimes there was no talk except a call for bandages or syringes or serum. Again, wagoners and litter bearers and various inside men would talk of this and that experience, worlds remote from the blood-stained figures at their feet. Outside, ambulances would drive up. From the heavy darkness we would hear shouts of "Where's the dressing station?" Other shouts of "Litter bearers!" Four men would start to their feet; there would be the quick opening of a door, and presently the shuffling of feet, and another broken burden would be carried in and laid upon the floor.

On Sunday night particularly the war seemed a permanent enough thing to me. Our seriously wounded we put in the little dark receiving rooms, but we put the lightly wounded or the walking cases in the church a couple of blocks up the street. As most of them had been found in the woods they had had no food for many hours and perhaps for many days. It was my duty as a Y. M. C. A. worker to give them cocoa or coffee and bread and cookies or whatever I had or could beg or borrow or salvage.

On this night I left the receiving room for the church with a pail of cocoa and two loaves of bread. My way lay over a morass of mud. Mud eight inches deep in places, liquid enough to penetrate the stoutest leather boots, solid enough to make every step a dragging misery; breath-taking, enervating, courage-stealing mud! It is impossible to convey in words the hopeless depression engendered in even the pluckiest person who has to plow through war mud. A man feels like swearing or even like weeping; a woman feels like giving up the vote or economic independence, and everything, just for the chance of being a good old-fashioned clinging vine or parasite, just to be lifted away from mud—by anybody. To all the nations and all the individuals in this war mud has been an insidious enemy.

In the fields beside Beauclair was one of our batteries. As I toiled along in the mud trying to balance the bread and cocoa the Germans began to celebrate the night before the arrival of peace by feeling after that battery. "Whee-ee," whined the first shell, and I clutched tightly my loaves of bread. There were no dugouts in which to take refuge. If there had been none of us could have left our duties. I got a quick picture of the various rooms where I had been working for the last ten days. I could see Captain Guy bending over a bad case with his solicitous look; Doctor Duncan with that sudden kindling smile of his adding to the fortitude of a suffering soldier; Captain Jenkins deftly bandaging; Captain Simpson injecting a serum. I could see Lieutenant Hodges going to the door to meet an entering litter, Lieutenant Morgan and Lieutenant Deem getting ready to assist in an imperative operation. I could hear Captain Martin declaring he did not need sleep for another twenty-four hours.

Yes, work had to go on! Still, the last thing that allured me was this business of walking in the mud while more or less inaccurate German marksmen were shooting up the town. I confess that I kept as close as I could to the churchyard wall on my left, and I did not walk a straight line. Moreover, I lifted up my voice.

"And this," said I bitterly, "is the dawn of peace."

I said it to the world at large while the shells whined overhead and slammed with plenty of sound and color in an adjoining field; but a cheerful voice answered me.

"You bet it's the dawn of peace!" said an M. P. "Where did you learn to speak such good English, lady? I thought all the civilians had been sent away."

"On the same continent with yourself," I assured him.

"Well, say, how did you get up so far?" he asked.

We conversed for a moment, he opining that it was a wonder Jerry was not afraid we'd take it out of him for this last strafe. He offered to carry my burdens, but I refused, not wishing to risk a court-martial for him.

Monday Morning Fighting

IF WE Y. M. C. A. women are not spoiled it will not be the fault of our soldier boys. We parted with the hope that the rest of Jerry's shells would be duds, and I plowed forward to the church, where I found a number of newly arrived and ravenous, walking wounded, lying on straw, waiting for ambulances to take them to an evacuation hospital. Weary and cold they were, as well as wounded. But I am constantly astonished at what a little hot food will do for our soldiers. Presently they were talking as cheerfully as if they were round the table at home, saying that they knew the Germans were all in, that peace was waiting round the corner.

"I wish I was as sure it wouldn't rain to-morrow as I am that Jerry has had enough," one boy said.

There we sat in that cold gray church lit by an uncertain candle or two, the shadows of the sacred figures flickering on the walls, the only heat coming from a lukewarm little stove. The faces of the soldiers were pallid and weary, and their clothes were filthy; indeed, nobody looked clean—and nobody cared. We discussed the certainty of Germany's downfall; and all the time German shells were smashing about the village and wounding men whom presently we should be caring for in the dressing station. If our faith had something funny in it we did not see this; and the very imperturbability of that faith gave it a justification of its own quite outside the facts.

And then Monday, the great day! That morning had its dark shadows in our particular region, as well as its high lights. There was an order countermanding an attack; it arrived too late, and men crossed the Meuse and died who might yet be living.

There was a certain active battery of artillery whose commanding officer said, at a little past nine: "What's the use of going on with this? The whole thing will end in an hour and a half. Cease firing!"

(Continued on Page 37)

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(Continued from Page 34)

Scarcely had he spoken when a shell burst close by, wounding and killing half a dozen men.

"Give them all you have from now until five minutes of eleven," grimly said the officer.

There was the tragedy on the slope beside the sawmill, near Pouilly on the Meuse. Under cover of the fog a company of men were coming downhill in close formation, when a shell struck their center, killing twenty and wounding thirty-five. How heavy must be the mourning for all our soldiers who died the last day, the last week, the last month of the war. If only the war could have been ended sooner, we feel. Ah, if only it need never have begun!

We had our quota of wounded men in the dressing station that morning, men wounded at nine-thirty, at ten, at ten-thirty. Usually when we read the card giving the details of the wounding we gave the time of it a perfunctory glance. Now we felt a painful interest in the hour of the wounding; we were grieved or impatient at the narrow margin by which these soldiers had missed safety. Mostly they took their wounds stoically; but there was one poor lad whose right arm was blown off. How he swore and wept—but the swearing came first.

"And peace at eleven," he repeated over and over; "peace at eleven o'clock!"

Poor boy! Among the searing pictures I have of this war will be his face, tortured not because of the pain but because of all that he saw before him of crippled youth, of impaired usefulness.

One boy we had who giggled in a whimsical way as we examined his broken leg and gave him the antitetanus serum and marked his grimy forehead with the usual cross.

"What's the joke, buddy?" someone inquired.

"Oh, I'm just recognizing the sort of luck I always have," he replied. "I'm one of those last-minute guys. When I get jilted it will be at the altar, just before she ought to be saying 'I will.' It's always been that way. I never got a childish illness but it came the first day of vacation. I never tore my new pants except just before I took them off. I never lost a prize or a treat except just before it was to be handed to me. I missed a trip to Europe by tipping the man that was to take me out of an automobile and half killing him an hour before the steamer sailed. I lost my commission by a fluke just before we came over. Three times my fool luck has made commanding officers change their minds about sending me to officers' school. I knew that when I got something it would be the last day of the war; I haven't worried at all till to-day. Only I thought it would be at ten-fifty-five instead of ten-thirty."

"It might have been your eyes or your life."

"No, it couldn't," he said with his droll giggle. "It couldn't have been my life because they are saving me up to make a fool of for fifty years more; and it couldn't have been my eyes because without them I wouldn't have so many chances to be made a fool of. Well, they can't make me give in; not while I can grin back at them."

Many Smiles, but Not a Cheer

WE HAD been working that morning with the sound of cannon in our ears, but meantime the conviction of peace was being brought in to us from the world outside our dressing station. We heard from a signal-corps officer that a radio message had been intercepted from Germany early in the morning, ordering that all firing cease at five minutes of eleven—our time. Further, it was announced that Berlin had spoken to Paris for the first time in four years; had said "Good morning."

When eleven o'clock came we scarcely noticed that cannonading had ceased until someone mentioned the hour. Then some of us went to the door of the dressing station. I do not know what we expected to see. There was the same little gray muddy street along which trucks and ambulances were passing. There were a few boys in khaki walking, well separated. There were the shell-torn fields beyond the town. The same—but it was different. There in that quiet street we were feeling the change that had come over the war-torn world.

A little later, from the front seat of an ambulance, the wagoner and I were calling out the news of peace to soldiers and pioneers and engineers; we told it with hearts and faces alight; the boys received it, I feel sure, in the same way. Yet there was no cheering, no laughter; just wide smiles, and now and then a word or two about seeing the Statue of Liberty after all. We drove past miles of such boys. Once we saw half a regiment halted and turned back because the war was over. Once a small rejoicing private left the ranks and did a handspring behind his top sergeant's back. Once I saw two machine-gun men waltzing flamboyantly in the center of the road. But it almost seemed as if the soldiers had had more faith in the armistice before it was actually a fact than after. Perhaps immediate realization was more than they could encompass. Many of them had an expression as if they were listening for further bombardment. In general, the great news was having something like an effect of anticlimax.

"Say, is this all?" I heard a boy ask.

I knew how he felt. I used to feel something like that myself as a child on Christmas Day when all the possible presents had been received, a big midday dinner had been eaten, and still there was a bewildered impression that there ought to be something else and yet couldn't be. But as the day wore on, realization became more a matter of course. Once or twice we heard a church bell madly ringing. A slow deep happiness seemed to radiate everywhere. On other days as we drove along, our whistle sounding, the soldiers we overtook gave way slowly to the ambulance, sometimes glancing up at us with inert faces. Now we could hear them saying briskly, "To the right, fellows."

And as we passed they grinned and shouted: "Have you heard the good word? It's us for home!" Or: "Say, have you heard yet who the unlucky birds are that will have the honor of going to Germany?" Or: "Yeh; we're to go home all right—by way of Berlin. Don't fool yourself that this armistice means getting your feet under the table at home by Christmas. It sure does not!"

In Laneuville, I thought, there would surely be wild rejoicing. Laneuville, as students of war maps know, lies opposite Stenay on the Meuse. On the day of the armistice our dressing station was leap-frogged there from Beauclair. It was not the first time I had seen the village. Several days before, Lieutenant Hodges and I had gone there in the first ambulance to pass. The Germans were just leaving it, and so were the refugees. Their little carts and baby carriages of property they had abandoned by the ditches; we did not understand why until we discovered that the Germans were still sniping the road.

On the Heels of the Enemy

WE ENTERED Laneuville, finding it refreshing because it was quite unshelled. I went into a château used by the Germans as a barracks. I used my field glasses and saw Germans strolling about Stenay. My main reason for entering was to find an abandoned clean apron, for which I left money, but before I could get a good one Lieutenant Hodges had called me.

"Come along! They've begun to shell the town. Am I to lose an ambulance because you want a clean apron? We've got to beat it quick!"

And so we had beaten it back, with two wounded men, stretcher cases. One was a young American lieutenant, who lay quietly smiling, glad that he had only a broken rib and a bullet through the arm. The other was a middle-aged German sergeant with a pain-drawn face. As I lit cigarettes for them and fed them cookies the German said that his Fatherland was lost.

"For three weeks we have done as we pleased," he said; "if the officers gave us an order we obeyed it or not as we chose. If we fought for them we fought going backward. The war is done, but Germany is forever lost."

All this had made Laneuville a rather significant place to me, and I supposed that here surely our soldiers would be celebrating, especially as on the other side of the river the Germans were retreating from the outskirts of Stenay on that long, long march that was to take them and their shattered hopes beyond the Rhine to a destiny that may, after painful years, bring them far greater gain than the destiny they tried to enforce.

But Laneuville though it was full of soldiers did not wear anything like a triumphant air. The soldiers moved more briskly perhaps, talked in groups a little more, but there was no hilarious whooping, nothing like so much excitement as there used to be before an expected attack or counterattack. In villages farther back I hear that there was sufficient celebration—sometimes, in the cafés, a little too much. But here in the front lines we were quiet enough.

Early in the afternoon we saw our last batch of German prisoners—a hundred and sixty of them. A few platoons of our men had crossed the river in the early misty morning, entered Pouilly, surprised the Germans before they were up, and taken their prisoners without a single casualty on either side. The long files of green-gray-clad men passed among our soldiers, who looked at them impassively. Not a word from us of cheering; nothing to show that we were victors; on their part, nothing to show that they knew their cause was lost.

By way of celebration some of us went to see Stenay. To me that town was almost as dramatic as Sedan, because, despite what the final military aim might be, in the minds of many of our soldiers Stenay seemed the ultimate point of endeavor. Our particular division had pushed on from the woods above Romagne to Bantheville—to Rehanville—to Barricourt—to Nouart—to Beauclair, Beaufort, Halles, Luzy, Laneuville—always with the river as a kind of frontier of rest. Time after time we heard that Stenay had been taken, and again that it had not been taken; that the Germans had flooded the meadows about Laneuville and were using Stenay as a point from which to lead counterattacks. We heard much of the German artillery stationed behind Stenay, of the murderous machine-gun fire that raked our bank of the Meuse. The talk varied from "When we take Stenay" to "We have taken Stenay." Many a soldier to whom I gave cocoa had got his wound in front of Stenay. To see it would crown my belief in the armistice.

We walked down a muddy road in sight constantly of the fields the Germans had flooded, and came to the bridge. Our enemy had effected here a very complete work of destruction. Eight huge gaps had protected them from our attacks, and for some days had taxed the powers of our engineers, forced to work at night under machine-gun fire and bombing. Now the eight gaps were crossed by stout single planks.

"The first woman in," said my escorts with vicarious pride.

If I cared about collecting unique sensations I might roll under my tongue the pleasant morsel that I have been the first American woman in some ten war-ridden French towns and cities. But my conviction has always been that there was business not only for me but for a score of others who could work without being waited on; that a whole platoon of us should have come with every regiment to help take care of our soldiers.

They flooded the streets of Stenay, the soldiers, their khaki like a stream of dusky gold under the pale November sun. Their beaming faces reminded me of the faces of the young soldiers who had not yet seen action in France. Yet there was a difference too; all these men had a "reward after toil" expression, and mingled with that an air of amused superiority. It was exhilarating just to look at them. From the windows behind them peeped the few civilians, happy but subdued, not yet realizing that they were free.

Plenty of discipline was going in Stenay; never have I seen so many M. P.'s and guards as walked the streets. This was for two reasons—because many of the houses had been mined, and because it was determined that nothing should be salvaged from the civilian population. Doors and windows in certain houses stood wide open, just as the Germans had left them, but no American soldier entered them. I wish I could be as certain that the civilians of the town were as punctilious about their neighbors' goods as our men were. But I confess that I saw two old Frenchmen furtively hurrying coal out of a basement into a handcart, with many overshoulder glances. I saw a small boy busily engaged in painting black a nice newish brown trunk with a French name printed on it. I saw a lady, with signs of guilt, re-covering a handsome feather coverlid with a plain material that showed signs of family use.

Leather-Lunged Hohenzollerns

SOME of the civilians came out of their houses to speak to us and to praise the United States. They said that if it had not been for the American soldiers the war would not yet be over. We thanked them for the courage of the French soldiers, without whose tenacity the coming of our men would have been perhaps too late. Pale and harassed they looked, those civilians, as they told the same stories of meager food, of enforced work, of men and women taken to Germany, of German insolence and ruthlessness.

But always they ended, with a smile: "It's finished—the war."

Flags; phonographs playing; little children running among our soldiers under flaunting German signs—Kron-Prinz Wilhelmstrasse, and so on; all against the pale gold of an autumn day—that is how I shall always think of Stenay. Three buildings stood out prominently—the cathedral, with its two towers, which the Germans had not much abused; the hospital, once a church or monastery, and now with an untidy and oddly rifled look, medicines and serums huddled amid the paper bandages which the Germans used instead of linen; lastly, the eighteenth-century château, beautifully proportioned and paneled, and set in a magnificent park. The Crown Prince used it as headquarters, and the old Frenchwomen in charge say that he stole nothing whatever and was really rather considerate. They also report that his father came frequently to visit him, and that the two not only always quarreled but they yelled at each other at the tops of their voices, and that on such occasions the German high officers banished the Frenchwomen to the remote corners of the château. Nevertheless, the Hohenzollern lungs seemed to have been effective.

That night in Laneuville the cooks did their best for supper. Arthur, our chief cook, and I went into the church, which the Germans had used as a commissary. As usual the seats and benches had been banked on each side, signs had been stenciled upon the walls, and no regard was paid to the sacredness of the altars. The high altar, its faded flowers still hanging limp from the vases, was piled with little empty tobacco bags. The chancel was filled with huge pickle barrels. All over the floor were heaps of potatoes, among which stuck up, here and there, a broken candlestick or the corner of a picture. No soldier in Laneuville but had pickles and French fried potatoes for supper. And what a luxury to eat without thought of bombs or shells, to show flashlights as we pleased, to leave windows unblanketed!

After supper I heard the ambulance boys singing wagoners and orderlies, cooks and outside men. And what they sang was not patriotic songs but such plaintive tunes

as Where is My Wandering Boy To-night? Darling, I am Growing Old, A Baby's Prayer at Twilight, Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

Next day, however, high spirits began to have play. These dressing-station boys were always summoned to meals by a call which the cook had adapted from a coast-artillery cook—Seagulls! Never before this morning, I am sure, had Arthur and Vic put such vim and passion into their summons.

"Seagulls! Seagulls!" they boomed resonantly; and from all over our building and the courtyard came answering shouts and clatter. The streets, too, were alive with jolly noise, which rose above the grinding of the heavy trucks ceaselessly passing. It was accompanied by exaggerated cavorting, by all sorts of youthful pantomime. The hardened veterans of a baker's dozen of months were changing into boys again. Horseplay and whooping! The soldiers even treated the M. P.'s like human beings. Everywhere resounded cries of "Heaven, hell or Hoboken before Christmas! You bet!"

But I was looking for further celebration. We were across the Meuse, indeed, but alongside of us were villages still occupied by the Germans. I had a haunting desire to talk to some of them, to see how they were taking the armistice. There was a dark-eyed wagoner who shared my feelings, and a free ambulance and an indulgent head doctor, and another wagoner who would "just as soon drive round as not." The dark-eyed boy had first dawned on my horizon some three days before at about five in the morning, after a heavy night with the wounded.

For a moment there was a lull; I was lying half asleep on a litter in the corner when I heard a voice of intense gloom say: "It's my birthday too."

The only gift I could find was a package of gum, which I presented him. By some ineffable law of logic this made him my companion on this journey of adventure. Our way led along a route piled high with salvage, but our driver had a scorn for souvenirs.

"The only souvenir I want is myself standing on my two feet back home," he said, and rushed the ambulance past high piles of salvage amid which we could see German helmets beautifully camouflaged in autumn coloring.

"Maybe there's a spiked helmet there, or field glasses," we besought him.

"Nothing doing! This ambulance has to be back by two-thirty," he said firmly.

We rolled along by the River Meuse—and then we found that none of us had a map. Here was Cesse; there was Luzy; but what was the next town?

"Maybe it's Inor," I hazarded. "And if it is—well, Colonel B—— walked into it by mistake yesterday. He got out, but then he was a colonel, and it would not do for us to repeat his mistake."

Getting the Enemy

We labored along a side road pretty close to the town, and then the wagoner said, with frank implication: "Well, it's my duty to take care of the ambulance. For all I know the guys in that town may think the war is still on and may start to shoot us up. We're darn short of ambulances as it is."

We took the hint and got out, asking him to wait in case we were not shot up. We swung off down the railway track beside the river, looking from time to time at the town through my German field glasses. And I wish the boy who gave them to me would write to me mentioning the place and circumstances of his gift and sending me his name and address. Not a thing could we see. Presently we came upon an M. P., who told us that the town was indeed Inor and that the Germans had only just departed. In the town on the other side of the river, opposite Luzy, however, they still were. So back we went along the railway track, entered the car and drove to Luzy.

While the ambulance driver stayed with the car the dark-eyed boy and I prepared to cross a sodden meadow which the Germans had flooded a few days before. On the margin of this was the Meuse, at this point winding and narrow. Beyond the Meuse was a gray, red-roofed, picturesque town in a setting of green. In contrast to the broken villages in which we had lately been living it looked very clean and charming and harmonious and peaceful.

Walking up and down the nearest street, and standing on the green farther bank of the Meuse were figures in gray-green. We walked toward them with mixed feelings. What if they were not aware that the armistice was on, and would consider it their clear duty to eradicate two enemies? What if they did know of the armistice but chose to take a potshot at us, anyhow? We knew well enough that such things had been done. They could excuse whatever damage might ensue on the score of ignorance. Trust was not especially strong in us but the spirit of adventure was; so on we went sinking deep with each step in the plashy meadow, while the little town drew nearer, and gray-green figures converged to the river bank.

As I looked at them through my German glasses their faces sprang close to me—tired faces, apathetic, some of them even vacant. None of these soldiers seemed to be armed, which was something of a relief to us. We could hear their voices plainly but not just what they said. On we went steadily until at last nothing was between them and us but the blue narrow waters of the Meuse. For a moment we stood silently facing one another. It was an interesting moment if not exactly a great one.

I could think of nothing else to say than "Good day."

To which they responded in chorus "Good day."

Gifts Not Given

There was a pause, during which they looked at me expectantly. Then I asked, bromidically—but, then, I don't know much German: "Are you glad the war is over?"

"Yes," they replied.

There was another pause. The burden of the situation was evidently upon my shoulders, and social inspiration did not seem at the moment to be very strong in me. I was used only to Germans who were either dead or prisoners. An armistice was new to me. But I fell back on the one sure saver of situations in this war:

"Will you have some cigarettes and chocolate?"

Their faces lightened.

"Yes, thank you," they called.

The next step was to get the gifts to them.

"I can't cross to you," I suggested, for little as I knew of the terms of the armistice I did know that we had no right to set foot on the soil of that village till the Germans had left it.

"I can't throw the cigarettes so far," I said.

They conversed in undertones; then they waved and nodded, and some of them went hither and yon collecting boards. They were planning to make a raft so as to come at least near enough to get the chocolate and cigarettes. The prospect loosened their tongues. They shouted that they were tired of the war and glad that peace had come, that they were going to leave the town early the next morning; that they were eager to go home, that the government would be different after they went back—they would see to it that there would not be another war. No officers should tell Germans to go out and die.

And then—I hope it wasn't symbolic, but down the greensward below the main street came an officer. He walked as if he did not see us or the privates. He walked like an imperious master, like an insolent conqueror; in short, he walked like a German officer. He gave an abrupt order, and the makers of the raft, with downcast heads, undid their work and prepared to restore the planks to the exact places from which they had taken them. And then, still without seeing us, the German officer walked up the greensward again.

We smiled at him, and still there was a certain impressiveness in what he did, a certain impressiveness in the fact that he still had the power to do it. Just depriving a few jaded men of luxuries; that is what he was doing, and yet he was not exactly ridiculous. If anybody was ridiculous it was the poor German soldiers who did not dare look at us but who walked slowly along the Meuse with their backs turned to us and their heads a little lowered. Perhaps we imagined that their feet dragged a little. It must have been a deep disappointment to them to lose our gifts.

That evening strolling out in the twilight I heard some real talk among the soldiers. The group I joined on a muddy crossroads was engaged in our favorite indoor sport over here—planning for the first meal at home. By the way, I am surprised to find how men crave eggs. Nearly every menu goes this way: "Roast chicken or porterhouse steak—and baked potatoes; and a big side dish of poached eggs."

When almost every conceivable dish had been mentioned and I had run the risk of making myself momentarily unpopular by a description of what grapefruit tastes like, big Len spoke up. Big Len was older than the other boys; a college man; I suspect even a college teacher.

This is how one of the boys characterized him: "Len just sort of sidles along with his eyelids down, not saying much, but when he does open his trap everybody kind of listens, for Len always says something. A fellow may not think he has the right dope or may not want to think it, but a fellow doesn't forget what he says."

"I take it you're not going to spend the rest of your life eating," Len remarked. "What happens after we all get indigestion?"

"Me for the main street," said one soldier; "I'm going to get me a blue necktie with yellow bars, a green plush hat with a feather in it, a checked suit, tan shoes and yellow gloves."

"I'm going to enjoy myself, you bet," said another. "I had a lot of fun before the war but I didn't know how lucky I was. Now every minute I'll say, 'Old sport, you're having the time of your life and you know it.'"

"Yes; but after that?" insisted Len.

"Oh, get a job, I guess," yawned somebody.

"Yeh, a job," agreed several.

"Used to be a boy in our town," mused Len, "just a nice ordinary kid that took prizes in school sometimes, occasionally went swimming when it was too cold and he'd been told not to, and occasionally rang doorbells and hooked watermelons. One time he was sitting on the bank of the river; another kid had gone in when it was too cold—son of the banker. He started to go under, so then this Johnny Bangs nipped in and got him out. It took some management and perseverance. Well, when Johnny recovered from the attack of pleurisy he caught he discovered that he was a hero. Women that never used to speak to him except to say 'You'd better go home now, Johnny; I've got to sweep the porch' came running out to him with doughnuts and poundcake. Everyone gave him stuff and patted him on the head. So he just swelled up and lay back and took to being a professional hero. Didn't bother about school or the woodpile or any little chore."

A Prophecy or a Sermon

"All right for a while, but pretty soon something happened. He could sniff round oven doors and all the cook would say was, 'Won't your mother be expecting you home pretty soon, Johnny?' He could hang round the bank but nobody introduced him to visiting strangers with the preface, 'I want to tell you about this boy.' In fact, nothing more was doing in the hero line—not for a boy that was mixing up the parts of hero and loafer. He had either to do another hero stunt or else turn into the same kind of private citizen that he used to be. So he unstrapped his schoolbooks and sharpened up the old ax and turned into plain Johnny Bangs. After that a lot of people reminded him that he had been a hero; not too often, but just enough to convince him that the best way to keep laurels green is to be a good daily plugger at the same time."

"Amen!" said a satirical voice.

"Yeh," said someone gloomily. "The first lot'll go home and there'll be speeches made over us and a banquet or two, and then we'll find that our jobs are being held down by big fat slackers and slickers that managed not to come over here and get wounded or something. Remember the Mexican Border affair? Where were our jobs then? I bet you nobody'll even turn to look at the poor boys that come home last."

"You're dead wrong!" said Len with sudden fire. "You'll count at home as you never counted before, and it rests with yourselves as to whether you count for a long time or a short time, whether you are a flash in the pan or—or a beacon, if you'll excuse the poetry. I tell you, fellows, the country has waked up to the value of the soldiers; if anything it overrates us. Lots of prosperous old and middle-aged men with wide waists and narrow chests thought they were running the United States. Young men were people to be kept down as far and as long as possible, and to be trusted with big affairs only when they shoved up so hard they couldn't be withstood. Then there would be a regretful cry of 'new blood' and they'd be let in. The old and middle-aged thought they were the ones that really counted. Now, by Jove, they've learned that our country couldn't have been saved without its youth. None of the big-waisted lot—scarcely a man over thirty-five that could sleep in a ditch in one blanket in the dead of winter, maybe not eating anything hot for three weeks, and fighting practically every day. Those men at home that thought they were directing the affairs of state know damn well now that there wouldn't be any affairs of state to direct if there hadn't been these boys to come over here and spend their strong young bodies for the country.

"They know it, and they're darn grateful too. I tell you fellows that when we go home there's nothing we can't have in civil life or in politics. Men will bow to us and flatter us; the ones that want to use us will try to bribe us. Gosh! They talk about the war testing a man; it's coming back that's going to test us. Fighting over here hasn't finished our job. We've fought for the United States; we may have to go home and fight for our own souls. So far as I'm concerned I haven't been doing much thinking about my future. What was the use? I was over here, so I was told, to 'make the world safe for democracy.' All right; I let it go at that. To-morrow I might be dead; to-day I'd eat or play cards or shoot craps, but what was the use of thinking when to-morrow I might be stopping a shell? All my real life was suspended. I guess it was so with the rest of you fellows too. Well, now it's over. We've made the world safe for democracy—so far."

Sentiment About Sedan

"Now what are you going to do inside the world; I mean in our own country? For we're at the turning point in the United States. We can make the country a better place for everyone to live in or a worse place. It's up to us. The power is ours if we want to take and use it. We can let things slide, as most of us have always done in the United States—and then, you bet, they'll slide plumb downhill. Or we can give things a push up, if we aren't too tired or too lazy or too intent on being heroes. If we've ever kicked because the world wasn't to our liking we needn't kick any more. There's only a couple of million of us but we've got the drag of the majority in our own country. We gained victory and paid for it; now it's up to us to use it or to degrade it. The thousands of men that paid with their lives have left the redemption of their price in our hands. Our responsibility didn't cease with the armistice. The future of the country depends on just us two million fellows. We can't dodge it. It's up to us."

Nobody said anything. Out there in the mud we heard a prophecy or perhaps a sermon, a certain fire or force in which convinced us. Some of us were merely embarrassed, and some impatient at the thought of any further responsibility. Some of us were deeply moved. But nobody replied. We melted away from each other with a muttered word or two. All along the soldiers had wanted to get their job through and go home. But the job apparently is never through with. There is always some other battle waiting, even at home, even when peace has come.

"If only I could be in Sedan when peace comes!"

I have heard scores of French people say that. All the world knows why Sedan is such a potent symbol to France—a battle of Sedan marked the losing of the Franco-Prussian War; a battle of Sedan marked the conclusion of more than four years of Gethsemane. The wheel has indeed come full circle. The French enjoy the drama, even the melodrama, of the situation that Sedan makes concrete. A famous American division on the point of taking Sedan was halted so that a famous French division should have the honor of taking it. But the feeling of the French about Sedan is more than dramatic, is even more than patriotic. They feel a passion that comes from the highest of which they are capable—the apotheosis of their willingness to sacrifice themselves for France. What Paris was to Henry of Navarre, what Calais was once to the English, what Italy is to the heart of a

(Concluded on Page 41)

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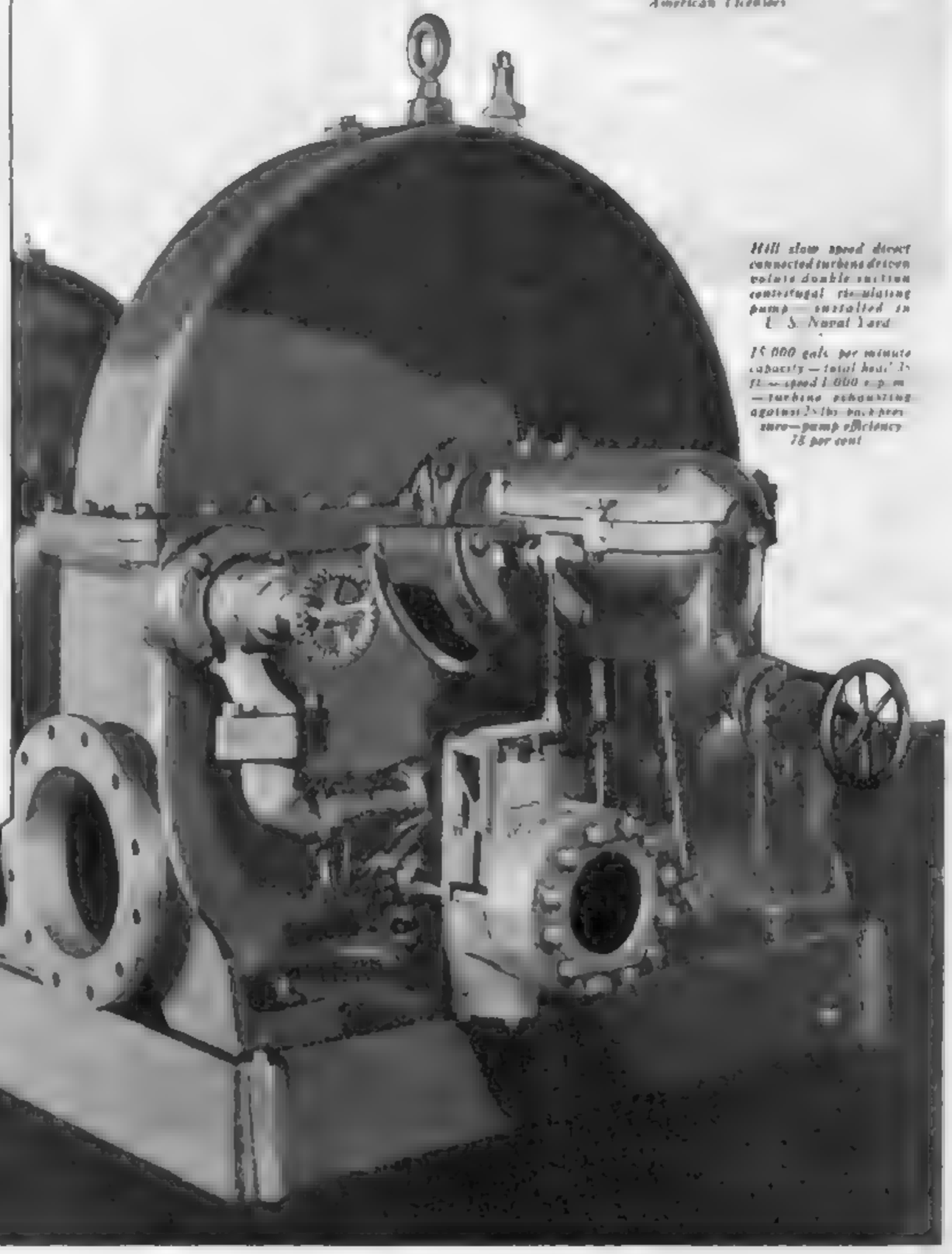

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(Concluded from Page 38)

poet—all that Sedan is just now to the French people.

Thousands of them planned to go to Sedan the first day entrance was permitted. But five Americans—three officers, their chauffeur and I—were the first persons to enter Sedan after the Germans had left it. Just we Americans had first the privilege of seeing peace come to Sedan. Though we valued that privilege, when we learned the facts we rather deplored it. The facts are that time after time American officers and American correspondents had tried to come down that hill outside Sedan, and cross the bridge and enter the city. Again and again they had been turned away because the hour was not yet. The three officers and I knew nothing of all this; the Army is the easiest place in the world in which to cultivate ignorance of everything except your own job. We supposed that the Germans had gone on the day of the armistice and that our soldiers were in the city. Like everyone else we had been short of news.

Major O'Donnell, the officer in charge of our ambulance unit, decided that Captain Duncan and Captain Jenkins and Major Morse and I had earned a holiday. It did not seem to occur to him to take a day off for himself; he is an American of Irish stock, who believes in vacations for other people but who eats up work and defers his own holidays to a hereafter which will probably end in the kingdom of heaven. We set off on the Friday after the armistice, taking a road that led us first past the prison camps where the French and Americans had been held, and then along the Meuse. The Germans had been making the most of their last chance at destruction. It was interesting to see how definitely the river marked the line of demolition. On the lower bank were torn tracks, hanging wires, shell-smitten villages, while across the blue waters gleamed unbroken villages like clusters of clear jewels under the serene sunshine. We were the only travelers driving, and it became clear why when we found we had to make muddy detours, and at least twice practically rebuild places in the road at a cost of much time.

We met pale tired-looking civilians on their way back home, and as guards in the little villages colonial French troops, who had evidently just come in. Perhaps their recent arrival explains why they did not turn us back. Once as we approached Sedan, a soldier in new blue stepped forward. I think now that perhaps he meant to stop us, but we interpreted his upraised arm as a salute and saluted back. He let us advance. I do not really understand why the French guards allowed us to cross the long bridge and enter Sedan.

First Allies in Sedan

But enter we did, the first Allied automobile to come into Sedan in more than four years; enter we did, looking down into low meadows, which the Germans had evidently meant to flood and which they had thickly entwisted with barbed wire. After we had gone over the bridge we saw groups of men in faded blue, in English khaki, in faded red, in all sorts of colors, even German colors. Not then did it dawn on us that we were seeing what would always be the most significant sight of our visit to Sedan—the released prisoners, French, English, Belgian, Italian, even Russian. Their striking part in the picture came a little later.

Down a long flag-hung street we went, along Rue Thiers, and drew up at last in a wide, clean, sun-swept square before the *mairie*. The buildings, mostly yellow brick, were blazing with French and American flags, but the square had a curiously tentative, empty appearance. Not for long, however. Presently from all the buildings dark-clad people approached us, slowly, gravely. They stood back from the automobile and stared at us while we parked beside an empty German truck.

We smiled and spoke, and then someone asked "Are you Americans?"

Then we shook hands. But how quiet they were! They were taking peace much as our soldiers had on that first day of the armistice. Nothing volatile here; flags swinging; no doubt great relief, perhaps great happiness, but repression in words and in expression.

I think one young woman who carried a thin baby in her arms guessed what we were thinking of, for she said: "They have only just gone, the Germans. We are scarcely sure yet that we are free."

Others spoke then, and we asked one another questions. No, they could not tell us where the mayor was; French civil government was not yet restored. Did we know that President Poincaré was coming to-morrow? Ah, a great occasion for Sedan—real repatriation. Some French officers might drive in to-day, but we were the very first visitors and the first Americans they had seen in more than four years. Again we heard the old, old tale of German oppression, German greed, of enforced work, of meager living that had only been living at all because of American help. Did we require luncheon? Ah, that would be hard to come by, for the Germans had taken everything as they went—horses, cows, pigs, hens. There was no meat, no eggs, almost no bread. The Germans measured and counted everything; they took toll of the little back gardens. They knew just how many hens each person had and what each produced, and of these, too, they took toll. A man had to get a permit to kill one of his own pigs and sometimes he'd be lucky if they left him its ears! No use to kill a pig secretly and then pretend it had been stolen. Things like that were always found out and punished.

"How did you know the Germans were gone?" we asked.

"When we no longer saw them in the streets," was the reply; "then we put out the flags."

The Gossip of the Goudarts

How significant that remark was! They existed by the day, these oppressed people, daring to ask nothing, living furtively, taking what came, always hoping—but only sure that the Germans were gone when the streets became empty of them. No wonder that as yet they let their flags speak for them; enthusiasm, wild celebration would come later.

We wandered along Grande Rue, looking at the shops. Those that had German names painted on them were tightly shuttered. The others were mostly open, showing a rather pathetic attempt to begin business as usual—pathetic because the shelves were practically empty, and what stock there was was rather shopworn. But there was plenty of tricolor and patriotic pictures in the windows, and in one place a wax representation of President Poincaré and Monsieur Clemenceau. At the *boulangerie* of Monsieur and Madame Goudart we found food. Middle-aged people they were; he was a little twinkling, darkling man, lightly gyrating, constant in gesture; she had deep, beautiful eyes, high color and a rich, throaty voice like the speaking voice of Lina Cavaliéri. Four years before, their children, of ten and thirteen, had been in Le Havre; since then they had heard nothing directly from them, but had been told they were safe. If they came home there would be a little year-old brother to show them; would I take out a letter to post to them?

Monsieur and madame made coffee for us and cut bread and brought out *confiture*, which they had hidden from the Germans. They told us with great zest of this and that trick they had played, showing us where monsieur had hidden his bicycle, where madame had hidden her choicest linen. One bundle a German found and stole from her; but he set it down in a courtyard to go and get more beer, and then she stole it back and hid it in a new place. They pointed out a man who had been put in prison for seven months for breaking his photographic apparatus, and told us of a relative of theirs who had been sent to prison in Germany for uttering patriotic prophecies and who had never come back. All monsieur said was restrained, in spite of his gestures, and he spoke with lowered voice as if he still felt the weight of German rule. Madame, too, spoke with lowered voice but with a sort of stormy force. Some day that woman will hold little audiences of French children spellbound.

After luncheon, when we went into the street, we found that we had to hold an informal reception. The people wanted us to stay longer, but we had a certain feeling of embarrassment at being there just then; we would rather have arrived the next day- say, in the first automobile after President Poincaré's. We prepared to depart as inconspicuously as we could, but not without talking to the released prisoners.

Of all the people welcoming peace, surely it could come to none so gratefully as to returning prisoners, to men some of whom the day before had been in a hostile land, without news of home, without warmth or sufficient clothes or sufficient food; with nothing but courage and hope. To be going home was a miracle, a rebirth. These newborn men, French, Belgian, Italian, British, all except the British showed more elation than the freed French civilians, not so much in words and actions as in look. Even their faded motley rags seemed glorified by their shining faces.

The next day I was close to the French border, sitting in the basket of a side car while the driver was trying to salvage gasoline. Down the road came a soldier, without equipment, tired, footsore. He had rather the look of an A. W. O. L. or a casual. I felt in my many pockets for the cigarettes and chocolate which I carry now as a woman at home carries handkerchief and purse.

As I held a handful out to him I asked, "Have you lost your outfit?"

With an incredulous stare he said what I have heard so many, many times: "Gee! An American woman!"

But he said it with such especial emphasis that I asked, "You have not seen one lately, then?"

"They don't have 'em round German prisons," he replied. "Say, is this France yet?"

Sometimes we recognize a big moment by the fact that it makes us unconscious of physical action. I found myself sitting on a pile of stones beside the soldier, lighting a cigarette for him with a sense that the sun was shining as it had not shone since I had been in France, and with a feeling that this plain-faced, weary boy, inhaling greedily, was more than just a released prisoner. For a moment he represented the whole young American Army, that had learned a new job overseas, had taken privation and death and wounding and imprisonment, and was now going home to peace. I seemed to feel as I had not before the full significance of going home to peace.

The soldier, according to German schedule, was ahead of time. He ought really not to have arrived till the next day, and then should have got in by way of Verdun. It is not yet clear to me how he managed to get out of Germany by way of Luxemburg. Enough that he was free and happy.

"Oh, gee, the joy of a real smoke!" he said. "How's the war? I haven't heard much since I was taken prisoner."

He then told for the first time the story on which he will dine out many and many a time.

How He Was Captured

"What makes me sick," he said, "was that I walked right into them. It was quite a bit before the St.-Mihiel drive. I have a brother over here and I hadn't even heard whether he got through the drive in July. His outfit, artillery, was back of us five miles, I heard. I had an awful good officer and he let me go down and look up my brother, who was alive all right. I had thirty-six hours' leave and I was hiking it back to be in good time and to allow for those d—— I mean to allow for it if the M. P.'s put me on the wrong road. Well, of course, they did. I came on a guard and I asked him where my outfit was. He said he thought they were in a town half a mile ahead from the crossroads. I guess I took the wrong turn at the crossroads. Anyhow, first thing I knew I came spang into a German outpost—and me at that moment planning how I'd panhandle some flour out of the cooks and fry me some pancakes in my mess kit. It was about a week before I could laugh at myself.

"Well, they marched me from twelve o'clock to about six before they let me stop. Then they gave me some black bread and thin soup, and led me in to the intelligence officer. Gee, but they shot off questions! I said 'I don't know' to everything important, but at that they knew more than I did about where my division was, and what outfit we had relieved, and who was going to relieve us. They tried to find out when the drive was to be. They asked me the same questions over, but I remembered what I had said before and I know how to look like a fathead when I want to. So the officer said I was a mutt, and let me go for that day.

"They questioned me every day for a week. Then they sent me to a French town that I never did learn the name of. I found out afterward that I was the only American there. They shut me up in a barred room in what I think was the town hall. I had to do chores for a kind of sergeant, clean his room and his clothes. At first he used to make me sweep the court and the street, but when he found I could speak his lingo he was easier on me. He never gave me any extra food but he would talk to me. At first he bragged about how much better the German soldiers were than the American soldiers. But after a while when I never bragged back he let out a word here and there about how discouraged the German people were. Once he said that he thought if we'd call it a draw the Germans would.

"One day two French people planted themselves underneath my window and talked loud for me to hear. They told about this armistice that the Germans would have to sign. Well, it's a funny thing; when you are a prisoner you have got to have hope in a general way that you'll be free pretty soon, or you'd get crazy. But I could hardly believe those Frenchmen; I didn't dare to.

"All the same, when the sergeant came in I looked pretty close at his face. That day he asked me if when peace was made the Americans would let many Germans emigrate to the United States. I told him I guessed it would be all right in a year or two, but they'd better not be in too great a rush. He shook his head pretty gloomy at that and said he did not believe any more that God had ordained this war, but he thought it was devil-born.

"Couple of days after that he came in and didn't lock the door. He even left it open a crack. Then he lay down on a bench, and pretty soon he was snoring or pretending to snore. It looked like a pretty darned good invitation, didn't it? Gee, I didn't know what to do. What if it was some kind of trap and a Fritz was outside the door ready to jab me with a bayonet?"

Len's Philosophy Again

"Anyhow I did put my head out, and seeing nobody I beat it. I had the sense not to lock my sergeant in. I sneaked down the back stairs into the courtyard. I made for a kind of little shed in the corner, and I hid in a barrel that was there. About midnight I lit out and went down a kind of alley and into a field. I dodged the sentry that was standing on the road beside the field. Luckily I knew how to find the North Star, and I steered south by that. I walked by night and hid by day and ate cabbages and turnips. I thought I'd never get done walking and hiding. One afternoon I woke up to see a civilian bending over me—and talking German. I thought I was a goner, sure, but he told me that I was in Luxemburg, and that I was not an escaped prisoner but a released prisoner.

"Say, you want to be a prisoner to know what it means to have this war over with! I'll feel sorry after this for anyone under lock and key, even if he is a criminal. To go sneaking along, knowing you've not done a thing, but scared to death for fear of being seen, and then to find that peace has come! Well, say, it's pretty near worth while having been made a prisoner, just for that."

We spoke of the many common goods and benefits that Americans have always taken for granted, and we said that after this we'd stop and count blessings.

"Baths and clean clothes, candy, real dishes and a tablecloth—gosh, I thought I had a right to them," said the soldier; "but now they seem like such luxuries. Maybe I'll get used to them and kick as per usual—but I think not."

Then he said something that made me think of the philosophy of big Len.

"No, sir, things can't be as they were at home before," he said. "If the folks at home don't know it yet we'll have to teach them a thing or two. We learned how to live up to war, and a darn dirty, silly, murderous performance it was too; but we did it, and we did it well. Now when we get back we can't afford to settle down in the old ruts. Peace ought to mean chances for everybody to get a share of the good things of life. There ought to be work for everyone, and no old people starving and no sick kids left to die in slums. If we can put so much brains and money and energy on killing Germans we can do as well on the other side by making the lives of our own citizens more like they should be. It's up to us to live up to peace."

HIS HONOR THE BURGLAR

A FABLE OF AMERICAN POLITICS

In the Winking of an Eye the Fugitives Were Ensconced in the Wonderful Rolling Mansion of Honest Joe Poltic

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE rosy dawn found certain elements of beautiful Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills uneasily astir on the morning of election day; uneasy with the portent of big things about to burst forth from the womb of Events. In the cool of the daybreak there toiled up the winding road, between the oaks and pines, a gypsy caravan of half a dozen closed wagons, lace-hung and fancifully decorated, drawn by bony horses and followed by a jumble of more bony horses and bony colts, lean dogs and leaner hounds.

In his palatial summer residence, where woods and village met, there turned in his bed, and turned again, the president and organizer of the two excellent strings of electric-light plants known as the East Ridge and West Ridge systems. Candidate for mayor on the Advance Party ticket was this heretofore respected man, and his stubby mustache bristled in his sleep as if ready instantaneously to pout swift denial of anything and everything. Deep creases in his brow too; deep creases even though he slept, for never until this late in life, on his first entry into visible politics, had it occurred to anyone to call him "Sing Sing" because his last name was Auburn and his initials S. S!

Still more wakeful in his palatial summer residence two blocks down the street was hard-jawed J. G. Sands, the traction magnate of the East and West Ridges; wide awake, in fact, as, in striped pyjamas and felt slippers, he stood eagerly peering out of his window, the pink of the dawn glistening on his hard cheek bones; then suddenly he grinned in satisfied expectancy, for a drowsy bill poster slomped around the corner, a pile of posters on one arm, a pail of paste in one hand, a mole on one cheek and a chew of tobacco in the other.

Sleepless the Honorable Oliver Oyler, the Home and Fireside Party candidate for mayor, sleepless with the itch of profitful opportunity, which, through the wakeful Sands, was in his veins and murdered sleep.

As for the people themselves, the sovereign people of Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills, they snored on, as the people do when big events foreshadow; for that hydra-headed giant, the voting public of Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills, had so many brains that it must needs rest them well.

From the shrubbery above the clear pool on the wooded hillside a rabbit crept out and went hopping away for his breakfast; a woodpecker perked his crimson-capped head from a hole in a tree, gazed round him with bright-eyed appreciation of the beautiful morning, flew down to the pool, took a drink and a perfunctory shower bath, flashed across to a splendidly rotted branch on a big elm, and began at his all-day job of hammering.

Then out of the pink of the hilltop there came, as pink as the dawn itself, Evelyn, the daughter of Sing Sing, a smart cloak about her slender figure and one saucy curl peering from beneath the edge of her smart bathing cap. She was a timid little thing, who loved to scare herself for dramatic effect, and when some birds whirred out of the bushes as she approached the pool she drew back, startled, and rounded her blue eyes, and stood, a pretty picture of girlish fright; even though no one was there to see!

Prettier still as she dropped her cloak on the bush, and in her smart little bathing suit ran down the bank to the narrow strip of beach, where, sitting on the sand, she removed one slipper and one stocking; then catching sight of her reflection in the glassy pool she proceeded to adjust and readjust that peeping curl to its very apotheosis of coquettishness. And the pink of the sky deepened, and its warm tint glowed on her smooth limbs and her smooth shoulders and her smooth cheeks; and no one was there to see. Coming, however.

The early morning train shrieked itself away from the distant station. The procession of gypsy wagons silhouetted itself against the mellowing sky at the top of the east side hill and turned into the village street, and the shriek and the creaking scattered the last bits of the already broken slumber of S. S. Auburn, who rose, and from his window inspected with indifferent curiosity the bony horses and the gaudy wagons and the black-eyed, drooping-mustached drivers hunched in their seats, with fat women leaning asleep against their shoulders.

Suddenly Mr. Auburn's neck stiffened in wrath. He was staring at a white poster, still fresh with the paste, which glared back at him from the telephone pole directly in front of his house:

VOTERS!

I STAND FOR THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP
OF ALL
PUBLIC UTILITIES

BEFORE YOU VOTE FOR
"SING SING" AUBURN

Find out what he does this morning at nine o'clock with the majority stock which he has just acquired in your

BLUEPEAK ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY!

Will he vote to turn that public utility over to the village? If he votes against it in spite of this challenge it is your patriotic duty to vote against him. Yours for honest government

OLIVER OYLER
Home and Fireside Candidate for Mayor

Every individual hair in S. S. Auburn's mustache stuck straight out, and little knots of muscle slid backward and forward in his cheek. Damn! How had Jim Sands nosed out his purchase of that stock! S. S. tied the cord of his lounging robe with a jerk which tore off the tassel. Jim Sands! He was the baby behind the buck! It was he who had inserted this last-minute poison fang, his deft hand which had wielded this cute little election-morn stiletto! Sam Auburn paced the floor. He took a drink of water. He thought. He cursed Sands, Oyler, the bill poster and himself; but nothing came. Damn!

Silence, broken only by the far distant hum of Blue Falls, the mountain cataract which, circling into the edge of the village and out again, paused long enough to pour inside the corporation limits a sheer hundred-foot column of priceless energy. A beautiful thing, Blue Falls; and a handy for, say, an electric-light man or a traction magnate; and there were ways in which a mayor of ability might appropriate Blue Falls for his very own, and make it worth a quarter of a million a year. S. S. Auburn was a man of ability; Jim G. Sands was a man of ability; but Sands had picked an able underling to walk in his mud; hence Oyler.

S. S. lighted his blackest cigar, to brace the faint feeling where his breakfast belonged. A neat little ring-a-round-a-rosy he had planned for himself this day! Oh, yes! He'd intended to walk happily into that stockholders' meeting, the complacent favorite in the mayoralty race, toss down his quietly purchased new little batch of long-sought stock, order it transferred on the books of the company, and vote the whole works into his own pocket, thus acquiring the connecting link between his East Ridge and West Ridge systems and combining them into a vast monopoly. Then he'd be elected mayor, pocket the waterfalls, hitch it to his monopoly, and watch the golden wheels go round. Oh, yes, yes.

But now Jim Sands had put up a poster! Quite so, and S. S. was astride a thorny saddle atop a breaking fence, where he'd lose either way he fell. If he voted to-day to turn the Bluepeak Electric Light Company over to the village he'd be elected and get his waterfalls, but lose his monopoly; and if he gobbled the company for himself he'd lose the election, and Sands would get the priceless cataract! If he could only lose that stock! But as an honorable man he couldn't go into to-day's meeting without it; besides the public knew he had it!

By George, there had to be a way! He couldn't and wouldn't let Jim Sands pass him the buck! He'd outwit that poster or perish! He was desperate enough to set the falls on fire or burgle his own safe; he'd ——

S. S. stopped abruptly, staring at the end of the belt cord from which he had jerked the tassel; and the bristles of his mustache sloped gradually downward and sidewise in conformity with his gathering smile.

II

THE nymph of the pool, satisfied at last that she was in quite presentable condition for swimming in company with the beautiful young creature whom she had been admiring in the mirrorlike surface, touched one pink toe to the water to test the temperature, shrank back and shivered deliciously as was her custom; then having exhausted all the possibilities of picturesque pose which that

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Horsie-Toddler—one of the

Toddler Toys

TOYLAND'S joyfullest gift is the Horsie-Toddler. Look at the picture! What youngster wouldn't whoop with joy at sight of this sturdy little horsie that "steers"?

Horsie-Toddler is safe, durable and easy-running. Four wheels—won't tip over.

For endless amusement—and exercise—give *your* kiddies a Horsie-Toddler. You will all enjoy it.

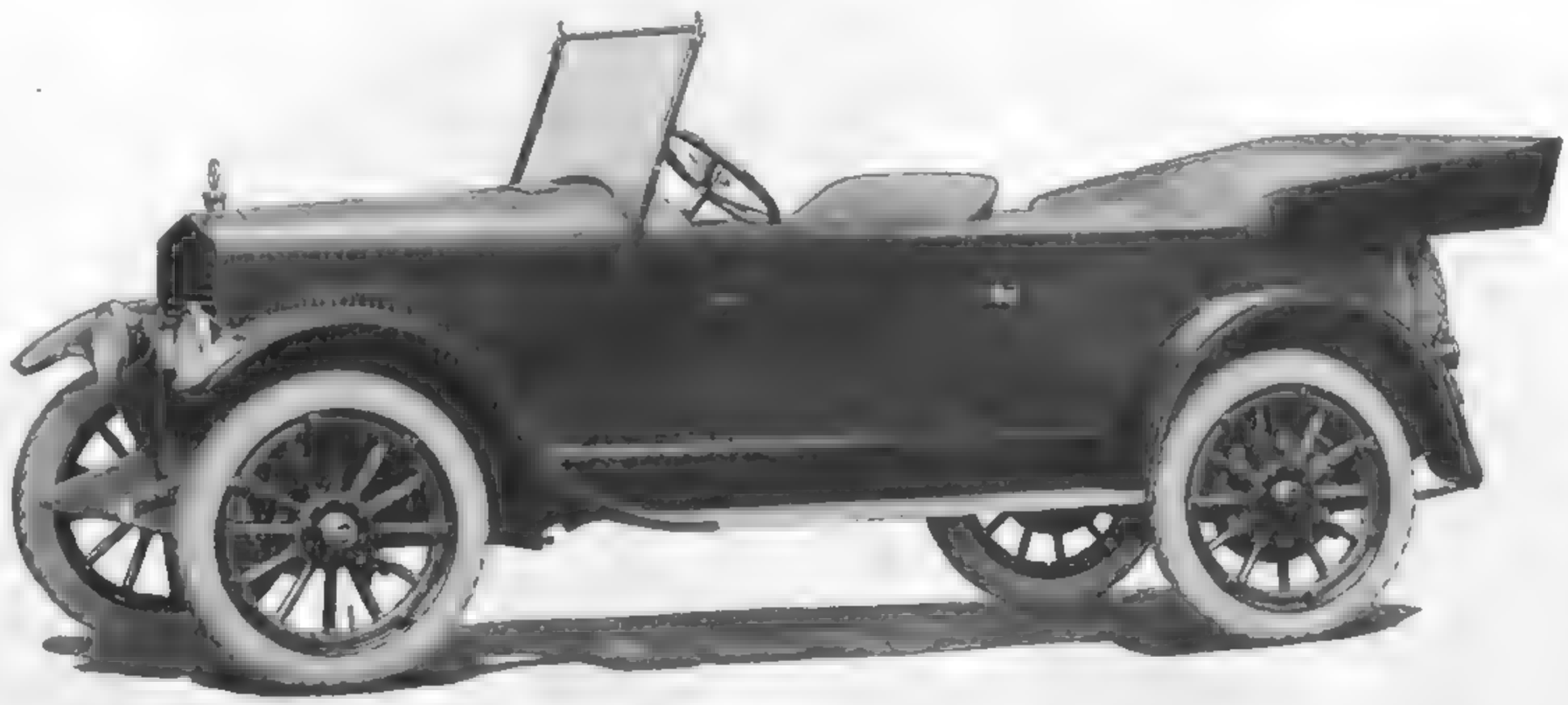
Horsie-Toddler is made in Four Sizes:

No. 2—10 months to 1½ years . . . $2.75
No. 3—1½ years to 3½ years . . . $3.25
No. 4—3½ years to 5 years . . . $3.75
No. 5—5 years to 7 years . . . $4.25

Add 50 cents to above prices west of the Rockies.

Ask your dealer for the Horsie Toddler. If not in stock send retail price to us we will ship at once charges prepaid

The Richards-Scott Co., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City



Have You Ridden In The Essex?

It Is The New Moderate Priced Fine Car—Price $1395

The Essex must have made a hundred thousand friends since January 16th, the day on which it was first shown in all parts of the country by hundreds of dealers.

It is the new light, moderate priced car that has the endurance, comfort and rich completeness that you expect only in large and costly automobiles.

You remember the first advertisements did not describe the Essex. Every word applicable to it has already been used to describe some other automobile. So it was decided the Essex must speak for itself.

It does this by its appearance and performance, but most of all in the way it retains its newness.

It Surprised All As It Will You

Essex dealers were not told what to expect in the Essex. We said go take a ride in it, then we will talk to you about it. But when they came back they did the talking.

Most of the hundreds of dealers who will sell the Essex have been doing business with us for a long time. They know the kind of cars we build.

Under those circumstances they were not as skeptical as they might otherwise have been. But even if they had felt uncertain because of the newness of the Essex, all doubt was removed as soon as they had ridden in it.

It is just that kind of surprise that all must have felt who have learned to know the Essex in the past two weeks. It is the surprise that is in store for you, if you will go to the nearest Essex dealer and let him show you what it will do.

That is a distinctive characteristic of the Essex. It is remarked by nearly everyone. Pride of ownership does not alone spring from beauty and richness of detail and finish. It is mechanical as well as optical. Something more than the sense of sight must be gratified.

A Light Car Anybody Will Be Proud To Own

The Essex is beautiful to behold. The very feel of the comfortable cushions, with their high backs, associates the moderate priced Essex with costly cars. The owner need never apologize for either its appearance or performance. Squeaks do not develop, as in other cars of its type, because an unusually heavy frame assures absolute rigidity. Body bolts cannot work loose. The finish will long retain its freshness.

Ride In The Essex Over Rough Roads

Every dealer is demonstrating the Essex over the roughest pavements in his locality. It reveals a new distinctive motor car quality. You might easily think you are in a long wheelbase car weighing two or more tons. This feature alone will appeal to you with more than ordinary interest.

The Essex motor deserves your special attention. Note how it is arranged to get the maximum power from every drop of gasoline. See how stable it is and why it is free from the need of tinkering and attention. The Essex has stability. It has quality as well as lightness; endurance and comfort as well as a low first cost. These things will be apparent when you see and ride in the Essex.

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

action offered approached again to the brink; but as she stood poised for the plunge, her chubby hands pressed together before her, she suddenly became rigid and her eyes widened to their roundest blueness, for in the glassy pool she saw the reflection of a tall, keen-limbed, athletic young man with a fuzzy mustache—a stranger!—standing statuesquely on the bank above her, clad as Adam was, except for his bathing trunks!

But what was he reading? Horrors! To the old bullet-splintered warning against bathing here, which everyone properly ignored, there had been nailed a businesslike new warning, in hard black and white, offering a hundred dollars' reward for the arrest of offenders!

In another instant Evelyn Auburn had her slippers and stockings in her arms, and was headed for the bank, but as her chubby foot stepped slidingly on a sharp rock and a rough root she paused. She could never climb that bank in her bare feet! At that moment the strange young man shrugged his shoulders and dived from aloft, and simultaneously the timid Miss Auburn popped under some bushes, which, jutting from the bank, overhung the narrow strip of beach and dipped their pointed leaves into the water

From her bower, while she waited breathlessly for the strange young man to finish his expert gyrations in the water so she might go, her blue eyes peered between the interlacing leaves, widening as he came near, relaxing as he circled away. It was a terrifyingly thrilling situation!

Ah! At last he stepped out on the lower edge of the pool. Glory! He was going away! But suddenly he wheeled, plunged into the water, swam straight for the leafy bower and popped in! He stopped rigidly on his hands and knees as he found himself staring into two widely distended blue eyes.

"Well, this is too good to be true!" he grinned.

"Go 'way!"

"Not me!" declared the young man, the light of mischief sparkling in him as he crawled under. "And the best of it is we'll have to sit close. The cop's coming."

He suited the action to the word and sat quite near, throwing his arm half round her and resting that hand on the sand. This was necessary, for the leafy screen was very narrow.

"Don't!" She edged away from that encircling arm and turned on him indignantly. "Why didn't you hunt your own bush?"

"And leave a cute little thing like you to be arrested all alone?"

"I'd be better off," she pathetically observed. "It takes two to make a scandal. Remove your arm, sir!"

And suddenly with a gasp of terror she snuggled as close to the strange young Adam as she could! The brass-buttoned guardian of the rural peace had plodded into view! The young Adam snuggled, too, and his arm went completely round her to make certain that they would be fully protected on both sides; and so they held, motionless, breathless, while the huge policeman, thin at both ends and thick in the middle, passed along the lower edge of the pool and disappeared.

Decisively the young lady sat herself out of the embrace of the strange young man, and nicely ignoring the immediate past whispered: "Now what do we do?"

A return of that mischievous grin beneath the fuzzy mustache.

"I say we begin all over again. No? Then how about telling our regular names, so I can hunt you up if you don't come back here to-morrow morning, say, at about what time? I'm Gerald Sands, and I just returned last night to the parental rooftree, and ——"

"Gerald Sands!" Her voice rose to the musical shrillness of surprise. "Gerald Sands!"

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Has father been doing anything to make the family name a shock? I know mother hasn't."

"Not any more than usual," she giggled. "But you know there's a desperate feud between your father and mine."

"No doubt, no doubt; but what's that to us? Who are you?"

She laughed in delight.

"Guess, Jerry!"

He surveyed her critically, and shook his head.

"It seems to me I should know those sassy yellow curls and those deceptively angelic blue eyes, but —— Great Scott, if it isn't the Auburn kid! Why, hello, Taffy!"

They shook hands impetuously, both hands, and laughed the free and untrammeled laugh of youth which needs no reason; and from the bank above there bellowed a hoarse voice:

"Come out o' there!"

It was the rural policeman!

They had forgotten about him in the hilarious excitement of discovering in themselves a young man and young woman, when their memories of each other had been as brats.

They looked at each other in dismay, and each had cause. Gerald Sands' Quartier-Latin scrapes had not been popular at home, and a continuance of them immediately on arrival would be certain to interfere with his revenue. Evelyn Auburn's father was facing election, and he'd be too busy this day to get her out of her very first scandal.

"In the name of the law, I say," bellowed the hoarse voice, "come out and be arrested!"

From the Bank Above There Bellowed a Hoarse Voice: "Come Out o' There!" It Was the Rural Policeman!

"I'll smash him, and you run," offered Gerald, but the pal of his youth was seized with a more hopeless panic than ever.

"Mercy, no!" she pleaded as the representative of the law started to scramble down the bank, with their clothes on his arm. "That would only make it worse. Let's both run!" And she shoved her bare feet into her slippers.

"Great!" Jumping out from the bower Gerald took her hand. "Come on, Taffy. We can gallop rings round that big flatty."

Panic-stricken she was, and pale with fright, and her knees were trembling under her, but no sooner was the offspring of S. S. Auburn in action than a blue glint came into her eyes, and as they tore through the woods with the law pounding along behind them and bellowing itself hoarse, she giggled.

A high stone wall lay before them and pointed plainly to only two paths—up the hill or down. Up. It would be harder for the flatty. Halfway of the hill they turned a sharp bend in the wall. Apparently well used to scrapes was Jerry Sands, for with a snicker of delight at the heaven-sent concealment offered by the bend he made a leap to catch the top of the wall, swung himself up, and then reached down for his fellow fugitive.

"Lock your hands round my neck," he ordered; and as she did so their faces were very close together, and the brown eyes were looking very deeply into the blue ones, and somehow the gaze held while he pulled her up on the wall beside him; and the disappearing pink of the dawn seemed to have remained on both their faces.

"You can't lose me, dog-gone you!" panted the bellowing voice. "Where are you?"

Gerald sprang down on the other side of the wall and held up his arms. Without an instant's hesitation she jumped into them. Just then branches crackled over there! The policeman—and they dared not move! They scarcely breathed for what seemed a long, long time, Evelyn in his arms; and somehow, as she had landed there, his lips had met hers.

The policeman had passed on by, plodding straight up along the wall to the hedge ahead, where his acute sleuthing instinct told him they must have climbed over into the road; and the crunch of his footsteps among the underbrush had completely died away before they felt it safe to relax; and both the sunrise and the sunset were in the cheeks of the daughter of Sing Sing Auburn and the son of Jim G. Sands as, hand in hand, they raced straight away from the wall and through the woods to the curve of the road; where came creaking a procession of gaudy wagons, their drooping-mustached drivers sitting bolt upright and the fat women beside them wide awake. Gypsies!

"Please hide us quickly!" begged Evelyn, catching a live human eye on the front of the gaudiest wagon. "We're going to be arrested."

The big gypsy on the gaudiest wagon stopped his good black horses instantly, and gazed in astonishment at the pair of handsome bathers so far from the water. He was the most heroically romantic gypsy of them all, with long black hair, a picturesque, wide-brimmed hat, long, drooping, silky black mustaches and keen black eyes, and he held his shoulders and neck so erectly that his head seemed to turn as if on a swivel; but his smile was one which made stray dogs a nuisance to him.

"Arrested? You? Haw, haw!" he laughed, and swiveled his head round into the lace-hung window just behind him. "Open the doors, Rosa."

In the winking of an eye the fugitives were ensconced in the wonderful rolling mansion of honest Joe Pvilic; and presently the huge rural policeman, their clothes on his arm, plodded past in a search for them which might just as well stretch into eternity for all the good it would do him.

III

MR. WILLIAM DUBBEL, clinging stubbornly to his all-night slumber, clung as stubbornly to the meshes of his iron cot and allowed his shoulder

to be shaken, while the pink dawn fell athwart his wide face with a striped effect, due to the iron bars at the narrow window of his concrete sleeping room.

"What's it?" he finally growled, and opening his eyes a little way found standing over him Cap Tucker, chief of police of Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills, and with him the bristling-mustached candidate for mayor on the Advance Party ticket.

"Gosh, I thought you was dead," panted Cap, a political parasite who was too fat to be a policeman and could only be chief. "Here's a gentleman wants you to do a little job."

"Job?" retorted Mr. Dubbel, swinging his feet to the floor and his iron body upright, and scowling at the bristling-mustached gentleman, who, his hands in his pockets and his feet spraddled solidly, scowled back out of diplomacy. "Who the heck said I wanted a job? What kind of a damn country is this, anyhow? Here I come to your jay town, mindin' my own business, on my way home to spend my summer vacation with my old mother. You pinch me without evidence, just because I got tools on me that you boneheads says is a burglar kit; you toss me into a jail on a hard iron bed; and wake me before full daylight out of my honest sleep to offer me a job! Do I need a job? I ask you, do I need a job? Didn't you find a fat roll o' cush in my kick? Wasn't my poke lined with plenty of the long green? Am I any damn pauper?

"It's the oppression of those in power, that's what it is! And some o' these days some of us proletariats is gonna rise ——"

"Shut up!" ordered Cap Tucker. "Don't holler before you're hurt. This here's a professional job, and here's your kit, all ready."

"Oh." Mr. Dubbel wiped his wide lips with the back of his hand, ran his fingers through his stubby hair to make himself keener, gazed up at Sam Auburn, and reflected: "Well, I'll say that anything you gents wants puts me in with a safe crowd, unless I'm to be framed for the goat, which I warn you I'm too wise to be; so tip your mitt."

Quite confidentially Mr. Auburn, who had had all sorts of dealings with all sorts and manners of men, sat on the edge of the iron cot and more or less "tipped his mitt," Cap Tucker an eager witness; for the only way in which the chief could retain the office in which he had grown so rotund was through the election of Auburn, Candidate Oyler having a cousin on the force, and the present mayor having proved too honest for the people to reëlect him.

"This is the first time I was ever in on a job with the police where they didn't want it all," growled Mr. Dubbel suspiciously as he put on his hat. "Now it's understood, gents, that there's no charge against me on the blotter in this man's town, now or ever!"

"You can go to the hotel right this minute if you want to," offered Cap, willing to give him anything if he could counteract the blighting effect of those posters. "I'll bring your official discharge the minute I get it."

"You can't put me out of this dump," was the indignant answer to that offer. "This jail owes me a breakfast. Come on, Auburn."

The watchful Mr. Sands, drinking a cup of steaming coffee at his bedroom window, saw Mr. Auburn returning as furtively as a burglar across his back lot amid the trees, accompanied by a man, short and thickset, who carried a small long satchel.

A small long satchel! Mr. Sands fell instantly into a terrierlike state of eagerness. In all his political side issues he had never known of the use of a small long satchel, though, doubtless, it had its legitimate place in the game. Anyhow, Mr. Sands was willing, even anxious to learn, particularly at this important juncture; so dressing hastily he slipped out his own side door and skirted as furtively across his own back lot, and waited behind the Auburn lilac walk a long, long time, until at last his sharp ears heard, vaguely and indistinctly, a dull boom! What was that? His nervous excitement increased almost to the yelping point.

When the short, thickset man finally came out alone, swinging his small long satchel, Jim Sands followed him to well out of sight of the Auburn house and, hastening up behind him, thoughtlessly touched the man on the shoulder. He dodged just in time to escape his eternal quietus, missing the murderous swish of the heavy bag by a fraction of an inch.

"Next time don't do it!" growled Mr. Dubbel in explanation as he recovered his balance. "It makes me nervous to have anybody take the liberty of touchin' me from behind. What do you want?"

Jim Sands scarcely blinked. He was a man so fixed on the future that he cared nothing whatever for the past.

"I Thought You Was Dead," Panted Cap. "Here's a Gentleman Wants You to Do a Little Job"

"What were you doing in that house?"

"It's nobody's business," returned Dubbel. "I'm licensed for anything I was doin'; I was fixin' the plumbin'. I'm a plumber."

"You're a liar," was the prompt denial, for hard-jawed Jim Sands had done business with all sorts and manners of men. "Your hands are too soft for a plumber, but that has nothing to do with my question. This has." He whipped out a thick pocketbook, and from that whipped a bill of large denomination, which he laid on a stump between them. "Is that interesting?"

The expert picked up the bill, examined it on both sides, and laid it down indifferently.

"It would be if I was broke," he admitted.

The hard cheek bones and hard jaw underwent no change of glisten as another bill was produced and laid down. Mr. Sands looked at Mr. Dubbel. No sign of life.

Another bill; no sign of life. Another one; but this bill Mr. Sands smoothed out carefully and put back into his pocket; whereupon Dubbel exhibited animation.

"That last one was just right," he stated. "It makes up my regular price for betrayin' a confidence"; and as soon as he had the additional bill in his pocket he related in detail how he had helped Auburn burgle his own safe.

Aha! The buck had been passed back! Sands had it in his hand, and it was hot!

"That's a dangerous man to be at the head of the government of honest people," he grinned; "but I'll have to give it to Sam Auburn for being resourceful."

He considered swiftly. He was a resourceful man himself, and passing and repassing the buck his pet diversion. Presently he snapped his fingers and his brow cleared.

"Where is Auburn now?"

"Gone back to bed so the servants can pipe the layout and raise a holler when they come on the job."

"Did you see where he put the stuff he took out of the safe?"

"No, but I been in the house."

"Was there a packet of stock certificates among it? Papers, you know, about this long and this wide and ——"

"I know stock when I see it," objected Mr. Dubbel.

"I've tossed a ton of the stuff in the sewers. It's no good to me. It ain't safe. Yes, there was."

"Well, I have three more bills the size of those I gave you, and they're yours if you bring me that stock."

"Stick round!" returned Mr. Dubbel promptly, and started back for the house.

IV

WIDE awake and in the condition vulgarly known as "pop-eyed" was that hydra-headed giant, the voters of Bluepeak, and it was singing in its heart and seething in all its varied intellects on this clear and beautiful morning as it warmed its multiple lips against its multiple coffee cups. A great day, this, for the giant was now again to exercise the glorious privilege which marked it as free-born, independent and wise master of its own destinies. A genius of sagacity, indeed, the giant; made its own laws, created and upheld exactly the sort of politics it liked, selected its own candidates from the best and purest in its midst, and having had ample time to investigate and compare, made its careful choice at the polls of a man who, forgetting utterly his own lucrative interests, would bend passionate energy to the sole benefit of the giant, promoting its welfare alone in honor and good conscience. Good old Sing Sing Auburn, for instance.

Smug satisfaction in all this, and justly so, as the giant put on its hats and sallied forth to exercise its glorious privilege early, so as to have the day free for finding out how the rest had voted, and blowing horns therefor.

It wotted not why.

Suddenly the sallier stopped. Posters! Posters everywhere! And they commanded voters not to vote for Sam Auburn until after nine o'clock! On the instant the giant's minds were unmade up! For advertisers had forced it to become the slave of militant command. It used Bingle's soap by the ton, for example, not because Bingle's soap was better than any other soap, but because from every billboard a savage-looking man with a gun which was pointed straight between the eyes of the beholder said: "You! Go right in and buy a cake of Bingle's soap!" Consequently the many-headed sovereign went right in and did it.

Here again, on the posters, was the militant command! There was nothing possible but to wait until after nine o'clock to vote for Sam Auburn. Then it used its profound reasoning powers!

Why vote for anybody until then? Nine o'clock. Vital hour when Sing Sing would give the electric company to the village and be elected mayor; or withhold it from the village and be defeated. But what to do in the long meantime?

Say! Hey, Ben! Hey, Scotty! Hey, Jinkson! Burglary! What? Burglary! No! Yes! Where? Auburn's! No! Yes! Blew his safe! No! Yes! Got away with a million dollars in cash and three pounds of diamonds and pearls and everything in the safe! No! Yes! Who done it? Don't know; gypsies are in town!

By jinks! A burglary at Auburn's house! That was a point in his favor! And the many-headed monarch, as fast as its many bodies would carry it, ran down to S. S. Auburn's house and tore the gate off the hinges, and kicked over all the flowers in the flower beds, and broke the glass in the vestibule, and muddied the stair carpet, and gasped gloriously at the well-executed scene of devastation in the library.

This was no ordinary common burglary, for not only did the safe yawn pathetically, its warped door hanging by a fragment of one hinge and its little wooden compartments smashed to splinters, but the rug was off the floor and partly burned by the terrific explosion, and the glass doors of the bookcases were shattered, and the table was upturned and all the bric-a-brac was strewn about in confusion, and the curtains were torn down and—oh, everything! It was, truly, a splendid crime!

In the next room to the library, with his ear to the keyhole, Sam Auburn listened eagerly to the comments of the sympathetic giant, and gradually his mustache bristles slanted comfortably downward and sidewise in conformity with his pleased

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expression. He began to see himself in his city club, observing: "A regular home town, Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills. Just like one big family. You know, they elected me mayor the other day. Wouldn't hear to anything else." It seemed to fit him well, this mayoralty, and his new dignity was on him as, at nine o'clock, he walked into the board room of the electric-light company, on the northeast corner of the public square.

Nine o'clock! Already the panting and still pop-eyed potentate, made happy by being allowed in a place to which the public is never welcome, a stockholders' meeting of a public-service corporation, had packed itself solidly between the wall and the rail which separated the sanctum of deliberation from the uninitiate, waiting with bated breath, all its eyes flattened with expectancy and all its mouths agape.

Very fine. Sam Auburn wanted the giant there; also the town's two reporters. He'd show Jim Sands how to get the full effect out of an early morning poster! He'd give Sands and Oyler an opportunity to reflect that never is there a man so smart but that somewhere there is a smarter; so as he took his place at the long board table and nodded round at the small-share stockholders he grinned as he came to Sands and Oyler. They were conferring earnestly, their heads close together, but as their eyes slanted upward at Auburn they grinned back! Also, the opposition reporter, the wizened little flat-nosed fellow on the Blue County Chronicle, slanted his gaze upward and grinned, and instantly Sam Auburn, who was a man of keen intuitions, as successful men are, felt a queer tingling at the roots of his hair, while a sensation akin to a vague, indefinite chill seemed to circulate along with the rich warm blood in his veins. It was as if he had a feeling that these three knew something!

For only a brief space, while the roll was called, the chill and the red blood warred in his system, then the red blood won, for a stockholders' meeting was where he lived.

Ah! Old Sing Sing rose, the man who was their favorite candidate for mayor, the man who had been burgled, the man who was to decide whether or not the village was to possess its own electric plant and have free electric light and power forever thereafter, as much as you want to use and no bills to pay; which is the popular public idea of municipal ownership—until after it has been tried. Good old Sing Sing was about to do something! The giant surged solidly to the rail. Ah! Sing Sing opened his mouth. The giant threw all the intelligence of its collective brains into its multitudinous ears.

"Mister Chairman."

"Mr. Auburn," acknowledged the chair, a puffy and pompous man who held two shares in the company.

"Move the suspension of all routine business."

The giant turned half its heads toward the other half its heads, and stared into its own stretched eyes, and nodded wisely.

"Second the motion," crisply barked Jim Sands.

Confound him, he was grinning again! So was Oyler. So was the wizen. Apparently pleasure was anticipated here to-day. Could it be possible that the burglar —— Pshaw! The burglar was in jail. Sam had made sure of his immediate return, and of his present safety. Where then was the African in the woodpile? There was no possible trick by which, with that new stock of Auburn's unrepresented, they could still force him to sit on that municipal ownership saddle of thorns; for even if Sands and Oyler and Auburn were to vote together they could not outvote the balance of the stockholders, natives who were extremely, nay totally, unconvinced that they should exchange their lucrative eight per cent stock for municipal four per cent bonds! What, then, the meaning of the chill?

Breathlessly the autocrat-giant kept track of the vote on the suspension of routine business, and simultaneously it sighed in relief as the voting was ended. Carried! Good old Sing Sing's motion was carried! Some business man, Mr. Auburn!

"Mister Chairman."

Again the giant surged to the rail, breathless. Once more the fateful moment approached. Ah! The chair gave good old Sing Sing immediate recognition. Good for it! Then followed shock on shock!

"Gentlemen," rasped S. S. Auburn, quivering with passion, "I move for a two weeks' adjournment of this meeting." Sands nudged Oyler. Both snorted. "I have been robbed! The stock which I had bought expressly for the purpose of voting this company to the village ——"

Say! Did you hear that? He'd intended it all along! None of them knew which ones he'd told, but it must be the others.

"—— that stock was among the loot carried away by the burglars."

Whacky! So the stock which was to have given them all free electricity, or almost, had been stolen by the gypsies and the town wouldn't get the company! Black disappointment was focused on S. S. Auburn.

"My political opponents knew of my purpose, and I want to call your attention to this peculiar coincidence." His mustache bristled straight out and his face purpled as he glared savagely at Sands and Oyler, who, confound 'em, grinned cheerfully. "At about the same time that my house was feloniously entered and burglariously robbed posters appeared, needlessly urging me to do the very thing which that burglary made impossible, since I cannot vote that new stock until it is transferred. Gentlemen, I make no charges, but I want you to draw your own conclusions, knowing as you know, even better than I know, the putrid political history of this town!"

While the giant blinked; stirred painfully from the comfortable belief that the gypsies had executed the burglary, Auburn braced himself for the savage interruption which must be forthcoming on this, from Sands or Oyler or both; and the giant, rousing itself to slow wrath, focused black suspicion on Oliver Oyler; but Oyler was politely accepting a light from Sands' cigar! Cold drops of perspiration beaded suddenly in the deep creases of Sam Auburn's brow as he noted this, but he clenched his fists and threw on more passion.

"I demand an investigation of that burglary, and I demand a two weeks' adjournment in the name of the village! I demand that adjournment so that I may get a reissue of my stock and vote it as my heart dictates!"

Mopping his face he stood again waiting the onslaught of Sands, Oyler or both; and the giant, thrilled to the cores, strained every eyeball as it watched for the storm to break. "Second the motion," blandly observed Mr. Oliver Oyler.

"Question!" snapped Jim G. Sands.

That was all. A hush fell on the assemblage, while S. S. and the giant gave way to worried bewilderment. Not the other stockholders, however. No worried bewilderment in them, for here was salvation. Adjourn expressly so Auburn could exchange their eight per cent stock for four per cent village bonds? Every native firmly voted "no!"

The giant was heartbroken that the motion was lost, but Sam Auburn didn't give a hoot. He had been talking for the benefit of the voters only, and now, with a growing uneasiness at the abnormal calm of Sands and Oyler, he, nevertheless, went on with his program.

"Mister Chairman! Gentlemen! Since you will not adjourn, and thus give me the pleasure of voting my company to the village, I beg of you to do it yourselves! To-day! I put that as a motion!"

"Three cheers for good old Sing Sing!" yelled the cross-eyed little tailor, who, it being past nine o'clock of election day, was well on the way to his annual spree; and the giant responded with a lusty will and all its throats.

"And a tiger!" yelled the little tailor, feeling himself suddenly a leader of the people.

The tiger with a lusty will, and the election was as good as over. Auburn, by an overwhelming majority! Those who had hesitated hesitated no longer. Auburn it was! Auburn! Auburn! Unanimously Auburn!

"It is my pleasure to second that motion, Mister Chairman." The Honorable Oliver Oyler rose placidly against the weight of black disfavor that glared in his direction. He was a good-chested man, with a well-kept face, who had centered all his talents in his throat, and he smiled confidently on his beloved constituency, while the wizened reporter on the Chronicle leaned back and took it easy. This part of the report was already written.

It was a hummer of a political speech, which ignoring Auburn's absurd charges as beneath the notice of a gentleman, roused to laughter and swayed to tears and put knots of thought on intelligent brows as it proved Auburn's championship of municipal ownership an infringement on Oyler's brilliant invention and discovery, and made of Auburn a piker—for Oyler wanted to give the people not only the electric-light company but everything!

Why, Oyler's heart was in the right place. The gypsies probably did steal that stock. Oyler was clearly the giant's friend, and certain of the heads which had hesitated, then hesitated no longer, now hesitated again, and began to be in distress.

"Three cheers for Oyler!" yelled the cross-eyed little tailor, waving his arms so recklessly that he would have fallen over the rail had not his legs been wedged against it by the palpitating giant.

With a will the cheers were given; with a will the tiger; but Sam Auburn rested in content. So the Sands gang pinned their grinning faith to Oyler's oratory! Well, S. S. would vote his nine hundred and twenty shares "aye," and Oyler would vote his ten shares "aye," and Sands could vote his fifteen shares as he blame pleased; then the holders of the lucrative eight per cent stock would violently vote "no," and the motion would be lost to the village.

Auburn's company thereupon would be safe for him to gobble at the next annual meeting, if he couldn't trick it before, and the thorny saddle on the breaking fence would have been avoided; and, oratory or no oratory, at the polls Auburn would have the better of his stand on the municipal-ownership proposition, as between himself and Oyler, in exactly the proportion of nine-hundred-and-twenty to ten; then the election, and the waterfalls in the vest pocket. Auburn's favorite pie was mince—nice, juicy mince, piping hot, with brandy in it; and this situation looked like mince pie!

That is, until Jim Sands rose to speak on the motion, and tossed down the missing ace. This was the psychological moment to explode his bomb; just when Auburn had thought himself safe to propose his generous and inexpensive resolution.

"Gentlemen," rasped the harsh voice of Sands, "I have no political axes to grind. I have no interest in this election beyond that of an honest citizen. But any time I meet a four-flusher I itch to show him up. I won't beat round the bush. I'll name names. Sam Auburn has just stated that if he had here that stock which was supposed to have been burgled from him this morning—mark you, I said 'supposed to have been'—he would vote it to the village, since it can be declared for voting an instant before he opens his mouth to ballot. Now I happen to know the true history of that burglary, and I can prove that it was done solely and singly by Sam Auburn himself ——"

Profound sensation on the part of the astonished giant. Not the gypsies! Not Oyler! Sam Auburn, instead! Madness began to numb the myriad seething senses.

"—— done by Sam Auburn for the purpose of not having that stock here to vote! You sit down, Sam Auburn! I have the floor! Gentlemen, this is the sort of man who comes before the honest citizens of Bluepeak and asks election to public office at your hands! Did you say, Sam Auburn, that if you had that stock here you'd vote it to the village? Did you or didn't you?"

"It's none of your damn business whether I did or not!" yelled S. S., seeing no way but to rough it, now that the expected worst had happened. And the giant was gazing at him with black suspicion.

"I'll show you whose business it is!" yelled Sands. "Here's your stock, you self-burgling politician! Declare it and vote it!"

And amid wild excitement Jim Sands with a flourish thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket! Not a breath was breathed. Like a blood-lustful executioner the giant awaited the return flourish of the hand which would bring forth that guilty stock.

But what was the matter? Jim Sands' hand hung limp in his pocket, and his countenance assumed the sudden blankness of a fish.

It took the experienced S. S. but one fraction of a second to appreciate and judge correctly that sudden change in Sands' face. It took him but another fraction of a second to act correctly.

"Well, where's my stock?" he roared. "Dig it out, you bungling amateur! Didn't I say you crooks had it? Dig it out. I want to vote it! Where's my stock? Where is it?"

"Well, by thunder!" muttered Sands heavily, recovering from his stupefaction with difficulty, while the blinking giant strove painfully to make up its minds whom now most to suspect. Apparently it was necessary to suspect someone! "Gone!" gasped Sands.

With a sinking heart he remembered that the burglar had come back to him in the woods to ask again what he should say if sent for in the show-down, and had bumped him as he had turned to depart, bumped him rather roughly on the stock-pocket side.

"Mister Chairman, I move a two-hour recess!"

"Second the motion!" snapped Auburn, automatic in his knowledge that he must seem fervidly anxious to recover and vote that stock, automatic, too, in his knowledge that if he could beat Sands to it he could eat it and be saved. And they both knew where it was!

"No!" protested a lanky native, uncoiling his full length from the other end of the table. "We regular stockholders ain't interested in all this. What we want to do is vote the annual dividends and go home! We're against the recess!"

Simultaneously Auburn and Sands and Oyler glanced round the table at the grimly resolved faces of the native stockholders. Something had to be done, and suddenly.

Auburn leaned over Sands and whispered in his ear: "We lose this recess vote. We both want it. Strike at me."

"Damn you, I'll knock your block off!" obliged Sands instantly, and swung at his rival a smashing blow, which Auburn dodged.

Then, as the madly fevered giant swayed to and fro, and strained with its fists and lungs and its empurpled faces, Auburn and Sands sparred furiously inside the rail, overturning the chairs and spilling the ink bottles until the combatants reached the side of the lanky native, where Auburn, taking careful aim, shot his fist with all his might past Sands' head and caught the lanky stockholder just beneath the ear, dropping him like a slab of cold meat. He owned a hundred shares.

When he came to in the anteroom the recess vote had been taken and won, with forty odd shares to spare.

The giant stood with a headache in each head, in its several brows creases that would never come away, creases incised there as the myriad intellects tried to figure why those arch enemies, Sands and Auburn, including Oyler, had agreed on anything, had voted solidly together for the recess! Vaguely the giant, delayed again in the glorious privilege and important duty of casting its ballot for the best man, felt that there was something wrong somewhere!

■

MR. WILLIAM DUBBEL sat on his iron bed with his iron face resting on his iron fists, and a musing smile the full width of his countenance, while the bright morning sunshine slanted in between his bars and grilled him with rectangles of happiness; for outside the jail he heard first one automobile and then another dash up with a whiz and stop with a screech; altercation on the steps; loud and angry altercation in the corridor; three kinds of footsteps outside his door—ponderous, vigorous and snappy; the grating of a key in his lock.

Ah, visitors; but not unexpected visitors: Cap Tucker, Mr. S. S. Auburn and Mr. Jim G. Sands. All three were purple in the face and their necks bulged in their collars as they poured into the narrow cell and demanded, with three voices blended as one:

"Where's that stock!"

Old Cap Tucker rushed at the burglar with upraised club and outstretched hand, but the confident Mr. Dubbel receding to a corner yelled "If you want that stock step back!"

And instantly Sands and Auburn each grabbed Tucker by an arm. Not murder but stock was what they wanted!

"Where is it?"

"Hand it over!"

Sands and Auburn jostled each other in their eagerness to get to him.

"It ain't on me, believe me! You can beat me raw and I can stand it; or murder me and I'll be restin' easy; but when you're all through you'll still be huntin' that stock." There was a wide grin on his wide face, and he folded his arms. "What we're all interested in is cash. First tell me this: Who am I goana do business with?"

The contenders for Blue Falls turned slowly to each other, and gazed each other

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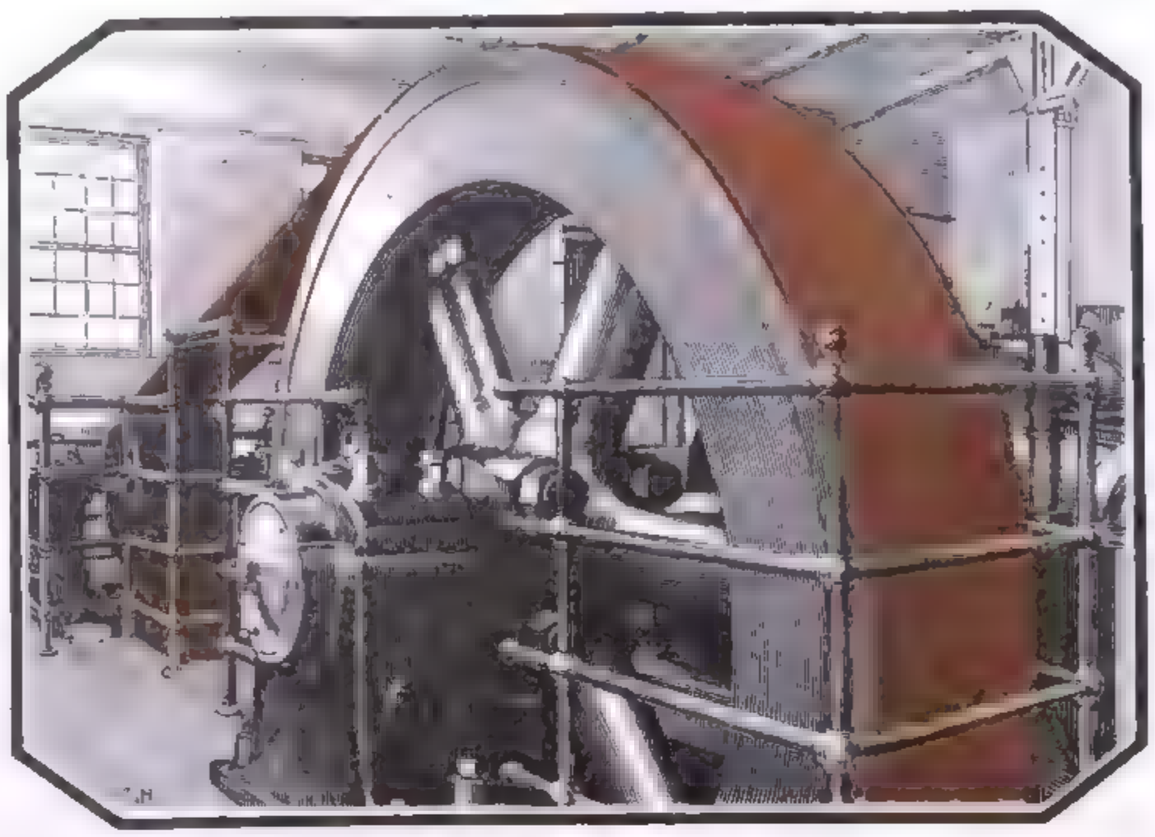
GRATON AND KNIGHT



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GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized Series
LEATHER BELTING
Tanned by us for belting use

(Continued from Page 48)

in the unflinching eye. Cap Tucker, watching that silent battle, sat heavily on the iron cot and gloomed at Sam Auburn, whose high popularity in the morning was now distinctly questionable; and as that popularity slipped away there slipped away Cap Tucker's job!

"It just occurs to me, Sands," grated Auburn, "that this stock happens to be mine."

"Nobody disputes it." The words popped out of Sands like the bullets from a machine gun. "But as far as getting it out of this burglar is concerned we have an even chance."

"How much do I hear?" interrupted the auctioneer. "Bid up!"

Again the two financiers looked at each other. They knew each other well. The bidding would have no end, and the beneficiary was a common foe. By simultaneous unspoken impulse they drew into the darkest corner.

"Nix on the frame-up!" immediately shouted Dubbel. "I'm one of the plain people, I am; an' if I let youse two plutocrats whisper I got about as much chance as a baby eel in a hive of snakes unless I use my dome. So here's the dope, an' we all abide by it or no stock, see! Now you two little guys stay in your dark corner an' frame just one thing—how much you're goana slip me. An' I don't care who digs it nor where it comes from, just so I get it an' so it's enough."

"You infernal, double-crossing thief!" choked Auburn.

"You cheap pickpocket!" crackled Sands.

"I wouldn't 'a' stooped to it," Dubbel declared; "but this is politics." He had opened the door and stood in the crack. "Now while you figure I'll go dig up that stock an' take it on the public square, where I can holler for help if I'm attacked. If you try to rough it out of me I'll yawp everything I know. An' if you don't slip me enough coin for it I'll also set up the yell. That's a straight deal for everybody."

So saying, Mr. Dubbel stepped outside, slammed the door and locked it.

Regardless of their reckless language he hurried forward and into the little side office of the jail, but in a moment afterward his voice, in loud and shrieking imprecations, drowned the voices of the three premature prisoners. Like a madman he rushed back to the cell, unlocked and threw open the door, pounced on the chief of police, grabbed him by the throat and started to shake him.

"Where's my stock?" he howled. "Cough it up or I'll croak you!"

Sam Auburn and Jim Sands were both powerful men, but it took their united strength to drag the victimized burglar from his prey.

"What kind of a crook town is this," he roared, "where not even a jail's safe? Where's my stock, I say? Where's them letter files?"

"Those old letter files?" The astounded chief of police, still stupefied from the onslaught, shook his neck experimentally in his collar. "Say, I'm going to frame you on a ten-stretch for this assault! I'll third-degree you, you ——"

But as he made a rush at Mr. Dubbel, club upraised in deadly earnest this time, the leading financiers of the summer colony who wanted not murder but stock, grabbed him, and simultaneously demanded, one in his right ear and one in his left: "Where are those letter files?"

"On the town dump. I ordered the janitor to throw them out. We got new steel filing cases, an' ——"

But Cap Tucker was alone. The three gentlemen interested in stocks had jammed for an instant in the doorway, struggling wildly and paying no attention to one another, and in another instant two automobiles had dashed away from the jail to the town dump, with Mr. Dubbel hanging on behind the blue car. When the chief arrived in his red tin fire wagon he found the three stock fanciers searching the dump inch by inch, but not a sign of a discarded letter file was to be seen! The chief was in despair. His job was gone!

"Lookit here," suddenly suggested Dubbel. "I got it. I'll go to that meeting with either one o' youse an' tell the truth, any way you want it told. Now bid up!"

Sands and Auburn looked at each other, and, rivals though they were, between them passed the grim eye language of the clan. The common foe was assailing them again!

Quite satisfied, Auburn observed to the burglar: "Beat it, Dubbel."

"Go to hell yourself," growled the common foe. "My meat ain't for pikers anyhow." And he turned to Sands. But before he could shape anything in the form of a definite offer, hard-jawed Jim held up a quick finger.

"Don't waste it," he advised. "We've made up our minds to just do without you."

The change in the erstwhile confident Mr. Dubbel was instantaneous. His lower lip rolled out, and his jaw shoved up, and his black pupils seemed to spread and fill his eyeballs as he ripped out a string of oaths so violent as even to send shudders up and down the spine of experienced Cap Tucker; but in the very midst of the lurid assortment of foul and unspeakable perditions to which he was consigning the two petrified plutocrats he stopped, numbed by the dawning of a great idea; then on his wide face there spread his wide grin.

"All right, youse. If youse ain't goana show any honor I ain't. I'm goin' right up to the public square an' bawl you both out; an' I'm goana run for mayor myself!"

The two financiers looked at him blankly, then they laughed; that was all, just laughed.

"I'll show youse I can walk past with it!" vociferously declared Plain Bill Dubbel. "I got youse beat all seven ways! My record's clean! My life's an open book, it is! You can go into any Bertillon room an' get my measurements, photographs an' thumbprints, an' a tab on anything I ever done! Where can the public go to get the inside dope on youse guys? Think that over, will you!"

And triumphantly Plain Bill strode away from them.

Old Cap Tucker ran after him as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

"Come right this way, Mr. Dubbel," he obsequiously offered, once more pink with hope. "I'll take you up in my car."

VI

A DENSE, seething, surging throng packed in the public square of Bluepeak-Amid-the-Hills, and madness was on it! Bluepeak was all agog; and fanned to a fever, and lashed to a frenzy, and struck of a heap; and pop-eyed! An eleventh-hour candidate! It had needed but this to topple Reason from her already tottering throne. An orator in each corner of the public square, all four haranguing at once, and the mayoralty race reduced now to a mere matter of lungs! The hydra-headed sovereign, notwithstanding its multiplicity of intellects, felt itself growing feeble-minded in all of them as it rushed from corner to corner of the square, and round and round the band stand in the center, suffering audibly under the terrific strain of the four-way cross fire of Auburn, Oyler, Sands and Dubbel. Of only one thing the giant remained certain—it had to vote for somebody, whether it could make up its minds which one or not; willy or nilly, there must be a new mayor elected before nightfall, and the giant had to do it!

So intent on the great business of the day were the neck-and-neck candidates and the seething audience that all unnoticed there came into the southwest corner of the square, with a flourish and in gaudy state, the justly famous migrating shares of stock! They were drawn by two good black horses, and they nestled in a battered old letter file on the knees of a heroically romantic long-haired gypsy, who sat on the seat of his lace-hung wagon between an athletic-looking young-man gypsy with a fuzzy mustache, and a blond little-girl gypsy, the latter most wondrously dressed in a red skirt, a green jacket, a purple turban and a yellow shawl.

The good black horses stopped perforce in the press of the panting throng, and so the picturesque bodyguard of the missing stock became a part of the audience of Plain Bill Dubbel, who, backed only by the simple truth and Old Cap Tucker, was mercilessly laying bare to his pals and buddies of Bluepeak the inner blackness of the opposing candidates, telling just why they wanted to be elected, and telling just how, if they were, Plain Bill's bo's would be skinned to the bone!

Suddenly something stirred in the unfledged potentialities of the athletic young gypsy with the fuzzy mustache and the capable heredity; something budded and blossomed and bore fruit, and excitedly he leaned over behind friend Joe and whispered to the little blond gypsy: "Taffy! Will you marry me?"

Would she —— The pink of her face turned red and then it turned white, and then she stammered: "Why—why—why ——"

"Listen, Taffy!" And springing down behind the seat he swung Evelyn down beside him. "Listen, Taffy! Last night dad said he'd give me a hundred thousand the minute I'd engage myself to a nice girl. 'The minute,' he said, Taffy. That was the exact wording of his offer. Would your dad do as much?"

Taffy Auburn's shoulders came straight with an almost audible snap.

"I'll back my papa against your dad for anything."

"Come on!" Jumping from the wagon he held up his arms for her, and she leaped into them, too much excited to realize that this was thrilling.

With a wave of the hand to Joe Pvilic they edged out of the crowd. Stopping for an instant of whispered and half-giggling conversation at the steps of the band stand, they separated, Evelyn starting for the northeast corner, where her father, mounted on a piano box, was appealing to the hearts of the voters; and Gerald to the northwest corner, where his father was appealing to the intelligence of the voters; the while Plain Bill Dubbel was appealing to their pop-eyedness—which proved his understanding of the emotions of giants.

"And now I'll tell you the truth about the stolen stock, brothers!" yelled Dubbel in hoarse vehemence. "I've told you the truth about myself, and about Burglar Auburn, and Briber Sands, and Cat's-Paw Oyler and Blue Falls, an' now I'll tell you the truth about the stock that youse boobs think had something to do with you! This morning youse all said that the gypsies stole it, an' ——"

"Hooray!" burst forth with unexpected fervor from several hundred of the throats of the giant. Here was one good hard fact at least. Everybody throughout this tormented day had told some sort of a fabrication about that stock, and it was a great comfort to have someone merely mention the original impression—that the gypsies had burgled S.S. Auburn's safe; must have! "Hooray! Hooray! That's the stuff! You're all right, Dubbel!"

"It's a lie!" boomed out a resonant voice above the heads of the crowd. Startled, the giant turned, to see, standing erect on his wagon seat, his flowing hair flung back, his hat in his hand and his black eyes flashing with honest indignation, big Joe Pvilic. Why, here was a gypsy now. "It's a lie!" Joe boomed. "My family don't steal! Gluig Skpilutz found it on the dump, and ——"

A dull roar broke from the myriad throats of the giant as it rolled up over that wagon, and the first face to come on a level with Joe Pvilic's fist splashed red from its exact center. Instantaneously the populace collected itself from all parts of the square and surged solidly into the southwest corner. Why, here was one of the gypsies who had stolen that stock, and justice must be done!

Thus it was that the suddenly deserted orators in the northeast and the northwest corners stood alone and helpless on their platforms, when they were assailed by their respective offsprings and subjected to a pair of the quickest "touches" on record. Evelyn beat Gerald by a good thirty seconds, for it was with the deftness which came of certain knowledge that she brought her father's checkbook from his pocket, in spite of the shocking fact that she was to marry the son of Jim Sands. She had made a special study of that man Papa Auburn, ever since the day she was born, and he was as wax in her chubby hands. Gayly she raced across the square, drying her pink cheeks in the wind, and gayly Gerald joined her, flourishing a green check, and gayly they raced together into the city hall, while their respective parents raced after their respective audiences.

The crowd was packed solidly round the struggling mass which had a gaudy gypsy wagon for its nucleus. There were waving arms and bobbing heads and hoarse voices, but not one intelligible word in answer to the insistent "What's it? What's it about? What's the trouble? Who's fighting?"

Nobody knew! The outside rings of the concentric mass, the last to arrive, had resigned themselves to tiptoeing, jostling, craning ignorance, until the fight should be over. But finally the mass moved, it swayed violently, it stumbled, it nearly went off its feet; then a point in its periphery broke, and the mass popped forth Joe Pvilic in the hands of five policemen.

Joe's collar was gone and his shirt was torn and his face was bloody. Bloody, too, the faces of all his breathless captors; but Joe's breath was still good as he continuously and loudly proclaimed his honor and the honor of his family; that Gluig Skpilutz had found the letter files on the dump and ——

"Here it is, men! Here it is! Here it is!" The little cross-eyed tailor was so wrought up between inebriation and excitement that his eyes were nearly straight. "Here it is, men! Where's Sam Auburn? Sing Sing! Where's Sing Sing?"

They found S. S. presently, those who were nearest to him, and jubilantly they rushed him, swept him resistlessly before them, tossed him, as if he'd been a feather, a third of the way across the square, and up on the band stand, where he stood all alone, looking down on the faces of his delighted fellow citizens; and on the steps stood the little tailor waving something which was muddied and torn, but which gleamed white here and there and purple here and there. That damn stock!

"Here you are, Sing Sing!" screeched the tailor. "Now you can follow the dictates of your heart, and give the electric-light company to the village, so we can go out and elect you mayor!"

"Hooray!" roared all the throats of the palpitating giant.

"Three cheers for Sing Sing!" yelled the little tailor.

"Hooray, hooray, hooray!" responded the giant.

"Lookit here, pals!" broke in a hoarse voice, the voice of Plain Bill Dubbel, who scrambled up on the steps to take advantage of this momentous occasion. "Lookit here a minute! I got the proof now that everybody's a liar but me! The gypsies didn't steal that stock! It ——"

Br-r-r-r-a-a-a-ah! It was a long-drawn, low growl from the giant which answered that blasphemy. This time it was not to be balked. It had started in the morning to vote for mayor according to whichever way Sam Auburn voted this electric-light stock, and it had spent the time until now in excruciating indecision. Kind Fate at last had sent it back the instrument which would decide for it automatically, and whatever had intervened was now swept aside, forgotten, rendered as nothing; and the giant would not be thwarted.

While the angry growl swelled, willing hands jerked the burglar off the band-stand stair, and the little tailor, self-elected chairman of the Citizens' Committee, went up two steps and confidently put the blunt necessity of "yes" or "no" to good old Sing Sing.

Good old Sing Sing gulped. Here he was at last, in spite of all his efforts, seated in the thorny saddle astride the breaking fence, with Sands and Oyler and the wizen from the Chronicle grinning up at him, and the little tailor waving that blasted stock just beneath his chin. Where did he go from here? If he said "yes" he lost, if he said "no" he lost.

"Papa! Papa!"

The well-remembered voice of his only child! As one in a daze Sam Auburn's dully automatic eyes watched his darling daughter struggle through to the bottom step while his son-in-law-elect paused at the side of Jim Sands and thrust before that grinning gentleman's gaze a paper which froze the grin. Then Jim G. hearkened to something Gerald said to him, then Jim G. cast a startled glance at S. S. His next move was to follow the prospective bride and groom up the steps, and his next was to push the little tailor brusquely out of the band stand; Oyler, following, clicked the gate.

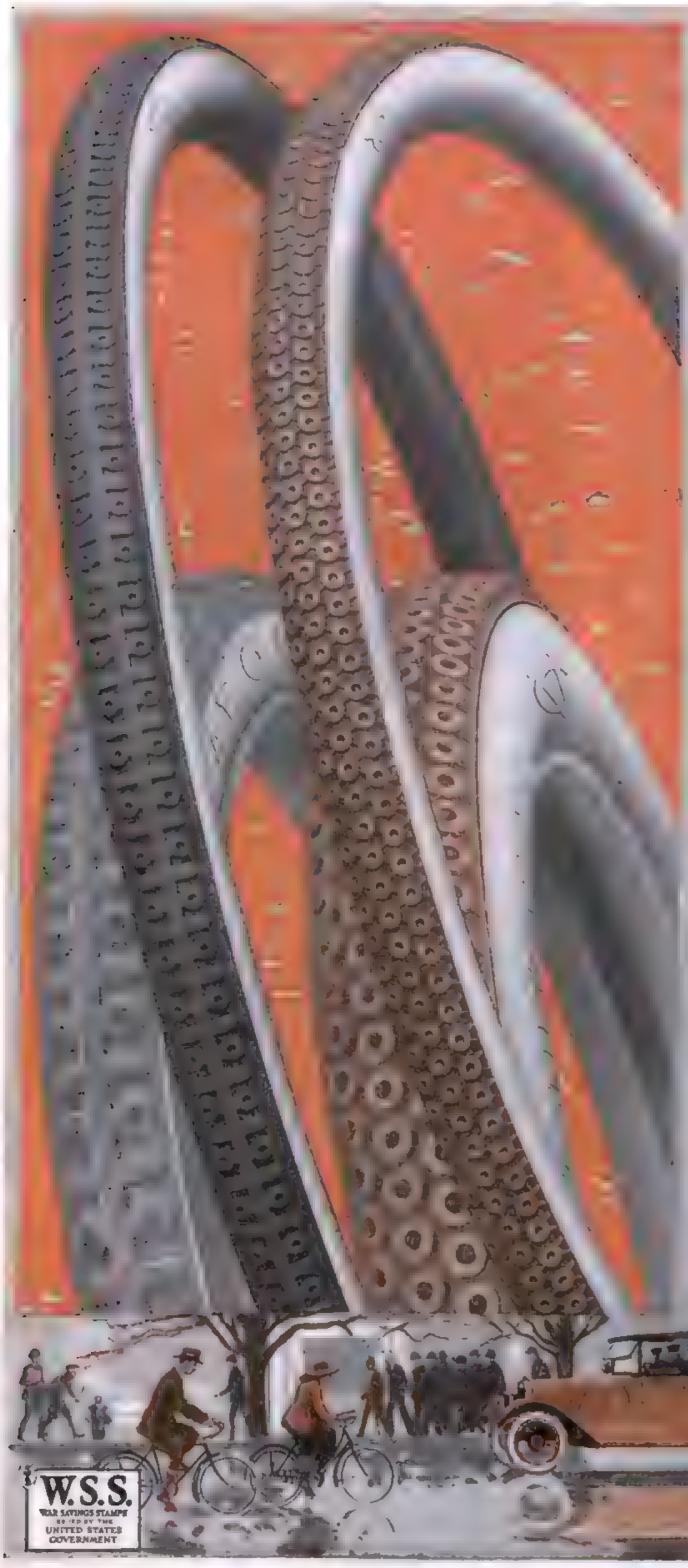
A hush fell on the assemblage, a hush profound, a hush as of awe when those five heads bent eagerly together up there. Something of tremendous importance must be going on—something, no doubt, which might deeply affect the public!

True; quite true.

"The waterfalls!" gasped Sam Auburn; and Jim G. repeated for the fourth time: "How did you get it?"

"Bought it," explained Gerald simply; and the two financiers looked at each other sheepishly. The idea had never occurred to them, they being in politics, that it might be possible to acquire a public property by buying it! "We got our tip from the burglar's speech," went on Gerald. "Any mayor's been empowered for the past fifteen years to sell Blue Falls for the benefit of the village."

(Concluded on Page 53)



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NOVO RELIABLE POWER

(Concluded from Page 50)

"It's on us," acknowledged Auburn.

"And with our own money," grinned Sands as he tweaked a curl of his prospective daughter-in-law.

"That cuts me down," observed Oyler sadly. "With this deal closed there's nothing left in the mayoralty but the salary."

"What Evelyn and I want to know is this," interposed Gerald briskly. "Do we get a half million apiece for this from you two fellows or don't we? Talk fast."

A cheer from the patient giant, sovereign creator of its own politics, as it saw, following a nod apiece from the well-known enemies up there, the son and daughter of Jim G. and S. S. throw themselves rapturously into each other's arms and exchange their first kiss of betrothal.

Out of the cheering, however, now rose the shrill voice of the chairman of the Citizens' Committee, to be denied no longer:

"Sing it out, Sing Sing! Is it yes or no?"

Oh, that vote! Sam Auburn lifted his bedraggled stock out of the clutch of the little tailor, and the weight of years seemed removed from him. In half an hour this stock would give him the monopoly of the Bluepeak Electric Company, complete his consolidation and furnish a wealth-producing outlet for his half of the newly acquired water power; and suddenly he didn't give a hoot about telling in his city clubs that he'd been forced to accept the mayoralty of his home town!

"No!" he answered to his beloved fellow citizens, in a tone loud, clear and determined.

No? No! Sam Auburn, after all this day of worrying the voters of Bluepeak, had voted no! It was incredible! It could not be believed! No? No? did he say! The giant seemed stunned, stupefied, then it began to roar. That settled Sam Auburn for mayor! The giant roared some more, but since nothing came of the roaring it stopped presently. Then it began to consider, then to brighten as it found a ray of sunshine in this devastation. After all, it was relieved of one-third of its dilemma!

"Three cheers for Oliver Oyler!" yelled the little tailor.

The cheers came with a will, the while Mr. Oyler, stooped down to the level of the floor, was conversing in the ear of honest Joe Pvilic, to this effect:

"You have an excellent case of libel against this town, and I'll handle it for you with pleasure. The village now has two hundred thousand dollars. I suppose you'll be willing to split it as many ways as may be necessary."

A grunt was the assent of outraged Joe Pvilic.

"And a tiger for the Honorable Oliver Oyler, the next mayor of Bluepeak!" shrilled the little tailor.

But Mr. Oyler rose and held up his hand for silence.

"As mayor of Bluepeak, my friends, I could not consistently prosecute the village in an important suit which I am about to institute," he stated in his most mellifluent tones. "In consequence, I resign."

Prosecute? What did he mean, prosecute. It was beyond the understanding of the giant at this juncture. One thing at a time was enough—almost too much. So Oyler was out! Oyler and Auburn were both out! The giant gulped down its multitudinous Adam's apples and considered again. After all, two-thirds of its dilemma was now removed, and —— Why the other third disappeared automatically!

Peace, sweet peace settled on the giant's soul and all its intellects. Now it knew exactly what to do. It went right out and elected the burglar. Then, its conscience cleared and its duty wisely done, it blew horns, and ate its supper, and went to bed.

Uncle Jed, Caddie Master

HE ATTENDS THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

By Joseph Chapman

EVENIN', Mistah Banks—evenin', suh. Yassuh; Ah think de shower is 'bout ovah, suh. If you-all wait a minute you is bound to git yo' match.

Well, suh, Ah had de most curious experience last evenin'; an' Ah doan' know zackly whut to think—same as a man dat's been hit by a golf ball on de loose, an' can't figure whether he is glad 'cause he ain't dead or mad 'cause his hat got spoiled.

It start' off yesterday 'bout sundown, when Mistah Jackson was a-payin' off his caddie, an' look' up all of a sudden an' say: "Jed, Ah got a extry ticket to de concert to-night—de Sympathy Ochestra. It belong' to ma missus; but she is on a unexpected visit to her kin. How'd you-all like to go?"

Well, suh, music is jest de same to me as cream to a stray alley cat; an' Ah say: "Mistah Jackson, suh, you come nigh to undermannin' me with such a temptin' prospectus; an' indeed Ah'd be most highly honored to 'company you-all to de musicale." An' we 'range to meet at his house an ride down in his fine motor cah.

He fix me up with a big segah on de front seat 'longside de drivah, who was a white man. Ah did ma best to socialize with dat chofer; but Ah didn't make no real headway, 'cause it 'peared like he wuz sore 'bout somepin. It pass ma mind dat maybe his missus had ben treatin' him to de curry-comb; an' atter dat Ah give him ma silent sympathy an' we git 'long fust-class.

Bimeby we git to de theater; an' Mistah Jackson go to de box office an' swap his tickets for two at de top, splainin' dat de music riz up—same as a goff ball hit with a mashie—an' de people in de pit miss de best effect. He hustle me through de marble-an'-gold hall with de lights a-shinin' like diamonds—sayin' dat we is late—an up some stairs, an' up some mo' stairs; an' den up some mo' stairs, till Ah feel like Ise jest one big heart a-beatin'. An' den we climb down a steep bank to de seats.

Well, suh, de position seem' so ticklish Ah ain't had a chance to look round till Ah git set; an' den Ah look over de edge, an'—pow!—ma stomach done a sure-enough buck-an'-wing. 'Way down 'bout as far as de prospective wus a big lot o' people, an' all round in de balconies wus a lot mo'—fine high-up-lookin' people, actin' jest as ca'm an' natural as if dey wus settin' in a funeral. An' 'bout as far off as de reach of a drivin' iron, through a arch de size o' de gateway inter de Promised Land, wus a stage as big as de Town Square.

Ise accustomed to attend de Luxury Movin'-Picture Theater near ma home; but—my land, Mistah Banks—you could put de whole Luxury in dat opery house an' you would hatter tie a string to it an' keep holt o' de end if you wanted to find it ag'in.

On de stage dey wus a bank o' chairs 'ranged like a hoss-shoe, an' a li'l' stand at de front in de middle, with a railin' round it. Dat stand an' dat railin' intensified me—bein' like de stand at de County Fair where dey exhibit de prize squash; an' Ah wuz wonderin' whut dey wus gonna show off on dis one an' whut de railin' was fixed fo' to pen up. On de chairs was a lot o' musicians, an' mo' kinds o' instruments dan Ah knowed dere really wuz.

In front wus de fiddles an' 'way back wus mo' fiddles; but dey wus older lookin' an' so big dat de men had to stand 'em on de floor. An' at de very back wus de oldes' an bigges' fiddles o' de lot—balky an' mean lookin', so dat de men managin' 'em had to stand up an' drive 'em on de bit de whole time.

Ah see a lot o' horns an' drums an' flutes, an' one contraption like a bean pole, with a crooked twig comin' out de side dat de man put in his mouf. Ah ax Mistah Jackson whut dat wus, an' he whisper somepin soundin' like bassoon. Dis s'prise me, 'cause Ah always thought dat wus some kind of a animal.

Right soon de people begun clappin', an' a man come out an' mount de stand. Ah look him over careful, but Ah doan' see nothin' pertickilar 'bout him. He wave a li'l' stick an' we all riz up; an' dat band sail inter "Oh, say, can you see——" An'—my land!—Mistah Banks, dat wus some band! Dey fill dat place so full o' harmony it seem' like somepin gotta crack, an' Ah feel de chills round ma backbone like de hands of a pickpocket in a crowd tryin' to locate de lucre.

Atter dat dey settle down to de real business o' de evenin'; an'—fo' a fact, Mistah Banks—dere wus some curious doin's.

Fust, de man on de stand, de leader dey call' him—he seem' to me mo' like de follower, 'cause he's always atter 'em so hard—fust, de leader hold up de li'l' stick an' dey all git quiet like dey wuz awaitin' fo' somepin to happen. An'—'deed indeed—it happened! Dey wus de mos' awful bust o' noise dat ever ketch me head-on in de countenance, comin' a mile a minute, an' it like to raise me clean outen de seat. Dis kept up fo' a minute, with de leader actin' like a crazy man an' all de musicians weavin' an' wreathin' like a passel o' niggahs gittin' religion; an' den—bam!—it stop' jest as solid as bangin' shut de lid o' de cedar chest on a cat fight goin' on in de in'ards.

Right away a sound come along as if dey wus a jenny wren fussin' over de lack o' buildin' materials, an' den one o' de men with de horns woke up an' squelched dat with a blast dat would 'a' made de Angel Gabriel feel like a peacock in de moltin' season.

Den dey all got more er less busy an' seem' to be playin' some kind of a game, with de leader chidin' 'em an wavin' his stick an' shakin' his fist at' em every minute; an' Ah began to realize de usefulness o' de railin' dat kep' him in place. If it hadn't been fo' dat, dere wus a lot o' times durin' de evenin' when he would 'mos' surely tore loose an' gone at some o' de musicians hand to hand.

Atter a bit Ah begun to notice some o' de details—such as de man with de drums. He had two sort o' kettles an' peared to be havin' trouble with 'em. He'd crouch down back o' de music stand, watchin' de leader like he spected him to heave a brick any time; den, with a flourish o' de drumstick, he'd fetch one kettle a good lick, an' den jump on it like he feared it'd git away from him. Sometimes he'd touch 'em up real soft—fust one an' den de other—like he was tryin' to make up; but he'd always lose his temper in de end an' begin to beat de stuffin' outer 'em ag'in.

Ah got to watchin' de rest o' de players; an' dey 'peared to be divided up inter teams. One team would play like fury fo' a minute an' den chop off—spang!—with a jolt; an' den one o' de other teams would try an' snatch it up without spillin' any crumbs. Dey'd toss it back an fo'th data-away by de hour, with de leader actin' as umpire an' watchin' like a hen hawk fo' de least slip.

Dat appeared to be de main game.

Atter a pause a fine lady come out an' started to sing. At fust she seem' to be splainin' 'bout de matter—an' pleadin'; but, though Ah listened close, Ah couldn't ketch de drift. 'Long 'bout de middle she loose off a high piercin' yowl, an' Ah suttinly thought de man back o' her must 'a' jabbed her with a pin, or de like; but she quiet' down right away an didn't pull no razah nor nothin', so Ah s'pose Ah must 'a' been mistaken. Prob'ly she done it fo' fun, or else to 'tract attention.

Soon atter dat she commenced de sweetes', saddes', softes' li'l' tune Ah ever heered, an' Ah mighty nigh forgot all 'bout de theater an' de audience an' mase'f, an' de whole world, till Ah felt a stingin' in ma nose. An'—blame me, Mistah Banks—if Ah didn't find Ol' Uncle Jed with tears in de eyes!

Yassah; dat lady wus surely a sweet singah—if only de band hadn't kept a-bustin' in like as if dey wus jealous. An' Ah suttinly would like to hear her in a rendition of Ol' Black Joe.

Well, suh, de business come to de end at las', an' we all rode home in dat fine machine. On de way Ah axed Mistah Jackson why dey called dat band a Sympathy Ochestra. He give a long disputation on de subject; but, whut with de whirrin' o' de machine an' Mistah Jackson talkin' from de back seat, Ah didn't rightly git de idea.

Maybe dey has sympathy—fo' dey kin, like as not, an' fo' dey close friends. As fo' mase'f, Ah couldn't locate no sympathy 'bout 'em—anyhow, not fo' de audience.

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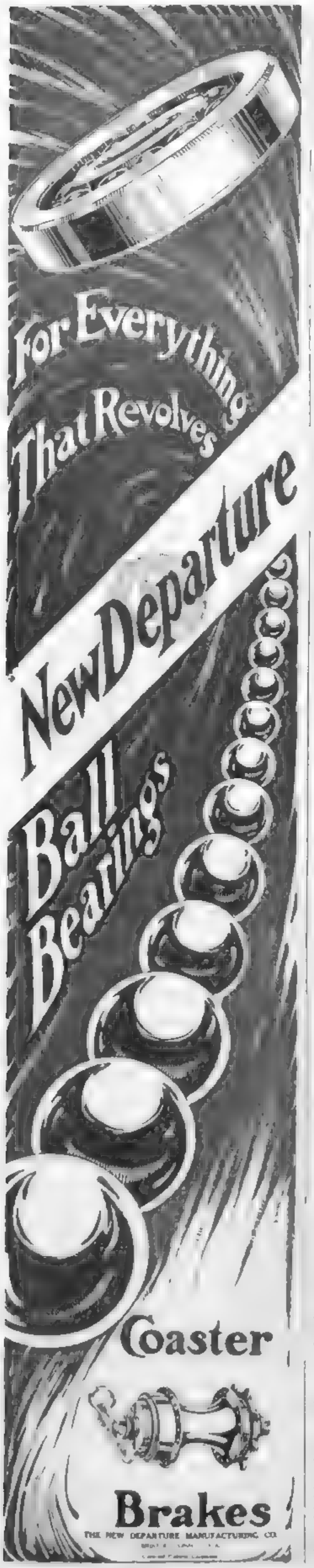

MISS WIFE

(Continued from Page 7)

sold all winter to Smythe Fairbush. So much was this the case that the government allotment to "Mrs. Lucien Detwiler" was now not even a temptation.

"Why, just listen to this!" she had cried excitedly as, walking out of the Stonecraft post office between Jasper and Bobby, she glanced over the first scrawled page. "Lucien's been cited for bravery."

It was a most unguarded statement, and Jasper soon lisped his dark misgivings. "The uniform's getting him," he moaned. "Decowations, dwums—blood! Pwetty soon you'll hear him waving over the German outwages!"

"Just awfully spectacular to save a wounded man, isn't it?" retorted Louise. Perhaps both the unexpected retort and the sudden reddening of her cheeks were due to the fact that she herself was puzzled. She had loyally withheld Lucien's mention of his attempted transfer to the infantry.

After this Miss Le Brun always replied evasively to inquiries regarding Mr. Detwiler. Not for worlds would she have betrayed his constant fretting over that delayed transfer to the infantry. Not for more worlds would she have read aloud his sympathetic references to Dayton Hollander. So the summer wore on. Then, just as Miss Le Brun's technic grew so perfect that a portrait painted by her would have safeguarded any fugitive, came the news that Lucien had been wounded.

At first he reported the wound as a mere scratch. He would be back "shooting the gas" in a few weeks at the most. Following letters were less optimistic, however, and one night during the latter part of September there stood in the doorway of that far room of the Capucine a young man whose left arm hung stiffly at his side. He was looking straight ahead, and as they caught that first sight of the returned Lucien every one of the noisy group at the big table which he had left nine months before fell suddenly silent. Awe is apt to leave the conventional mind, yet for one instant Bobby Musher and Miss Nausica Bean and Lucile Devereaux and even Jasper Gates could not speak as they saw their Lucien looking at them with the wide eyes of a child seeing something for the first time.

Then with one voice they called out to him. He still stared at them dazedly, and at last Bobby ran over to get him. As he pushed the wanderer down into a vacant chair between his own and that of Miss Bean another hush fell upon Lucien's old group. At last they were going to hear the truth about the war.

Gradually then Lucien lost that first wide gaze. Yet the curiosity with which he peered first into one face and then another was still childlike—a puzzled attempt, it seemed, at fitting together two widely remote visions. And certainly no one could have missed the boyish wonder of his first words.

"Where's Louise?" asked he, looking about the table as he said it.

The question deepened the silence of his group. It was Bobby Musher who finally answered him.

"Why—why—haven't you seen her yet? She went to meet you to-night. I saw her in here this afternoon, and Fairbush was looking up your train." Then staring into his friend's face he added in a lower tone: "Honest, she intended going—she told us to be sure to be here to-night to see you. There's been some mistake."

"Some mistake," repeated Lucien obediently, and they could see he was trying to be contented with the explanation. As he said the words he found the real kindliness in Bobby's eyes, and with a gesture instinctive as that of a child who has found amid a strange scene some reassuring familiar thing he reached out and caught the sleeve of Bobby's white overcoat.

Holding to his friend's sleeve he suddenly looked down at his limp left arm.

"It's paralyzed," he said in a low voice and without lifting his eyes. "They won't let me—I can't go back"

"Shell shock," whispered Miss Lucile Devereaux to Jasper Gates, who sat beside her. "He's just frightened to death."

Jasper made no reply. Perhaps a less lenient explanation of the change in Lucien was already forming behind those huge horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Never mind, old man." It was again Bobby who replied to Lucien. "You must have enough material now anyway."

"Material?" The returned Lucien's face was blank.

"Why, yes; for your book—the book you're going to do on the war"

Lucien was about to reply when at that moment Albert appeared in the doorway from the kitchen. The moment that he caught sight of the little Piedmontese waiter the wanderer's face cleared. In a moment he was on his feet, was grabbing both of Albert's hands, was pouring upon him a delighted tide of French.

"Shell shock?" sniffed Jasper to Miss Devereaux. "Just look at him now!"

When Lucien returned to the table conversation had already developed into the fugue of nine months before. Nothing was easier than to die, opined Jasper Gates as he sipped a high-priced cocktail. Yes, agreed his lady love, the little artist's model, the hard thing in this world consisted of doing the unpopular, the unspectacular, the unheroic. To her mind the real heroes of this war were the men who had been brave enough to stay out of it. Meanwhile Bobby Musher had leaned across Lucien to speak to Miss Bean about the wicked impropriety of American interference in Russia. Miss Bean supported him with reverent quotations from the last pamphlet gotten out by The Carburetor, that magazine which formed the chief nourishment of Lucien's pacifistic group. Just as she finished, another one of those awfully clever chaps—just back from Russia, you know—announced gloomily that America didn't need to rant about Junkers; we had all the local talent here that anyone wanted. This remark succeeded in cementing every interest represented at the table. In a moment each one was contributing to America's final conviction. It was quite plain they all considered Columbus the most tactless man who ever lived.

If Mr. Lucien Detwiler, late of the ambulance corps, heard any of these proofs of the wider outlook he gave no sign. Yet by this time the haze had cleared from his eyes. Keenly, impatiently, he was watching the door through which he expected Miss Louise Le Brun to enter.

At last Bobby detached himself from the perfections of the Bolsheviki long enough to give his old friend yet one more chance.

"Come, Lucien," he cried, "we've waited long enough now. Tell us all about the war." And he slapped the other on the back in a way that managed to be merely nervous.

"Yes, Lucien, tell us! What was the thing over there that impressed you most?" urged the vamp of The Purple Buskin, who at the other end of the table had overheard Bobby's plea.

Silence fell once more upon the group and every eye was fixed on Lucien. At first his face did not change expression, and as he sat there with his right hand upon the handle of a fork it seemed to them all that he would never look up. Then very abruptly he leaned forward on his elbow.

"A goat," said he slowly, and the knitted brows appeared to be sheltering some inner, treasured vision.

"A goat!" they all exclaimed in unison, and a look of gusty relief peaked upward from the darkness of Mr. Gates' face. He had wronged Lucien. There on those lips delayed some wise, sweet parable of pacifism.

"It was a very small goat," he went on with his eyes fixed on the space between Jasper and Lucile Devereaux, "and I saw it getting out of a third-class railway carriage. It was on a rope and the rope was held by a very old woman—old and wrinkled and—bent." Here Lucien cleared his throat and those knitted brows seemed to be struggling more and more to keep close and untouched that inner picture. "She was so thin and stooped, I wondered how she could walk at all and—I—went over to her—then. I asked—if I couldn't help. It was—the first kind word she had had for days—and all of a sudden she gave—a sort of frightened little look and—began to cry. I never heard crying like that—it was—so patient—so friendless." For a moment he could not go on, and in the deep stillness they heard him swallowing.

Through the quiet a squeaking voice rose from the other end of the table. "Ah, yes," said Jasper Gates. "That's the way it is—that's how people suffer for a govehment wah."

Lucien paid no heed to this interruption. Huskily, rapidly, he was going on now. "By and by she stopped crying and I asked her what she was doing with the goat. 'It's all I have in the world, monsieur,' she answered; 'Nanette and—this.' And she pulled out from under her shawl a copper kettle. Her son had been killed, she didn't know where her grandchildren were, and everything she owned had been burned by the Germans."

As he paused here a page went through the room. "Miss Le Brun, Miss Le Brun!" he bawled, and hesitated there for a minute beside the big table.

Lucien did not stop the boy, but violently his whole look changed. Now for the first time since he had begun his story he looked into the eyes about him. It was when his stare fell upon Jasper that with a passion which overturned the chair on which he had been sitting he sprang up.

"You quilted souls!" he snarled. His voice was so loud that it drowned the page's call for Miss Le Brun, so violent that it made all the people at the surrounding tables turn to look at him. They had time, these spectators, for one amazed look at the searing eyes of a prophet, and then Lucien was gone.

Overwhelmed by the furious attack his group watched him stride out of the room. They even stared at him stupidly when after a moment he came back again and said a few words to the little Piedmontese waiter. And they were just recovering for one choric "Militaristic!" when there burst into the room a girl whose short hair was tumbled and whose slate-gray eyes shone with alarm.

"Isn't he here?" cried Miss Le Brun. "Oh, such a terrible mistake! His train got in at five-thirty instead of six-thirty ——"

They interrupted her here to say that he had just left, and though they spared her the circumstances of his departure they made it quite clear that Lucien would not be back.

"Gone? Without leaving any word for me?" echoed little Miss Le Brun; and as she stood looking down at them the wide sweet bow of an upper lip began to quiver.

She hesitated only a moment and as Albert came through from the kitchen with his tray high overhead he must have had just a glimpse of the flying figure. A few minutes afterward Miss Le Brun was racing up the stairs of a house in the quaint, embedded square. There was no light showing through the transom of her door, but she would not believe what that darkness meant. Even when as she threw open the door the dingy light of the hall crept into the room she was still expecting to hear Lucien's voice. It was only after her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness that she realized the place was empty.

At first she was too stunned to move. When at last she did so it was to hunt mechanically for the matches. They were not where she thought she had left them, and as she passed her hand first over one object and then another a sudden, sharp hope sprang up. He had been here, he had left her a note! When she finally found the matches she was trembling with impatience and even before she lit the gas jet her flaring match had given her time for one wild glance about the room.

But no message was here for her, and when at last she realized the fact little Miss Le Brun looked about her with widening eyes.

"Where has he gone?" she whispered, and the desolate rising on the last word made her voice like a sob.

The symbolic canvases on the walls had no suggestion to offer. Neither had the table, where amid a mass of drawing materials still rested the omelet pan and the dishes of Louise's morning meal. The dishes were unwashed and the omelet pan was caked with egg. Mechanically she noted, too, that the chafing dish was on her dresser there between a pair of dancing slippers and Lucien's telegram of the morning

It was the observation of this last irregularity that fixed her attention upon the general appearance of the room. As if seeing it now for the first time—perhaps through the eyes of one coming into it suddenly after a long absence—she took in each familiar detail

(Continued on Page 57)

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"ALL DAY LONG THEY'VE PLAYED
AT CIRCUS UP IN THE LOFT"

—that whets a boy's appetite

All day long they've played at circus up in the loft with old Spot for the zebra and the neighbor's Persian for the man-eating lion.

Trapeze acts and slides for life—they whet a boy's appetite. At six o'clock they come trooping in. Mother scrubs tired faces clean and they're ready for dinner-time.

Twice, maybe three times a week Bridget prepares a piping hot dish of Brown Beauty Beans. First she saves out a helping for herself. For she knows the last spoonful will vanish at the table.

* * *

And the grownups like these plump, toothsome beans too. They are as nourishing as steak but so inexpensive, they keep larder bills low. Cooked in a tasty sauce they've a piquant flavor all their own.

MARSHALL CANNING COMPANY
Marshalltown, Iowa

Brown Beauty Beans

Tell the grocery man you want Brown Beauty Beans. He'll understand.

(Continued from Page 54)

"Heavens!" exclaimed little Miss Le Brun; and quite suddenly she grabbed the box of matches from the mantel.

Her movements after this were very rapid. Striking a match on the side of her corduroy skirt she lit the alcohol burner for a kettle of water. While this was heating she put a few logs on the fireplace and then commenced clearing up the room. Inasmuch as her sense of order dictated only that an object should be out of sight the latter process was simple. Long before the water for washing her dishes had heated she had chucked all protuberant elements into her bureau drawers. As she finished this disposition she happened to look up at the alarm clock on the mantel. Dear, oh dear, she had forgotten to wind the thing! The hands had stopped at half past five.

Half past five! It was the hour at which Lucien's train had arrived, the hour at which she should have met him! Suddenly as she took the clock up in her hands Louise had an awed sense of larger interjection, of a comment of the gods—brusque, mocking, bitter.

"Oh," cried she sharply, and both hands pressed in hard from the elbows upon the clock which she was holding. "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

In the mounting exclamation was her recognition of the truth. It came to her thus piercingly that she should never have depended upon Fairbush or anyone else in the matter of looking up Lucien's train. Now for the first time she saw how, had he heard from Bobby of that shifted responsibility, the mistake must have hurt him.

Yet in thus explaining Lucien's behavior she never once doubted that he would come back, and as she returned to her tasks she had the feeling of putting in a few difficult minutes. At any time she would hear the step—tumultuous, remorseful, almost fiercely helpless—which always brought him to her after a quarrel.

It was fear of not hearing the first far-away sound of him that made her hardly dare scrape the crusted omelet pan. Later, too, when her basins of hot water stood ready on the drawing table, she was careful not to rattle any of the few dishes she was washing. Yet when she had finished her work and sat down before the burning logs the step for which she waited had not yet been heard.

Still she never doubted. Catching up the last copy of The Carburetor she read calmly through the leading article. It was just as she finished this that her ear caught at it—a man's footfall on the stair. Tiptoeing to the door she swung it silently open. Her heart stood still as she waited for him to come round the bend of the old-fashioned winding stairway. Then with a little cry she closed the door. It was only the linotype operator who lived at the other end of the hall.

The second article in The Carburetor demanded greater mental athleticism. Several times she found herself reading over a paragraph three or four times. And when an hour afterward she reached the last page the print was all a blur. It seemed to her now that she could not wait another minute for Lucien's coming.

Yet for another half hour she forced herself to quiet. As she sat there with her hands gripped about her knees the logs she had thrown upon the fireplace came out from their flame, two fishes with sooty dark backs and bellies of scaled gold. Their occasional cracking sound—like the snapping of tiny icicles—was the only break in a stillness that seemed to wash from one end of the dark old-fashioned house to the other.

At last Louise jumped violently from her chair. She could stand it no longer. Just as she was all ready to go back to the Capucine, however, her eye happened to fall upon the clock on the mantel. Through fear of meddling with that comment of the gods she had not set the hands or wound the clock. Now as she looked another superstitious impulse halted her. If she stayed here with her eyes upon that solemn half past five—it might be midnight before he came, but —— With swift determination she jerked the hat from her head.

Midnight came, however—there on the yellow dial of the Jefferson Street Market clock, which she could see from her side window—and brought with it no Lucien. Neither did one o'clock, or two. And at three Louise gave up all hope. For hours now she had been walking up and down the room, and the sobs which shook themselves from that small swelling throat were mixed with the chatterings of a nervous chill. A hundred times through the night she had been sure that some faint far-off sound would turn into the step that she hungered to hear. A hundred times every nerve of her body drawn up to listen for him had slipped back to a more sickening disappointment. But as she saw the hands of that yellow dial reach three she suddenly gave up listening. She knew then that Lucien was not coming.

A few minutes later even the moon, that somewhat calloused observer of dramas, must have been softened by the sigh of little Miss Le Brun. As, with that hopeless relief which comes when we have accepted the worst, she stopped her maddened pacing of the room her eye fell on Lucien's typewriter. At first she stared at it dully, almost unrecognizingly. Then slowly that black oilcloth cover, sagging down into creases filled with the dust of these last nine months, began to bring him back to her. And all of a sudden she sank down in a heap beside the chair upon which rested that deserted typewriter.

"Lucien," she cried, throwing her arms out over the gritty oilcloth, "don't punish me like this! Darling—don't you hear me? Don't you know I'm so-orry? Listen to me! Oh, you've got to, you've got to! Why, darling?"

Between sobs and chills she repeated sentences like this over and over. Always, too, they ended in the one way—in that cry of appalled questioning. She could not understand. Back of the hunger for him, back of the acknowledgment that she had hurt him swelled a passionate sense of injustice. She had always been this way—he had always liked her kind of woman—why should he start to punish her now? It was a child's consciousness of justice unjustly descended that ached in the small young throat as at last she fell asleep with her face on the dusty typewriter cover.

Fiercely as she suffered that night, however, she believed that the punishment came from a Lucien who still loved her. It was only when after a few hours of exhausted sleep she rose, cramped and cold, to the first shrill notes of light sounding over her eastern roofs from the bugler sun that she realized something different. A Lucien who had really loved her could not have punished her like this. She knew too well that almost womanlike dread of silent estrangement, that tumultuous quenching always of thought in action. The old Lucien could not have borne the punishment he had meted out to her.

But if he no longer loved her, who then was it? Quickly she leaped to the thought. A man like Lucien would not be dispossessed of one love except by the coming of another. But who—who? Gathering together all the letters he had written her she read them through by the gas jet while her coffee came to a boil.

There was only one woman whom he had mentioned in all that time, and feverishly now she went back to that description of the young English widow helping in the devastated districts. "With her cool English voice and her eager English eyes ——" The lump in her throat kept her from seeing more. Ah, yes, that was it—Lucien saw women always only as so many pictures; in spite of everything, who so sure to be touched by the piquant sentimentality of Mrs. Saint John Letheridge standing in the doorway of the old peasant's home with her arms full of new shoes and pots and pans? Why, of course! How could she have been so blind? It was just after his meeting with Mrs. Letheridge that his letters became the scraps which had so puzzled her. Without touching the cup of coffee before her she ran distractedly from the room.

Her first impulse was to hunt up Bobby Musher, the member of her group of whom she was most truly fond. But when she finally stood before the house on West Tenth Street in which he roomed her heart failed her. She had not the courage to meet the kindly acquiescence to her theory which she knew would wait her in Bobby's eyes.

"Well, there you are," she could hear him saying. "Married love—it just won't last." And he would probably add the old English verse to which all of her set were so devoted:

Can you keep the bee from ranging
Or the ringdove's neck from changing
Or fettered love from dying
In the knot there's no untying?

She shuddered at the imaginary voice accompanied by one of Bobby's yeasty looks. No, no, she might go mad silent and alone, but better anything than to have one's grief shrugged away into a formula!

All that week she avoided her old group. It was not until ten days after Lucien's arrival that she happened to run into Bobby Musher.

"Why, hello!" he cried, catching hold of her elbow in the old friendly way. "Where you been anyway? You don't need to snub us all just because Lucien does."

"Lucien does?" The slate-gray eyes widened. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Honest, don't you know? Hasn't he told you about that night when he came?" And in a moment he was recounting Lucien's behavior. "The funny thing was," he wound up by saying, "he seemed to see red when that boy was paging you—that was when he up and told us that we were quilted souls."

She listened breathlessly, listened without a word to indicate that she had not yet seen Lucien; and as later she took her way down to the little embedded square her heart sank to a more sickening realization. So that was the way she—her friends, her world—looked to Lucien after Mrs. Saint John Letheridge!

During the next week she avoided more sedulously than ever the Capucine and her old associates, and to various phone messages from Mr. Smythe Fairbush she made no response. One Friday afternoon, however, there burst into the outer office of that elaborate suite where the calendar man conducted his business a Miss Le Brun whose eyes were still terrified by a moment's glimpse of Lucien.

The minute that Mr. Fairbush came out to greet her he exclaimed at her appearance.

"I say," he cried, "you look sick! What's happened?" And pushing her into a chair he ran for a glass of water.

She took the water, but instead of placing it to her lips she sat there staring at it, and then all of a sudden her teeth began to chatter. She tried to hide the chill in a hysterical laugh.

"How like a man t-o-o-o gi-i-i-ive you—water!" she said; and the shivering catch of her vowels moved Mr. Fairbush to even deeper solicitude.

"Why, they're icy cold!" cried he, grabbing her disengaged hand. "And your cheeks—they're burning up!"

Still chattering and laughing, Miss Le Brun looked up at him as he stood over her. Then in a sudden flood it all came out—her story of the past days.

"I've hardly tasted a mouthful," she ended. "I haven't done anything but just walk, walk, walk; and to-day—right in front of me on Fifth Avenue—coming out of a tea room—there he was—with—her!"

And the sobs she had held back pushed out now into that one dark pronoun.

"How do you know it was her?"

"Oh, I know it was—I just caught a glimpse of her, but she looked like that kind—the kind that would go meddling with a poor old peasant and then want to get herself thanked for it."

As she ended, a vicious little smile struggling out from her tears recalled for one minute the mischievous medieval page.

Thoughtfully Mr. Fairbush stood there rubbing his pink hand over the back of her chair. "Well," he said at last, "what of it?"

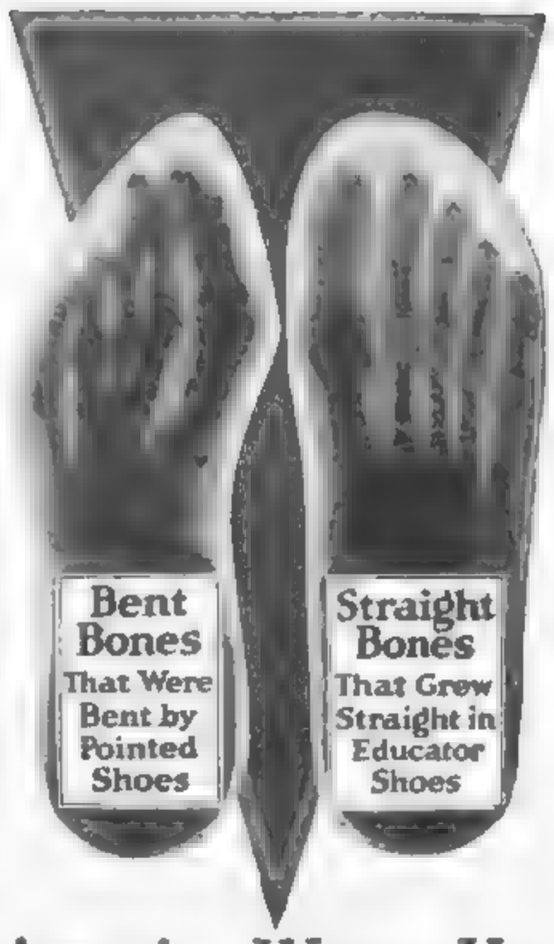
"What of it?" replied Louise in dismay. Was it possible? Was this man, to whom she had instinctively flown after that moment's glimpse of Lucien and Mrs. Letheridge—was he too going to say that married love would not last?

"Yep, what of it? He'll come back all right. Just take it from me, little girl, there isn't a vamp alive can keep a man from his wife—if she really wants him back."

As though under a wand Louise's whole look changed. "Do you really think so?" she asked with a tremulous parting of the lips.

"Think so? I know so. Why, just look at me, little Miss Wife." And there was an instant's boastful pouting of the flesh under the ruddy cheeks and chin. "I guess maybe I'm a kind of man about town. I like well enough to look in on your little Bohemian affairs—I don't even mind taking a kiss now and then from a good fellow like yourself. But, true as I'm standing here, it's all just as if I was at a theater, and the minute eleven o'clock comes round I begin to want to get back."

"Get back?" repeated Miss Le Brun almost radiantly.



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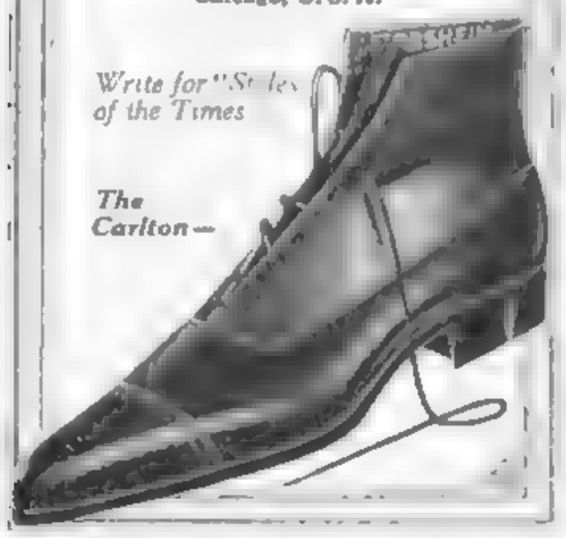

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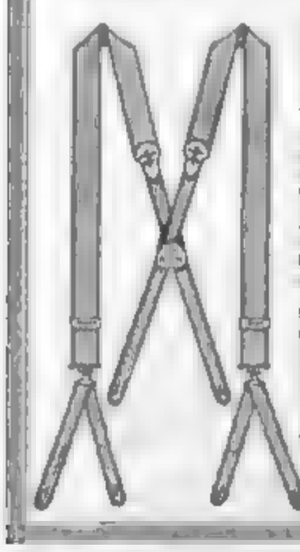

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"Yep—get back! I want to see the wife—I get regular homesick to see her squeezing the cold cream out of the little tube and dabbing it on her face."

Still with parted lips Miss Le Brun was drinking in every tone of his voice, every look of his eyes. She knew now why she had come to Fairbush instead of to the members of her own set.

Gradually, however, her face clouded. "Oh," she wailed at last, "but that won't be the way with Lucien! You see—well, I'm never there to get back to."

Rubbing his chin reflectively Mr. Fairbush looked down at her. "Say," he asked suddenly, "which of you did it anyways—put the hyphen in marriage?"

She gave a weary, bitter little laugh. "Oh, both of us, I suppose. You see we had a theory that the only way to stay in love if you were married was to leave the other person free. Why, I didn't even dare interfere when he was drinking too much; or he, when I smoked too much. That would have looked too much like possession."

As she finished, the look of destructive criticism on Mr. Fairbush's face suddenly became constructive. "Say," he exclaimed, "I know what's the matter with you! You've been chasing round too much with the fancy-dress girls and boys. Try sumpun real once—spinach and a tailor-made suit and a scrubbed sink."

She did not protest at his theory of influx through form. Neither did she protest when he suggested that she come home to dinner with him that night. For right now in little Miss Le Brun's heart there was just one hunger—it was to hear Fairbush say that Lucien would come back.

At five Fairbush called her up to say that having forgotten that he and the wife were dining out that night he had arranged to take her along. Assuring her merely that it was just an informal dinner at the home of an old customer of his, he hung up the phone. So it was that as Louise, together with the Fairbushes, entered an apartment in the Bronx she had only a minute's preparation for what was to follow.

"Say," whispered Fairbush as they followed a trig little maid through the hall of the flat, "you might let sumpun slip about losing your hair through a fever. Not that Mrs. Hollander's prudish ——"

"Mrs. Who?" whispered back Louise, but the question was not connected with any memory of hers.

"Dayton Hollander—her husband's in France. Oh"—breaking off at the sight of a handsome girl coming now to greet them—"how d'yuh do, Polly? Wanta present my friend, Mrs.—Miss Le Brun."

With knees that shook under the "regular clothes" which Fairbush had suggested she wear to-night, Miss Le Brun put out her hand. She knew now in whose house she was dining. More, too! As the handsome girl smiled on her she identified Mrs. Dayton Hollander, wife of the book buyer at Screwbridge's, wife of Lucien's friend of the ambulance corps, as the woman she had seen that afternoon with Lucien.

The joy that followed this discovery absorbed her so completely that as she entered the small parlor of the flat she saw only one thing: It was a little old woman in a snowy cap, whose right arm reached round the little boy on her lap to join with the left in knitting a soldier's sock. With her eyes fixed on the "grandmother who was taking care of the two kids," she saw nothing of the freshly washed rubber plant or the brilliant red carpet, or even of the oil paintings of Venice and of sheep. And she was just beginning to realize that the vague dark outline in the far corner was that of a young man, when the outline moved nearer.

"Louise!"

She heard the one overwhelming word just at the moment her eyes met his. And as Lucien's one arm pressed her close, as Lucien's lips rained kisses on her face she was too weak with happiness to ask.

"Oh, I thought you would never, never come!"

As she became conscious that this was he who was asking her Louise drew back with a gathering-up of that which had hurt so unbearably.

"Come? I didn't know where. Oh, Lucien, how could you? How could you?" And again the slender throat swelled with the pain of that justice unjustly descended.

"Didn't know where? But Albert—didn't he tell you? I left my address with him that night. I thought you'd be sure to come back, and he was to tell you. I was so hurt—it seemed to me if you cared—you would come after me."

"But I haven't been at the Capucine—not since—I came in for a minute—hunting you—but Albert wasn't there."

By this time the grandmother was staring at the two over her spectacles, and the little boy had slid off her knees to draw nearer to these curious grown-ups. Meanwhile three people who had withdrawn to the other end of the hall were whispering their comments.

"But he told me his wife was out of town—that was the reason he wanted to board with me," said Mrs. Hollander, "and to-night when you said Miss Le Brun, how was I to know?"

Mr. Fairbush cleared his throat. "She—er—wanted to surprise him. That's the reason she asked me to make up that."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Hollander, "I'm certainly glad she's back, for if ever a man loved a home it's Lucien. He always thinks everything you cook is so wonderful, and he just couldn't seem to get over having a white tablecloth again."

The impatient moralization which has journeyed in this story alights finally in the broken sentences that Lucien uttered to Louise as, after they left Mrs. Hollander's that night, the two sat hand in hand on a southward-bent elevated.

"It was that last night I was home," he began. "You wouldn't let me pay for your dinner, but you would take Fairbush's champagne. You wouldn't take any money from me, but you would flirt with Fairbush to get work that would make you independent of me. It seemed so terrible—it was then I began to see that—well, that we were just the slaves of our own freedom. We mustn't own each other because we cared—no, we had to be owned by the others just to show that we were free."

She pressed his hand more tightly and the little furry voice was husky. "I'm sorry, dear," she whispered.

"Sorry—you? As if it was your fault! You went in for it all because it was fun—you were nothing but a mischievous kid—but it was I that kept you at it. After all, it's the men that are the inventors of feminism—Euripides, Ibsen—look at them. Women just reflect the taste of some group of men. You did mine. I wanted you the way you were because—well, damn my rottenness! it was easy. I didn't have any responsibility."

"For me too," interrupted Louise. "Then that night when you didn't come I realized the easy way had made it all so hard. I hadn't made a home for you—we had hardly anything together—there was nothing to come back to. I was just a woman—competing with other women—and, I thought, losing you."

"Having things together," he repeated eagerly. "Owning things! That's just what the war taught me. Why, do you think the French Government could have kept their people fighting all this time? Rot! It was the German Government did that—by destroying their homes, by threatening their possessions. Oh, don't you see, dear, it was people fighting for pacifism because they knew and loved what peace meant—the kettle on the stove, the cat by the fire, the cow in the barn—all the cozy world of theirs—all the life that our old pacifistic set doesn't give a hang about. Theirs? Would you ever catch Bobby Musher or Jasper Gates owning anything? Oh no, give them the Bolsheviki. Safe bet—so far off. Don't have to be fed or cared for like a cow or a goat or—a mother or—a country. It's always the thing that isn't theirs—the thing that doesn't need any responsibility—the lovely far horizon that they're fighting for. Fight? They'd never get that far. They haven't anything of their own to fight for."

They were silent then for a long time, but though their eyes were turned away from each other the pressure of their joined hands made a world of dear together there in the darkness of the light-sown city. It was not until the train reached Forty-second Street that Lucien spoke again.

"It was this way, darling," said he, turning to look into her eyes: "I was just back from watching people fight for their own—if you could have seen that one poor old thing with her goat—and more and more I had been thinking of you as the one dear, near thing to get back to somehow out of that hell of mud and suffering. Why, I'd even begun to plan about a little home out in Long Island where we'd have clean tablecloths and—well, meals. I was going to get a regular job. I was thinking how we might save to buy a place of our own, and then—you didn't meet me!"

As she saw his brows knitting with the remembered pain of that desolate instant when he had peered into the waiting group at the Grand Central she gave a little cry.

"Don't! Don't!" she whispered. "I can't bear it."

He gave her hand a more tender pressure. "Just this once—I've got to explain. Then we'll never speak of it again. When I got to the Capucine I was sort of dazed. Over there you get to sentimentalizing about the people you know back home. I had thought of 'em as good old scouts—misguided, of course, but—my friends. Then they got to running down America and sneering at the men who had given up their lives for it—nothing was their own—not even Nausica's weeds—and I never felt so lonely in my life. I couldn't bear to see you first there—it seemed so terrible you had wanted that, and then—I was just telling them a story when I heard you being paged."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I see now! Miss Le Brun—not even your name. My interests going on just the same as when you were with me. You thought you had changed and I—hadn't. You couldn't see me then in the little Long Island home. Oh, Lucien!"

"Yes, so I gave Albert my address and I hurried to Hollander's house. I was just crazy for a home—clean, tidy. I thought perhaps you did care a little and that you would come get me there—in a home."

With a bump the train now drew into the Eighth Street station, and soon arm in arm the two were walking toward the little embedded square. At last with her eyes upon the yellow dial of the Jefferson Street Market clock, which just two weeks ago she had watched so haggardly, Miss Le Brun spoke for the last time.

"But I am there—in the Long Island house. I moved in the night you didn't come—all my mind and heart, that is."

"And I," he answered, "have the job."

"What!" she cried in amazement.

"Yes, I got it the very next day after I got back. It's writing ads at Screwbridge's—forty dollars a week. And say, Louise, I've got enough saved already to more than pay the first month's rent and buy some—you know—tablecloths and things."

She was looking up joyously into that face of a boy of fourteen whose mischief has been unexpectedly approved, when they both became conscious of a small man pulling off his hat to them.

"I've been looking for you every day, Miss Le Brun," began Albert, the little Piedmontese waiter, when Lucien interrupted him:

"Not Miss Le Brun any more, Albert. This is Mrs. Detwiler."

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UNSCRAMBLING THE EGGS AT LILLE

(Continued from Page 4)

given up as an impossible job. Further, the twine factory, though it had lost all of its brass and most of its overhead transmission, was still in fair shape. The Germans came through and removed a few machines that they had overlooked. Then the trip hammers, the dynamo and the twine shop were marked with that streak of white paint.

The watchman and caretaker, a shrewd Frenchman, went spying on the Germans and found that under every place marked with the white streak they had planted a mine. On the night when the Germans left they blew up the bridges leading northward from Lille. And that night the watchman listening to the distant explosions expected the factory to come down about his ears at any moment. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of these mines were laid—and never exploded. Last week French and British engineers were still cutting connections and digging out live shells or dynamite charges from beneath those sinister streaks of white paint.

However, in certain quarters they did not wait for mines. As they had leisure they destroyed on the spot by other means. For example, in one nest of foundries, whose buildings had a steel frame, they cut the pillars nearly through with acetylene torches, hitched locomotives to them by long steel cables, started up the locomotives, and so pulled down the structures in ruin.

Yet the mines, as I have indicated, were never exploded; and it was President Wilson, together with the French Government, who saved the shell of Tourcoing, Roubaix and Lille. To one who studies the facts even superficially the German plan looks clear. They were going to abandon the triangle and leave it behind; a ruin. Probably, if circumstances permitted, they were going also to burn it. The question naturally arises why, if they were going to use the torch, they took so much trouble to lay mines. The answer is that they might not be able to burn it. In the first place, a conflagration in a district so large as this would have hampered their retreat in case they were at all hurried. In the second place, the ways of a burning town are curious. When in the first days of the war the Germans took Mons I was following a day behind their assaulting column. I saw where they had set the suburb of Nimi alre in three places. These fires had all burned out; not more than half of the town was destroyed. Experts on imperial arson, the Germans perfectly understood the uncertainty of fire as a means of destruction on a large scale. It was the machinery, more than the buildings, that they were after. They intended to insure the destruction of the factory equipment.

Looting the Triangle

Now, all these years the triangle had been a military pawn in the hands of Germany and a thorn in the flesh of Allied strategy. So valuable was it, so vital to the future of France, that the Allied generals could not entertain any plan that might involve a direct assault upon this sector of the line and therefore the destruction of Lille. In the general attack that finished the war the British cut in at La Bassée, on the west, at Douai, on the southeast, and threatened the approaches to the triangle.

Retirement became a necessity for the Germans; and by their treatment of Cambrai and Douai before they retired they indicated what they might be expected to do upon leaving Lille.

The civilized powers, therefore, made two diplomatic moves: President Wilson sent out his historic protest against deliberate destruction, and the French Government curtly notified the German General Staff that if the triangle was unnecessarily damaged the Allies upon entering Germany would destroy building for building, machine for machine.

This show of force, combined with the logic of the situation, worked. When the Germans sent back a conciliatory message promising to "respect private property" most sapient persons realized not only that Lille was saved but that Germany was about to acknowledge herself beaten. The smashing of machines and the planting of mines stopped instantly, and the mines already set were never exploded. In their final retreat the Germans confined themselves to blowing up their own military stores and to destroying the railroads and bridges.

In the final days of the war German official looting seems to have been limited only by the means of transportation. There was never enough space on the railroads and canals to take away all the machinery they wanted. For this reason, probably, Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing largely escaped that systematic theft of household goods which prevailed in such cities as Cambrai and Douai. In the last-named town, for example, the inhabitants, several days before the retreat, were given notice to evacuate. At about the same period the inevitable experts appeared in town. This time it was an art commission. They went through every house, putting white chalk marks upon the really worthy old furniture and upon the frame of every picture above the grade of chromo. Douai, you see, was a rich, settled old city, with a taste for art and the means to gratify that taste. There followed squads of soldiers who cut the pictures out of the frames, did the canvases up in neat bales and carted them to the canal. Similarly the furniture bearing the chalk marks was carefully crated before it went to the canal or the railroad station.

Scientific Thievery

When this was done the Germans attacked the household furniture wholesale, piling it indiscriminately upon flat cars or barges. Of course they had not enough transportation to take away all the household goods at once. What they must leave behind they mostly smashed. Worse, they repeatedly fouled the wreckage in a manner indescribable. This is not hearsay evidence on my part; I visited both Cambrai and Douai shortly after the Germans left, and I have seen with my own two eyes.

However, Lille escaped this; the machinery saved the household goods—as a rule. Of course, all the way through, the German headquarters and barracks were commandeering the furniture and cooking utensils that they needed; but this is not a large item in the bill against German Imperialism. In the beginning the Germans commandeered all the copper, brass and silver that the inhabitants did not hide—even, as I have shown, to the door knobs and window latches. Everything on wheels, from a touring car to a baby carriage, everything containing rubber was seized in successive requisitions. Lead followed; then in the great cloth shortage of the past eighteen months the inhabitants lost their household cotton and linen, all their extra clothing, and finally even the linings of their mattresses. Still, their major household goods remain. The triangle escaped, therefore, one problem that troubles most of the rescued towns in Northern France—the replacement of the mechanical necessities of life.

Returning to the factories—machinery was not the sole loss they sustained; in cold money it was not even the main loss. A district so rich and busy has always enormous stocks both of raw material and of finished product. The finished product, whether it was cloth, agricultural tools, mowing machines, dyes, chemicals, or what not, was removed as fast as transportation permitted. The raw material followed. By the beginning of 1917 not a strand of flax was left; nor a pound of wool; nor an ingot of metal. The eternal commissions of experts went through the factory offices, forced the managers and caretakers to open the safes, and removed the books, which were usually transmitted to Germany. These were, of course, valuable to German rivals. One could learn from them just how and where and with whom the French firm did its business.

In cotton textiles and linens the French outdistanced their rivals not by better and smarter manufacturing methods—if anything they were behind in this regard—but by that sense of art in industry which is a peculiarly French quality. Especially were they masters of design. All the patterns and designs went to German rivals. Nor did this peculiar theft of brains trouble the cloth industry alone. As one Lille machine maker expressed it to me: "I was making harvesters on American lines and from American patterns. They were better than anything the Germans had, and they knew it. Now they are in a position to duplicate my machines. I know where my patterns went. They are in possession of a rival in Bavaria."

Though the industrial men of this region, being French and canny, have usually kept exact account of their losses the French government officials set to investigate the restoration problem have not as yet reported on the total loss to Lille and vicinity through German looting. That will be ready by the time the Peace Conference gets ready to foot up the bill of damages, and it may have been reported in the newspapers by the time this article sees print.

In the single item of machinery some estimates run as high as two billion francs. This item is hard to calculate, owing to the haphazard methods of the destruction gangs. The loss of raw material and finished products is easier to estimate; the bill here will probably be a little short of two billion francs. The loss of trade secrets and patterns cannot be expressed accurately in figures. Put the damage to the factories of the triangle somewhere between three and five billion francs, and you are probably within the bounds of truth.

These are not the only items that will figure on the bill, however. The proposal to assess Germany for the loss of business during the past four years is still in such a hazy state that I shall not dwell upon it. But the triangle towns do intend to get back the ready cash systematically stolen from communes and individuals under the camouflage of "contributions, assessments and fines." Steady contributions were levied for the support of the German army of occupation. Such contributions, by the way, are allowed under the terms of The Hague Convention, but that same convention does not forbid that the loser shall pay this bill in the end. That, however, was not all. The communes were bled with steady fines; whenever Allied planes came over and the inhabitants cheered, the *Kommandatur* bled the treasury next day. In Lille alone the sum taken on one pretext or another from the city treasury amounts to 272,000,000 francs. Further, individuals were steadily and heavily fined for the slightest infraction of German discipline.

The Germans published daily The Bulletin of Lille, a newspaper unique in that it never contained any news about the war. Every day it carried on its front page a list of fines assessed on the inhabitants by German military courts. Marguerite Lajoie was fined fifty francs for speaking in a slighting manner of the German Army. Apparently Marguerite's words were few, though, I trust, well chosen; for two days later on a similar charge Marie Sarre was assessed three hundred francs. These, however, were mere pickings. Fines for being caught in possession of copper, brass or silver ran as high as three thousand francs. I imagine that the German court determined the sum of each fine not by the magnitude of the offense but by the ability of the citizen to pay. How much the individual citizens of Lille lost in fines no one on this side of the war knows exactly, since the Germans carried away their records. The mayor of Lille estimates that his townspeople paid between twenty and thirty million francs.

Such is the situation. What do the French propose to do about it?

Locating Stolen Machinery

In a previous article, written just after the deliverance of Lille, I expressed the opinion of the commercial experts in the French Government that to seek out the looted machinery in Germany and bring it back to the triangle would be like unscrambling eggs. The French seemed to have in that moment a somewhat optimistic hope that with the assistance of commercial America they might furnish to Lille new, improved machines in place of the machines, most of them out of date, which the Germans had taken away. Since that time they have been able to look more closely into the condition of the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing factories. The inspection has brought sober second thought. In the first place, the job of installing new machines within a reasonable time is entirely too great. In the second place, some of the eggs can be unscrambled. Finally, government opinion seems at this moment rather to favor a demand, grown almost universal among the Lille industrials, that Germany should be forced to make restitution in kind from her own existing machinery.

As soon as the preliminary peace agreement is signed commissions of manufacturers from the triangle will probably be started through Germany on the trail of the Lille machinery. Some of it can be recovered intact—when the French find it. For example, there are the linen plants removed bodily to Courland and Lithuania. Again, there are the chemical works, which I have already cited, set up in Luxemburg. In these cases full restitution can be made. It is true that delicate machinery which has twice been taken down, packed and set up again suffers considerable deterioration; however, half a loaf is better than no bread; the French manufacturers would prefer to take the old machines rather than await the uncertain chance of getting new ones made in England and the United States. For the deterioration they expect to be paid from the German restoration indemnity. Probably they will be too; by and large the French are the greatest of all bill collectors.

Again, even when the plants have not been removed intact, certain expensive and special pieces of machinery may be traced down and restored. This is true especially of electric dynamos and of turbines, for which the Germans showed such an extraordinary appetite.

Still, at best only a small part of the looted machinery can ever be reassembled. Usually the parts have been scattered all over industrial Germany. The boilers of any given textile plant may be cemented into a munition works in the Rhine district; the weaving machinery may have been transformed to handle paper cloth in Hanover; the belts may be scattered through the empire; and the brass parts of the machines not bodily removed may have gone to the melting pot to make shell bands. It goes without saying that the plants broken up and dismantled for scrap iron cannot be recovered at all.

Not a Simple Problem

Now, except for the wear and tear brought about by war conditions, the German industrial plants have not suffered. And the industrial situation in the triangle is such that scarcely any establishment was without its direct German rival. If Lille and Roubaix and Tourcoing await the slow process of machine manufacture to get their start the German will have the start on them by years. It is true that Germany, through being out of touch since 1914, has lost her foreign markets; but so has Northern France, forced during the same period to be an economic part of Germany. All this the Lille manufacturers set forth in defending the policy to which at the moment they seem most favorable—restitution in kind by Germany.

So as soon as the principle of restitution in kind is written into the peace terms the Lille industrials hope to see a commission, furnished with all the necessary data concerning the needs of the factories in the triangle, on a voyage of retribution through Germany. For every machine destroyed or taken away this commission will seize an equivalent machine from the German factories and have it shipped back. The question of who furnishes the machines interests the Lille industrials but little. What they want is restitution; and this seems to their direct French minds the simplest method.

It is not entirely simple, however. There arises, for example, the question of transportation. Lille, like most old and powerful manufacturing cities, did not spring up in a year, nor yet in a decade. It has been accumulating its industrial wealth ever since the era of steam manufacture began. As I have shown, the Germans, using every odd corner of their railway transportation, worked for four years to get these machines out of the triangle. When the strain of war is removed the railroads will no longer have to transport enemy munitions, troops and equipment; on the other hand, from the moment when production recommences they will have to busy themselves with raw materials and finished products. It is perhaps not too much to say that the job of packing, transporting and reassembling the commandeered German machines may

(Concluded on Page 65)

PUR

THE one big light of a single *purpose* has always guided this Industry from its very beginning.

That *purpose* always has been to produce, each season, the *ruling sensible automobile value* of the time.

Consider how clearly that *purpose* lays down the line of Overland endeavor.

That which is *sensible* must exclude cheapness on the one hand and extravagance on the other.

Sensible *automobile* value, while excluding both cheapness and extravagance, must include the essentials—performance, dependability, durability, comfort and good looks.

And *ruling* sensible automobile value must include these essentials in good round measure and for less money than they can be had in any other car.

* * *

Year after year for many years public selection has proclaimed each successive Overland model the ruling sensible automobile value of its day.

So the name Overland has come to mean exactly this clear and definite thing to the buying public.

And the more people know about automobiles the more they seek sensible value—as is shown in the big increase each year in the sale of Overland cars.

The Mo

Willys-Over

POSE

BLE AUTOMOBILE VALUE

lel 90

erland

Thrift Car

land Inc., Toledo, Ohio

So the name Overland with its definite meaning has acquired enormous value.

This great and growing value of the Overland name makes brighter and brighter the guiding light of Overland *purpose.*

To make this definite meaning of the Overland name more and more apparent has become our greatest obligation.

No mere guarantee could ever be so binding.

* * *

This season the Model 90 Overland Thrift Car, true to Overland purpose, fulfills this obligation.

Already over one hundred thousand purchasers have pronounced this car, in their judgment, the ruling sensible automobile value of the day.

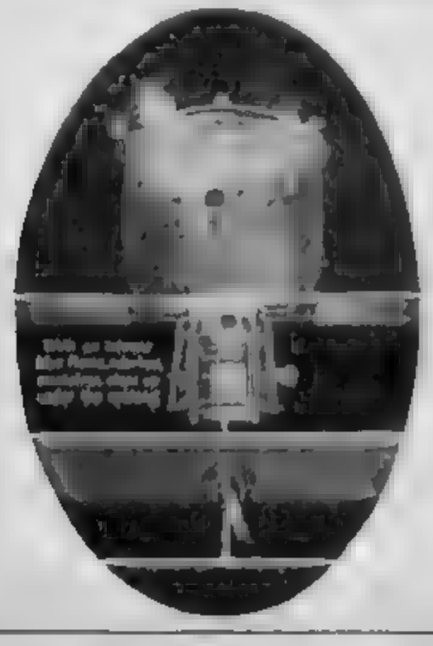
Throughout the war period when automobiles were called upon for excessive service, when repair men were few and overburdened, this Overland stood up and delivered with utmost dependability.

We offer it as the embodiment of Overland purpose—on its name and record, the *ruling sensible automobile value* today.

Overland dealers are receiving shipments in increasing quantities, but for some time to come the demand will probably exceed the supply.

If you intend purchasing a car this season, see the Overland dealer now.

FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES



THE STOVE THAT MAKES FRIENDS

FLORENCE Oil Stoves are sold by alert and representative dealers throughout the United States. They tell us that the Florence line makes new friends and keeps old ones.

What makes the Florence line easy and profitable to sell? What makes leading stove merchants eager to lend their co-operation?

Florence Oil Stoves have features which appeal to housewives. The picture tells a big story. Swing the lever point to "Light Here" on Indicator Dial. Light a match. Heat is thrown close under the cooking. Burns kerosene oil. Asbestos kindler does away with wicks. Each stove is sturdily made and guaranteed.

We endeavor to make the Florence line the best in the market and through the co-operation of our dealers place it in homes ready for immediate service. The dealer who has a franchise to sell Florence Stoves may count this right as one of his assets which will continue to grow still more valuable in years to come.

We can deliver this year as many stoves as dealers need—if they order early

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY, 324 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Florence Oil Stoves, Tank Hot Water Heaters, Portable Baking Ovens, Oil Heaters, Gas Hot Plates and Gas Heaters make up the line of Florence products. Made and sold in Canada by McClary's *London, Ont.*

(Concluded from Page 61)

take a year and a half or two years. If during those years the remaining German machines resume production on the old scale the war will be lost so far as the Lille industrial men are concerned.

M. Motte, representative of the Roubaix district in the Chamber of Deputies, is one of the largest wool manufacturers in Northern France. Before the war his carding and weaving plants employed about twenty-five hundred hands. As things went at Roubaix he got off rather lightly. Some of his workshops were completely junked, it is true; but in the others, especially in the carding rooms, the Germans contented themselves with taking away the overhead transmission, a few valuable parts useful in munitions making, and the brass and copper bearings and fittings. He has made a careful inventory of the damage to his plant and an estimate of his prospects.

"With a little luck in getting copper fittings, transmission and some special parts to link things together I may be able to start up forty per cent of the plant within six or seven months," he said to me. "That is, of course, if I can get coal and can shake my old organization together. The problem of expert labor is very perplexing."

One of the executives in the American Harvester Company's plant near Lille estimates that only five to ten per cent of their machinery remains. "There's no use fooling with that," he said, "and as much of our machinery was ripped out for scrap iron there's no use trying to get it back. We can have a new equipment from America by next spring if we can get shipping space. There's another 'if' too—coal. Most of the manufacturers are troubled about labor, especially foremen and experts. We're all right there, I think. Our head men were Americans, and if any of them have dropped out we can get others from home. But at best we can't get going before summer, which means that any harvesting machinery we turn out won't be available for use before the harvest of 1920."

The manager of an English machine-making company at Lille talked in somewhat the same strain. This establishment, by the way, had a rather curious experience. Being English, and manufacturers of steel products, they were early marked for loot and destruction. One of the games of the Lillois was to conceal requisitioned articles from their conquerors. On the day after the Germans left a butcher decorated his window with a pair of brass candlesticks which he had concealed for four years. Seeing the point, every shop in Lille rushed to the fore with a similar exhibition. For a week the windows of the downtown district displayed a most curious collection of junk—copper kettles, brass chandeliers, bicycles, velocipedes, silver spoons, bottles of rare wine. This British firm went the simple shopkeepers one better: It hid out machinery!

An Astute Manager

In the first place, the astute manager contrived to wall up with cement some dynamos in the basement of the plant; and the requisition squads never found him out. Awaiting shipment in a warehouse near by they had a large consignment of machine-making machinery, a commodity for which the Germans were especially eager. By stealth the watchman at the warehouse learned the code of markings which the German experts put on the doors of factories and warehouses whenever they finished an inspection. At the risk of his liberty and perhaps his life he painted on the warehouse door the mark which meant "Useless to look here." Further, whenever any of the German commissions were abroad he turned them away from the warehouse door by lies and persiflage. The consignment is still in the warehouse, untouched. "Maybe we can start up in a year," said the local manager of this company; "that is, if we can get coal and labor—the right kind of labor."

Coal and the right kind of labor! These are, after all, the most perplexing questions.

Lille, the guidebooks tell us, has been a center of the spinning and weaving industry ever since the fourth century of the Christian Era. When hand weaving was killed by steam the city would have passed out of industrial importance, as many another passed out at the time, but for the proximity of the Lens coal fields. By virtue of that near and excellent supply Lille made a graceful transition into the new era, and even increased her relative importance in the textile industry of the world. The city of Lens is less than twenty miles from Lille. Some thirty miles in another direction from Lille are the smaller Valenciennes fields. This close and abundant power made up for her distance from the sources of raw material—for she must draw her linen flax, except for a small Breton supply, from Russia, and her cotton and much of her wool from overseas. Next to her artistic French workmen this coal supply was the strong industrial hold of Lille.

At the first rush the Germans took at least three-quarters of the Northern French coal fields. The area of the remaining quarter was under potential, often under actual, long-range fire from October, 1914, to March, 1918. In spite of this handicap it was worked intensively. In the great drives of last spring the Germans spilled over most of this remaining area.

Lens itself was just inside the great line, and was for four years subjected to intensive fire. It is probably more thoroughly destroyed than any other large city of Northern France. Not a house in Lens can be considered by any stretch of imagination as a possible human habitation. The coal mines were a little farther back; but still the fire on them was so severe that they could not be worked. Moreover, the Germans did not need the product of these mines; they were always longer on coal mines than they were on labor to work them. Therefore they destroyed the mines of the Lens district with true German thoroughness.

The Coal Situation

Mining engineers came down from Germany to direct the work, and in all cases the procedure was about the same. First they blew up the workings with dynamite or with big shells, so giving free communication between the main shafts and every part of the workings. Then they piped water to the main shafts and let it run until the mine overflowed. Not a mine in that part of the Lens district which they took escaped this destruction. There remains only a fringe of small workings in that district from which the British held them back last March.

For some reason they did not destroy at once the minor field at Valenciennes. This district was thirty to forty miles back from the old battle line, and therefore out of immediate danger from shellfire. I imagine that the Germans were holding it as a reserve, against such time as extraction in their own or the Belgian fields had gone ahead of development. But when their great disaster came last autumn they hastened to destroy the Valenciennes mines. Fortunately they could no longer work at their leisure and had to content themselves with blowing up the shaft houses and the surface machinery and workings.

Altogether, the mining properties destroyed in the Lens and Valenciennes districts represent, according to the latest French estimates, a total output of 20,000,000 tons a year. Mines representing an output of not more than three or four million tons—if that—remain untouched on the outer edge of the Lens fields. Now mark this: These Lens and Valenciennes deposits are the only coal fields of France except for the inferior mines of St.-Etienne in the south. The product of St.-Etienne is normally more than absorbed by the factories of Lyons, Grenoble, Marseilles and their vicinities. What is left of the northern fields will scarcely do more than supply the necessities of transportation and domestic fuel.

Restoring the Lens fields will be a terribly long and expensive process. The French say that it will take four or five years. A practical American mining man who has made a rapid survey of the district differs with them. He thinks that if they will give up the old shafts as a bad job and will sink new ones they may get these fields to producing within two years.

"If it were the only industrial problem of France, they might do it; but ——" he says.

That is the trouble—France has so many pressing problems. If the restoration of the mines stood alone she might tackle it with the same brave heart that we showed when we rebuilt San Francisco. But while you are considering the restoration of the coal mines other questions keep crowding in, each more than a San Francisco in itself—the housing problem, the rebuilding of the factories in the ruined cities, the restoration of the devastated land to cultivation, the search for raw materials, and that same question of the Lille machinery.

As for the Valenciennes fields the job is simpler. It is possible that Valenciennes may be producing some coal within the year, though it must be longer than that before all the mines are fully restored.

Where—if within a year or two Lille performs the miracle of getting ready to work at the old scale—will she get her coal? Belgium was always a great coal producer. There the warnings of the Allied Governments and of President Wilson saved most of the mines; the Germans had been working them, and so delayed their destruction until the warning frightened them off. They had just begun their work of blasting and flooding when fear of our reprisals stayed their hands. And Belgium, I am informed by an American expert who has made a hasty survey, may produce 12,000,000 tons a year more than her own necessities. But Belgium, the most thickly settled country in Europe, was almost wholly industrial. She will try to get her own industries running as soon as possible; there is good reason for believing that she will be able to beat Lille on the start; and when she has resumed production she will want most or all of her own supply.

Great Britain, a coal-exporting country, has been straining every resource during the past four years to supply the munition works of France and Italy—for Italy has no coal at all. In order to keep the peace with the neutrals she has even been obliged to send a million or two tons every year to Spain. In the strain of war her extraction has gone even farther than her development. Now that the fighting is over, the British mines will probably be obliged for a time to restrict output in order to carry on development. Moreover, when peace restores open competition and competitive prices it is doubtful whether the manufacturers of Lille can work at a profit with British coal.

Finally, let the reader take all my remarks about the coal situation with a grain of salt. This is only the situation as it appears at the moment. It is possible that the Belgian mines may yield a surplus. It is possible that Lille may manage to work at a profit with British coal. I do not know; but neither do any of the experts, faced as they are with an unprecedented situation. I merely state the case as it looks at this moment, when all prophecy is uncertain.

The Three Boundary Lines

Two more possibilities remain: Just now the question of the Saar coal basin is filling some space in the more conservative and jingo part of the French press. The question of the Alsace-Lorraine boundary will come before the Peace Conference. Shall France have the boundary of 1789, that of 1814 or that of 1870? When, a century ago, Europe settled up with Napoleon the basin of the Saar was detached from French Lorraine; it was not, therefore, a part of the domain which Germany stole when she humiliated France in 1870. The proximity of Saar coal to Lorraine iron is perhaps the main reason for Germany's enormous industrial rise in the past forty years. These fields can produce a surplus over the necessities of Lorraine iron smelting. If the conference gives France the boundary of 1814 she will have a coal supply only two hundred miles from Lille and with fair railroad connections. The question of the Saar basin touches on and appertains to the question of Expansion versus the Fourteen Points, about which readers will have heard enough and to spare within a month after the conference gets to work.

If all else fails, Lille has some hope that by the peace terms Germany may be forced to supply France until the Lens mines are cleared, under such terms as will make up for the long haul. Finally comes the question of labor, and especially of expert labor. Here even the best-informed industrial men of the triangle feel that they are working in the dark. Every manufacturer knows how much depends on an old, seasoned, well-running human organization. In the textile mills, which give the tone to all industries in this region, the proprietors and managers were especially dependent upon their personnel. France, I repeat, kept in the running with her textiles not because she could manufacture more cheaply than England, Germany or Spain—for she could not—but because of the French knack for turning out a product that caught the feminine sense of beauty. That is the natural monopoly of the French.

Milan discovered long ago that she could produce common grades of silks cheaper than Lyons; in twenty-five years she almost destroyed the French industry in cheap silks. But year after year, unshaken, Lyons has held her supremacy in the better grades of silk fabrics, such as brocades. So the dainty cotton fabrics, the fine wools, which helped the French dressmakers hold the supremacy of their craft, came from the triangle—the work of designers with originality and a sense of "chic," and of foremen and even operatives who regarded cloth making, even by machinery, as an art. When we spoke of fine cotton fabrics and of linens the adjective "French" gave always a cachet; and for this the personnel of the factories was responsible.

The Germans did not secure their hold on the Lille region until October, 1914, two months after the war began. There was plenty of time, therefore, to get out the conscripts for the first mobilization of the army, and later, by special government order, to gather up and evacuate the other men of military age. Captive though these cities were they were as tightly mobilized as free France. They had more than their share of casualties, since the northern regiments turned out to be especially effective and paid for their honors with their blood. Death, therefore, has taken an undue proportion of foremen, designers and experts.

Just Plain Tired

Part of the remaining population went out into free France ahead of the invaders; and finally hundreds of thousands of the women, the children and the ailing were repatriated through Switzerland. One of the curious human phenomena of the war has been the manner in which the French peasant has stuck to his land, even in peril of his life. Doubtless that is because the French peasant is usually a landowner and has developed a passionate love for his own little patch of soil. The city people of France, they tell me, have scarcely any more love for their cities than is common among an old and settled population. Many of the repatriated have found situations in the south and center, have settled down, and will probably not return to the triangle. How many of his old employees he can get back, and, most importantly, how many of his experts, no manufacturer of the triangle knows as yet. No factor of the whole uncertain situation is more uncertain than this.

What remains certain is that for several years the native industrial population will be a little short of its old energy. What Germany did to the subject populations during the long, dark time is a commonplace. Doubtless the Lille district would have starved but for the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which was the brightest page in our record before we entered the war. In the last year the commission had to cut the people down to a scale of subsistence that barely supported life. The Germans, as everyone knows, tore the people from their homes by tens of thousands and sent them afar to work in the fields and the trenches on insufficient nourishment. As happened in Belgium, some of them were offered contracts which they refused to sign, and they were starved and tortured to death or to breakdown because of their refusal. One hundred and thirty-two of the inhabitants of Lille alone, mostly boys below fourteen years of age, were killed by shellfire while working in the German advanced trenches. The death rate per thousand in the city of Lille rose from twenty in 1914 to thirty-seven in 1918. Among the laborers in forced exile it must have been greater.

"I shouldn't want to start my factory up now," said one Lille cotton man. "Our people need a little rest. They are undernourished and tired—just plain tired."

Decoration by Ballentyne

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

BACK ON THE MARKET

THE announcement that Goodyear Tires were once more available for widespread distribution brought enthusiastic welcome from all sections of the country.

In truth, the very fact that these tires were hard to get during the period of the war, seems to have made passenger car users more than ever appreciative of Goodyear quality.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than any other kind and the preference for them is steadily growing.

We desire at this time to express our appreciation for the patience and understanding with which our customers waited for Goodyear Tires during the period of shortage.

Now we can with propriety make the full explanation that is due.

When America entered the war, gas masks, airplane, truck and motor car tires, kite balloons and dirigibles were urgently needed for our army and navy.

Goodyear immediately reduced its passenger car tire output for general distribution and devoted great energy to the manufacture of the above listed war essentials.

Some time later came a Government order limiting all tire makers to fifty per cent of normal production.

At that time the demand for Goodyear Tires was greater than ever before. Naturally a shortage promptly resulted.

But the situation is again approaching normal.

Government restrictions have been lifted. Labor conditions are readjusting themselves.

Our obligation is once more to our customers.

Just as rapidly as conditions permit we are increasing the output of Goodyear Tires so that all your needs may be filled promptly.

Those of you who were inconvenienced in your efforts to secure these tires during the period of war will consider your sacrifice well made, knowing that it made possible the release of men and materials for vital war work.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

You can thank these men for some of the coal in your bin

PRECIOUS black diamonds!...How we appreciate them since our experiences of last winter. . . .

But few of us realize how science is saving coal for us. We know little of the engineers who have devoted a lifetime of study to successful methods of saving steam and heat; who, through the insulation of piping and other hot surfaces, have worked out great economies in industry.

Not only plant owners but the Government itself realizes what these men have done. During the last year the Fuel Administration has constantly emphasized in its Industrial work the tremendous importance of proper insulation. And as a result it is estimated that among our mills, factories and power plants over two and a half million tons of coal have been saved.

And these savings will continue throughout the years to come. More will be added to them For coal wastes of ten years ago will never be tolerated again.

So, for some of the coal in your bin now and in the years to come you can thank, among others, Johns-Manville, who through their laboratory experimenters, by the development and application of asbestos, have perfected methods of heat insulation.

And this development of a *complete* line of insulation has enabled this organization to build up a broader service in heat and power saving than would be possible were that service controlled and centered merely on the sale of any *one* type of covering. Just another way in which Johns-Manville serves, not only industry, but the whole nation.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

Asbestos and Magnesia Heat Insulations, Packings, Refractory Cements, Steam Traps, and other Power Plant Materials. Asbestos Roofings and Shingles. Electrical Products. Asbestos Brake Lining. Fire Extinguishers, Speedometers.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Comment on the Week

By Main Strength

SECRETARY DANIELS wants a navy about equal to England's, involving an expenditure of a billion dollars this year—and a much bigger navy if the Peace Conference turns out unsatisfactorily. There will probably be a deficit on the wheat guaranty. There will certainly be a deficit on railroad operations. The shipbuilding program continues. Operation of those high-cost ships will probably involve a deficit.

The yearly interest charge on the funded debt will reach nearly or quite a billion, to say nothing of the sinking fund. No one can foresee a time when expenditures of the Federal Government will fall as low as four billions a year.

We have had two war-revenue bills. Congress labored over each of them the better part of a year. The first was a botch that could hardly have been enforced except by a series of more or less arbitrary administrative interpretations. The second contains faulty principles and is not well expressed. Moreover, at the end of the year whose incomes it proposed to tax it had not passed Congress. Confusion and inconvenience in its enforcement were certain.

A House committee, whose inexpert membership is constantly changing, whose chairman by seniority rule is thoroughly ill suited to the task, whose time is heavily engaged in other matters, finally frames a tax bill—after a fashion. It goes into the House, is debated, amended. Then a Senate committee, much like the House committee, takes it in hand, pulls it to pieces, shuffles the pieces, and puts together a revised bill. Time is about up then. The bill must be cracked through conference and adopted by the two houses in short order.

It will not answer—with appropriations running four to five billions a year. The Government must set up a permanent expert fiscal organ that can frame a revenue bill consistently, in clear language, holding a good deal the same relation to Congress that an attorney holds to his client. The client counseling with his attorney decides whether there shall be an action and what its grounds shall be. The attorney reduces the decision to a precise, orderly, logical statement. Such a fiscal organ would be part of a real budget system.

Luxuries

RAISING railroad fares fifty per cent or so seems to have had the natural effect of increasing the attractiveness of travel. Since the increased fares went into effect we do not remember having seen a railroad train, especially a long-haul one, that was not packed to the roof.

Partly the object of raising the fares was to put traveling by rail under the heading of luxuries. The American people had not considered traveling in that light before; and the greater their experience of traveling, the less they were inclined so to regard it. Making travel a luxury naturally made everybody want it. A luxury is a luxury irrespective of whether or not there is any pleasure in it on its own account. Having something that probably you really ought not to have produces a discreditable satisfaction—the sort of satisfaction you get out of the fifty-cent cigar, which really does not taste so good as the old ten-center. Probably you have noticed that there will be only ten people in a city park, where it costs nothing to be, and four hundred down the street paying twenty cents apiece to look at a moving picture of the same park.

If our Red friends—shading from pink to vermilion—should ever succeed in evolving a world in which there are no luxuries they would all commit suicide within a year to escape boredom.

Earmarked Money

FOR many years Wall Street has carefully computed the amount of interest and dividends that would be paid each month on outstanding issues of stocks and bonds that are sufficiently conspicuous to get on Wall Street's lists. It is important for Wall Street to know the total because it may be a factor in the money market and is always a factor in the investment market.

As a rule, and with comparatively negligible exceptions, investments are held by people whose income exceeds their outgo and who are constantly investing the surplus. This applies to small holders quite as much as to big. If a man has saved a thousand dollars and bought a bond he will save the interest on the bond. So, as to the greater part of the sum disbursed in a given month for interest and dividends, Wall Street expects it to go into other investments.

The Street's compilation for September shows two hundred and forty-odd million dollars in interest and dividends, against a hundred and fifty-odd millions for the same month the year before. Dividend payments were smaller; but interest payments were much greater because the United States Government disbursed eighty-eight million dollars interest on Liberty Bonds.

This sum was distributed far more widely than any other interest payment that Wall Street ever knew of. It went to millions of people scattered all over the country. But the Wall Street tradition as to interest money ought to follow every bit of it wherever it went. Every bit of it ought to be earmarked savings money and immediately reinvested in Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps.

This is the biggest interest payment the Government has yet made. Still bigger ones will come. Probably they will be coming nearly every month in the year. From first to last—beginning now—these payments should be earmarked for savings. The habit is everything.

An Open Question

YOU probably remember that two years ago last August the country was threatened with a dire calamity in the shape of paralysis of its transportation through a nation-wide strike of the railroad trainmen; that for the purpose of averting the calamity President Wilson made some recommendations to Congress; that pursuant thereto Congress hastily passed the so-called Adamson Eight-Hour Act, the effect of which was to raise railroad wages; that the railroads claimed the act was unconstitutional and appealed to the Supreme Court; that in March, 1917, on the eve of war, the Supreme Court not having given a decision, the trainmen threatened to strike again; that the railroads then surrendered.

But perhaps you have forgotten that the President's recommendations to Congress included, besides the eight-hour act, a law that would deny the right of the brotherhoods to strike until they had submitted their claims to impartial arbitration. Congress seems to have forgotten it. It is a highly convenient thing to forget, for there would be a bitter fight over it. But the situation stands that four private associations can paralyze land transportation in the United States any time they choose. In all human probability that open question must be answered some day. It is one of the reconstruction questions that need careful study right now. But being an excessively thorny question it is not likely to get studied unless people insist upon it.

Our Scandalous Record

YOUR doctrinaire friends industriously spread the idea that war found the privately owned railroads of the United States in a sad, backward condition.

The railroads of the world may be divided in three parts: The first and largest part lies within the boundaries of continental United States; the second part is in Europe; the third part is scattered over the remainder of the globe. Continental United States, which contains more than one-third of the world's railroad mileage, has less than a quarter the population of Europe. For each ten thousand inhabitants the United States has twenty-five and a half miles of railroad. France a trifle over eight miles, England and Germany a little over five miles, Italy three miles. If we were unprovided with railroads, what was the state of all other peoples?

Before the war gross receipts of the railroads of the United States averaged not quite thirteen thousand dollars a mile. In more densely populated England gross receipts were nearly twenty-nine thousand dollars a mile, in Germany about twenty-two thousand dollars a mile, in France fifteen thousand dollars a mile. Out of smaller receipts American railroad managers paid the highest wages in the world and earned a profit.

Your doctrinaire friends are talking buncombe, as usual. What war disclosed was that restrictions which government had imposed on the railroads prevented a full measure of efficiency.

That Postal-Zone System

A FORMER revenue measure threatened to be as destructive to the circulation of reading matter as those postal provisions that Chairman Kitchin and his friends put into the War Revenue Law in 1917. Rather oddly, the former measure also laid a strangling hand on the press by levying a special tax on advertisements. It was resented by publishers then, just as Chairman Kitchin's scheme now is.

One leading publisher, for example, wrote that the revenue act would "affect the printers more than anybody, as a Sterling Halfpenny Stamp on every Half Sheet of a newspaper and two Shillings Sterling on every Advertisement will go near to knock up one Half of Both. There is also Fourpence Sterling on every Almanack."

The publisher who wrote that was Benjamin Franklin, and the measure he attacked was the celebrated Stamp Act of 1765, which provoked the first definite resistance to British government in the American colonies, and so fired the train that exploded in the Revolution. All candid British and other historians now agree that the Stamp Act was a foolish blunder, and there is no doubt that the oppressive burden which it laid on the native press had a considerable part in rousing American suspicions of the British Government.

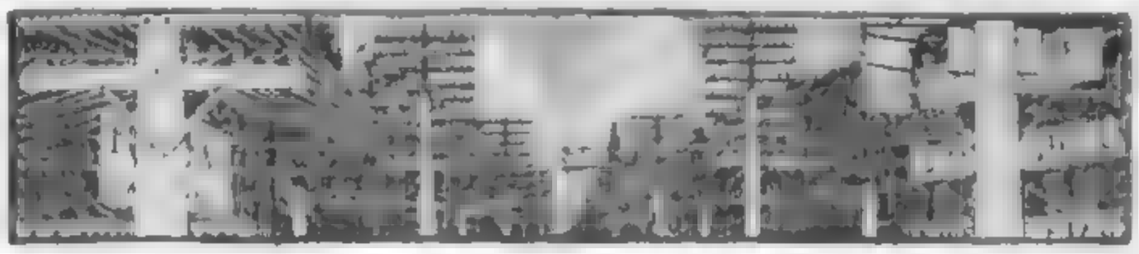
We may add that though the government of George III was infinitely far from being a model of perspicacity it did have sense enough to realize that blunder and repeal the Stamp Act.

Mr. Burleson's Wax Figures

THE Postmaster-General has been telling Congress a fairy tale out of Jerry Simpson's Mother Goose. He says the privately owned telegraph and telephone companies pay five to eight per cent on the capital invested in them, while the Government can command capital at four and a half per cent, so that saving on capital account, if deposited yearly in an amortization fund, will pay for the companies in twenty years or so without drawing a dollar from the Federal Treasury—just by a wave of the wand.

The two largest companies—Bell and Western Union—paid sixty-seven million dollars in 1917, in bond interest and stock dividends. If Mr. Burleson could save a third of that it would be twenty-two millions and odd. Operating expenses of the same companies in the same year were two hundred and sixty-seven million dollars. A rise of eight per cent in operating expenses would more than offset a saving of thirty per cent on account of interest and dividends. Operating expenses of the railroads in government hands have risen, not eight per cent, but forty-eight per cent.

Mr. Burleson should turn the page and regale Congress with Jack the Giant Killer.



Reaction

SOMETIMES Bolsheviki know what they are talking about. Liebknecht knew what he was talking about when he said a democratically elected national assembly in Germany would be their death knell. British election returns make that clear enough. The essentially conservative Unionist-Liberal coalition won two-thirds of all the seats. The Unionist Party alone—heirs of the old Tories—won half the seats outside of Ireland. That party won five times as many seats as the Socialist Labor Party.

That was indubitably the voice of the British people. The electoral franchise was the broadest, most democratic ever adopted in a big country. Every man and every woman had a vote. They voted overwhelmingly to sit particularly tight and stick close to shore.

When a man who is not a lunatic sees the car ahead of him go over a precipice he reacts by clapping on the brakes. When he finds his feet in quicksand his reactions are prompt and vigorous. It is the people—free people, and intelligent people who want to be free—who are reacting just now. Russia has shown them that Czarism and Kaiserism are not the only enemies of democracy, liberty and progress; that there are as many dragons on the left as on the right, and of as nasty a breed.

They are decidedly disposed to sit tight for a while.

The Socialist Labor Party won ten per cent of the seats in the British election. Probably not ten per cent of that party is Bolshevist. That is the per cent to which Bolsheviki in Russia and here are hopefully looking for the achievement of their proletarian dictatorship in Great Britain.

Government Operation

SPEND a moment imagining Harriman, Hill, Cassatt, issuing a ukase to "all officers and employees" in their service that they must "scrupulously abstain" from political activity; that they must not figure as members or officers of any political committee or organization that solicits funds for political purposes; or be delegates, officers or chairmen at any political conventions; or be candidates for any political offices.

Naturally and properly there would have been a great row.

Interest in politics is supposed to be a civic virtue. Statesmanly spokesmen, from the President down, are always urging people to be interested in politics. But if the citizen is a railroad employee he is warned that his interest must be of a very modest, passive sort.

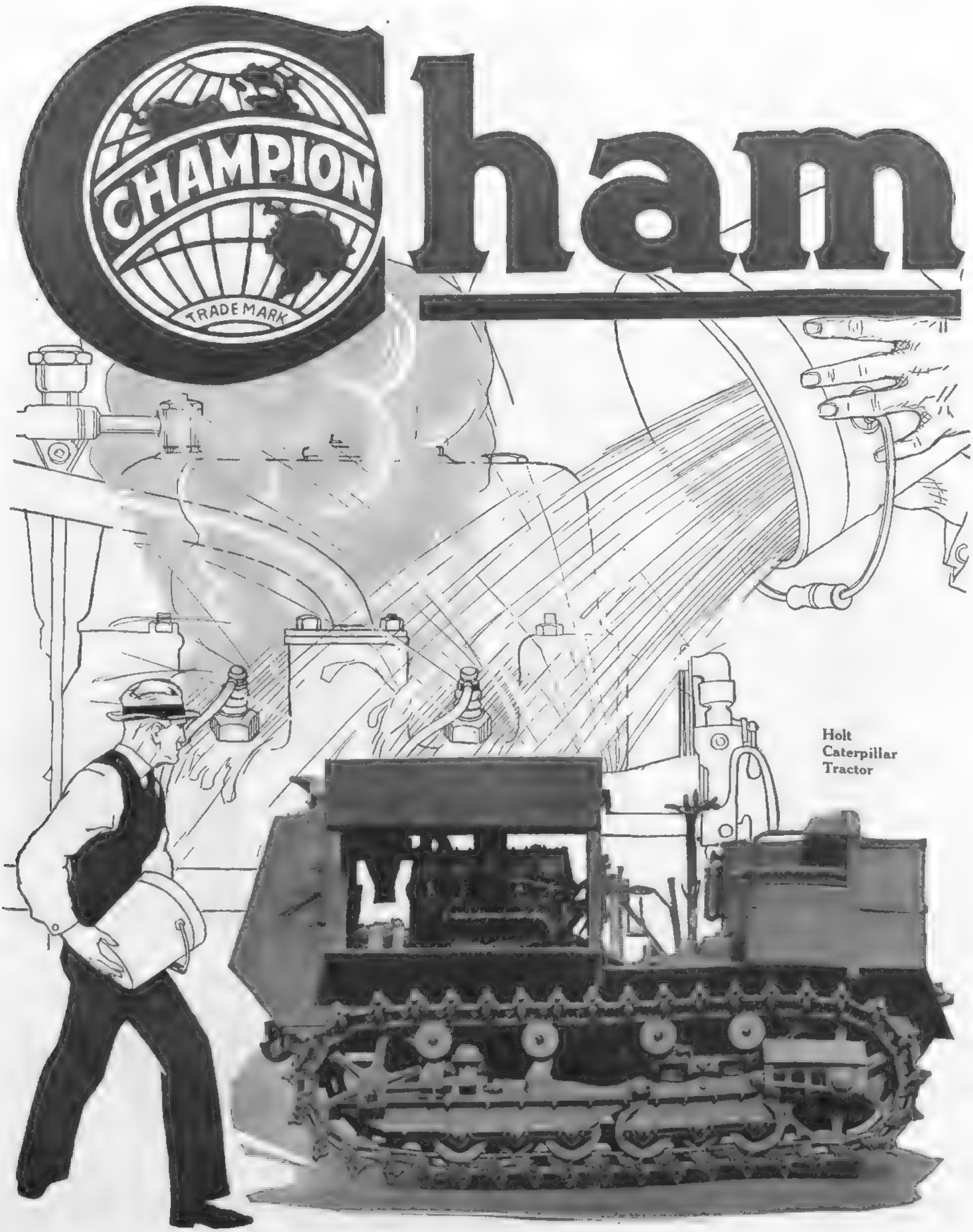
If he goes the length of being a delegate to a convention or serving on a committee he may be fired.

We do not undertake to say whether ex-Director McAdoo's order was justified under the circumstances or not. We only say it illustrates a tremendous disadvantage of government operation. It sets the government employee aside. He is no longer an independent citizen who can do as he pleases out of work hours and effectively resent any attempt to dictate what he shall do in politics. He is put aside, in a special class, under a paternal hand. He must surrender the complete liberty of political action—which every ordinary citizen claims—because there is danger that otherwise he will use his political power to force the hand of his employer, the Government.

There is no escape from that dilemma under government operation. There must be the constant danger that employees will use their political power to coerce the Government or employees must be coerced and restrained in their political rights.

Mr. McAdoo chose the latter alternative. Whether he chose the better one of the two we do not pretend to say. Mostly it is a choice between rotten potatoes.

The Government insists that workmen shall have an unrestricted right to organize. But Postmaster General Burleson was decidedly hostile to organization of postal employees. The inevitable bent of government operation is to take employees out of the status of plain American citizens and put them into a special class, under a paternal hand.


CHAMPION
TRADE MARK
ham
Holt
Caterpillar
Tractor

pion Dependable Spark Plugs

Win Out in Government's Severe Shock Test

THE engine was run until it was practically red hot. Then came the critical moment!

How would sudden change from fiery heat to extreme cold affect the spark plugs?

At the factory of the Chalmers Motor Car Company, of Detroit, Michigan, the United States Government was conducting a most exacting ignition test on the Holt-Caterpillar Tractors, used in war-work for hauling cannons, caissons, etc.

With motor at high speed under heavy load, the spark plugs at sizzling heat were doused with a bucket-full of cold water.

This most severe test had not the slightest adverse effect, the operation of the motor continued perfectly, not a spark plug "missed" even temporarily.

To withstand the brutal punishment of this test would not have been possible except for the superior quality of Champion No. 3450 Insulator. It not only withstood the tremendous temperature change from fiery heat to extreme cold, but also won out in various other tests for resistance to vibration and physical shocks.

As the result of this conclusive test the Government ordered all Holt 5-ton Tractors equipped exclusively with Champion Spark Plugs.

Every motor car owner has, in this test, irrefutable proof of the hardiness and efficiency of Champion Spark Plugs.

Following is a list of manufacturers who use Champion Spark Plugs for equipment of their products.

PASSENGER CARS

Allen
American
Auburn
Bell
Briscoe
Columbia
Crow Elkhart
Cunningham
Dixie Flyer
Flear
Elgin
Empire
Ford
Glide
Grant
Hanson
Harroun
Hollier
Huffman
King
Kline Kar
Lenox
Lexington
McFarlan
Mulbohm
Marion Handley
Maxwell
Metz
Monroe
Moon
Nelson
Olympian
Overland
Owen-Magnetic
Phelps
Regal
Roamer
Stephens
Studebaker
Templar
Traverse
Tulsa
Velie
Willys-Knight
Winton
Woods

COMMERCIAL CARS

Acason
All-American
American
Amer. Commercial
Atterbury
Autocar
Avery
Bessemer
Bourne-Magnetic
Brinton
Chase
Chicago Pneumatic
Clyde
Collier
Columbia
Commerce
Corbitt
Dart
Day-Elder
Dearborn
Denby
Dependable
Duplex
Fageol
Famous
Fargo
Garford
Gary
Independent
International Harvester
Indiana
Kelly-Springfield
Kimball
Lambert
Lane
Larrabee-Deyo
Lippard-Stewart
Lowell
Luverne
Master
Meteor
Militor
Monitor
Moore
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Oklahoma
Panhard
Parker
Rainier
Republic
Riddle
Rush
Schacht
Selden
Service
Standard
Tiffin
Transport
Triangle
Turnbull
United
Universal
Western
White
Wichita
Wilson
Winther

TRACTORS

Allis-Chalmers
All-Work
Aultman-Taylor
Bates Steel Mule
Best
Buckeye
Buckeye Traction Ditcher
Cleveland
Common Sense
Denning
Dill
Eagle
Emerson-Brantingham
Farmer Boy
Flour City
Fordson
Frick
Gray
Holt
I H C.
Keck-Gonnerman
Lapeer
Minneapolis
Moline Universal
Monarch
National
Nilson
Parrett
Peoria
R & P
Square Turn
Top Stewart
Twin City
Wallis Cub
Waterloo Boy
Wisconsin

ENGINES

Aerothrust
Automatic
Brennen
Beaver
Bovaird & Seyfang
C. H. & E.
Caille
Challenge
Climax
Cushman
Domestic
Doman
Elco
Elgin Gas
Erd
Fairbanks-Morse
Fairfield
Falls
Fate
Fay & Bowen
Foos
Fuller & Johnson
Gade
Gilson
Golden, Belknap & Swartz
Hettinger
Hinkley
Ideal
Kermath
Kewanee
Koban
Lathrop
LeRoi
Loane-Trask
Massey-Harris
Matthews
Mianus
Miller
Minerva
Monitor
Muskegon
New Way
Northwestern
Novo
Peninsular
Pittsburgh
Red Wing
Reliance
Root & Vandevoort
Sanderson
Sheffield
Sterling
Stork
Stover
Superior
Toco
Unilectric
Van Blerck
Warnerlite
Waterloo
Western
Wolverine

MOTOR-CYCLES

Cyclemotor
Excelsior
Harley Davidson
Henderson
Merkel
Schickel
Thor

AËRO-PLANES

Curtiss
Hall-Scott
Standard

JAS43, ⅞—18. Price $1.00.
Champion Heavy Duty.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Co., of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

REMOVING THE MUFFLER

(Continued from Page 16)

No matter; he gets the call. I have talked ten miles through the air from one chaser to another, and there is no limit to the distance that can be covered. The chaser telephone will operate up to twenty miles. Distance depends entirely on the strength of the dynamo used. I was told that conversations had been held at sea as far as 340 miles. In the experiment in Washington they talked from the Arlington tower to Honolulu.

Each of our chasers had this telephone arrangement, and it was a most interesting and amazing experience to take down a receiver, call a ship at a greater or less distance and talk to a person on that ship across the water as easily and as successfully as if there had been copper wires between the two instruments.

This radio telephone system was used also in locating submarines. In each chaser, on the bridge, there is a round brass plate or dial subdivided into degrees, minutes and seconds, and which has on the face of it a movable arrangement of brass hands or rules that operating from a fixed point can be moved at any angle across the face of the dial.

The wireless telephone stands beside it, and the method of operation is this: When a submarine has been located by means of the listening tubes, of which I shall speak later, that location is telephoned to the officer in command. He moves a hand on the dial to that position on the dial. Then, when a report from another listener comes in, another hand is moved to the position reported by the other listener. Gradually by a process of elimination and triangulation the various reports are coördinated on the dial until the two hands meet at a certain point—that is, until the reports of the listeners on one side and the reports of the listeners on the other side come to such an agreement that the position of the submarine can be determined by triangulation. That is called a "fix," and the location of it is communicated by telephone to the fleet. The chasers all set their course for the fix and when they reach it they begin dropping depth charges in a barrage round that place, to the great discomfort of the Fritz who is beneath.

New Listening Devices

Depth charges are called "pills" or "ashcans" by our sailors. The latter designation is the more descriptive. They look more like short, stubby ashcans than anything else. They have an outer casing of zinc and an inner filling of TNT. The firing or detonating arrangement can be set so the depth charge will explode at any given number of feet. When we began using depth charges they were clumsy and dangerous. At the end of the war they were safe and reliable. Our Navy perfected the firing apparatus, increased the amount of TNT in the cans, and generally made them more effective. Originally each ship carried but a few, but toward the end a destroyer took out forty or more, most of them on skids at the stern, ready to be dropped over. Each destroyer, however, had a Y-shaped gun, each prong of the Y being a barrel, and into each barrel there was fitted a depth charge, so that an explosive charge in the stem of the Y fired these charges simultaneously, one going to port and the other to starboard of the ship.

The British put a depth-charge howitzer on some of their ships, which fired one charge out for a certain distance and dropped it where it was needed. These guns did not use large charges of explosive to project the cans, and the cans sailed out gracefully, when fired, making a slow parabola and striking the water with approximate exactness at the target, about as if some giant had tossed them out by hand. The stern charges were simply shoved overboard, set for detonation at fixed distances, and the boat from which they were shoved got out of the way alertly. These Y guns were used on the destroyers. The chasers did not carry them.

Listening devices are known as tubes and are designated by letter. Thus, until the last time I saw one, we had the C-tube and the K-tube, and were just installing the M-tube. Listening tubes are all developments of the microphone. They magnify the sounds that come from the sea outside, and skilful users of them can detect the thud of a German submarine's propeller, and distinguish between that and other similar noises. The great difficulty with the listening devices is that they do not work well when the ship on which they are installed is moving, because they naturally take up that ship's sounds as well as exterior sounds. To obviate this a young American naval genius produced a tube, or had a tube in production, that synchronized the noises of the ship in which the listener sat, and thus would enable only exterior sounds to come into the tubes. The future submarine will be one gigantic ear, and the future submarine chaser, whether destroyer or smaller craft, will likewise be a similar ear; for with the perfection of the listening devices will come the end of submarine warfare. When they can be heard and their locations accurately fixed it will be all over.

Ships That Never Came

We had five of our big, coal-burning dreadnoughts in the Grand Fleet, operating as the Sixth Battle Squadron, under command of Rear Admiral Hugh Rodman, who used the New York as his flagship. These ships came over soon after we declared war on Germany. Later—last summer, to be exact—we sent three of our big oil-burning dreadnoughts and based them in Bantry Bay, at the southern end of Ireland. It was reliably reported that the Germans intended to get out some big cruiser raiders this winter, in the long nights, and we set up this battleship base in Bantry Bay, and another on a point opposite on our own coast, in order to be ready for them.

Right here, let me say, that the knowledge that the British Navy had of the movements and plans of the German Navy was close and comprehensive. They were informed within ten hours of any major move contemplated. I don't know how they did it, but they did do it, and it was probably the most complete, accurate and effective system of intelligence developed during the war. One time, a year or so ago, they missed the German Fleet by only four hours on an occasion when some of the Hun ships came out for some purpose.

Information as to this German plan to send out raiders was secured far enough in advance to make it a hazardous game for the Germans; and possibly they found that out, for they did not venture.

Another movement, expected but not executed, was a mass attack by submarines on the Grand Fleet. This contemplated a great foray among the big ships by the Hun submarines, but it meant also that the Germans would have to go down fighting. None of them would have returned. They might have sunk some British and American ships, but all of them would have been destroyed in the battle. This movement was confidently expected and adequately prepared for, but the Germans got cold feet, and did not come. So, too, the Grand Fleet was fully informed of the order for October 28, 1918, sending out the German Fleet, and was most anxious to have the Germans come out, but they did not come. The revolt of the German sailors stopped that.

I was reasonably familiar with the general design, structure and appurtenances of battleships before I went up to see the Grand Fleet, as I thought; but when I got there and had a look at these ships I discovered that my ideas of battleships were archaic. These great fighters had things hung all over them that I never dreamed were in existence. They had appliances of all sorts about them that were new and secret as the rites of the inner temple. They looked like Christmas trees, with all these new gadgets hung on them, and one was continually finding some new wrinkle of fire control, use of lights, range finding, and so on, to great number, most of which are still to be considered secret.

These are technical appliances, and even if it were possible to describe them they could be described only in technical terms. The greatest innovation, to my mind, was the airships that were perched on many of the British great ships. Some of the battleships had two airplanes on them, some had three, perched high fore and aft, ready to hop off and go scouting when the big fellows went out to sea. These airships were navy or sea planes, called "shorts," and they were the result of much experimenting, many accidents, and the hardest sort of work. They could fly off the ships, but could not land on their return. I asked one of the airmen how they got back.

"Oh," he said, "they drop in the water alongside the ship, and we usually save the engine."

Once last summer when King George went up to the fleet some incautious writer, aided and abetted by a nodding censor, got a few lines into print about these seaplanes on the battleships, and Admiral Beatty had a fit about it. That was most secret stuff. I saw one of these little planes hop off a battleship one morning and go scooting out over the water on some sort of an expedition. It was exactly as if a great bird that had been roosting on top of a turret had determined to try his wings and had flown out over the sea. Indeed, the effect of these planes perched on the battleships, two on some and three on others, was exactly that of great birds brooding there—a curious sight to see on a dreadnought.

But that wasn't all there was to the airship game as played by the Grand Fleet. I suppose there never was so curious a craft as the Furious, which was an airship ship. They took one of their great cruisers and built a deck the entire length of it, away up above turrets and stacks and all, a tremendous platform, so the Furious looked like a giant box or stage floating in the water, save for the gray sides of her and the guns sticking out. This great platform was a landing place and a starting place for the seaplanes. It was several hundred feet long—more than six hundred—and nearly a hundred feet broad; a great platform unencumbered by any projection whatsoever. The seaplanes took off from this, and landed on it, which required a skill far greater than that in landing on the solid earth or the water, for the Furious was to go out at the head of the procession when on a cruise, and the seaplanes were to leave her and gather information, and come back and land on that pitching and tossing platform—a job that required the most extraordinary skill and the greatest nerve, for whereas it is no fool of a trick to come down safely in a seaplane on the surface of the water it certainly is a man's task to make a landing on that platform when a heavy sea is running. Many a plane was wrecked and many a pilot smashed in the practice of it.

Good While They Lasted

There were many additions to the British Fleet during the four years of war, of which neither the names nor the types were told to the public until after the surrender of the Germans. In the lists published after the surrender there were the names of twenty-one capital ships not included in the navy lists of August, 1914; and the number of smaller craft runs into the thousands. Of these twenty-one the most interesting are the famous "hush" cruisers: the Renown, the Repulse, the Courageous, the Glorious and the Furious. They are about eight hundred feet long, displace thirty thousand tons, and have a speed between thirty and thirty-five knots. Moreover, they are of light draft, and can be used in shallow waters. An interesting feature about them, and about many of the newer English battleships, is what is called "the blister," which is an extension from the hull, just below the water line, that does look like an enormous blister running the full length of the ship, and is for the purpose of making torpedo attacks ineffective. It is, in fact, a projected extra hull. The completion of these ships was never mentioned; nor their addition to the fleet. Nobody spoke of them. They were the "hush" cruisers.

The Q-ships have been exploited in the public prints until they are well known. The fact of it is that the Q-ships though effective for a time soon lost their effectiveness because the Germans would have nothing to do with them. The plan of them was simple. They were disguised merchantmen rigged up with guns and fighting crews. The guns were concealed in deck houses and some of them had sides that dropped when it came time to use the guns. The Q-ship went to sea, apparently an innocent merchantman. The Hun came along and torpedoed her. Her cargo was of wood so she would not sink. Then, after the torpedo hit her, a panic party of sailors made up as merchantmen, and a few of them dressed as women, precipitately took to the boats and rowed off. The fighting men and the gunners stayed concealed. Then, when the Hun came alongside to steal the brass and fittings and get the food the deck house dropped down and the sides of the ship fell, and the guns opened on Fritz and destroyed him. There were various details of operation, but roughly that is the way the game was worked.

It was not long before the Huns decided there was no nutriment in this sort of thing, and they became very wary. They submarined merchantmen, but they didn't rush up to loot. Instead, it was their plan with a suspicious-looking craft to let a torpedo or two into her, make sure she was hit, and proceed to other waters. Thus the Q-ships died the death as Hun lurers, but they were good while they lasted.

The Flying Fox Type

We tried one. Certain of our adventurous sailormen rigged up a Q which, as I recall it, was named the Santee. She was a good mystery ship, chock-full of mystery, loaded with it until the bulwarks were almost awash. When all was ready the Santee went out on her errand. In five hours by the clock after she set out to sea she was torpedoed by a Hun, who shot her full of holes, made a nautical finger nose at her, and went away from there. And that finished the Santee and our mystery ship projects.

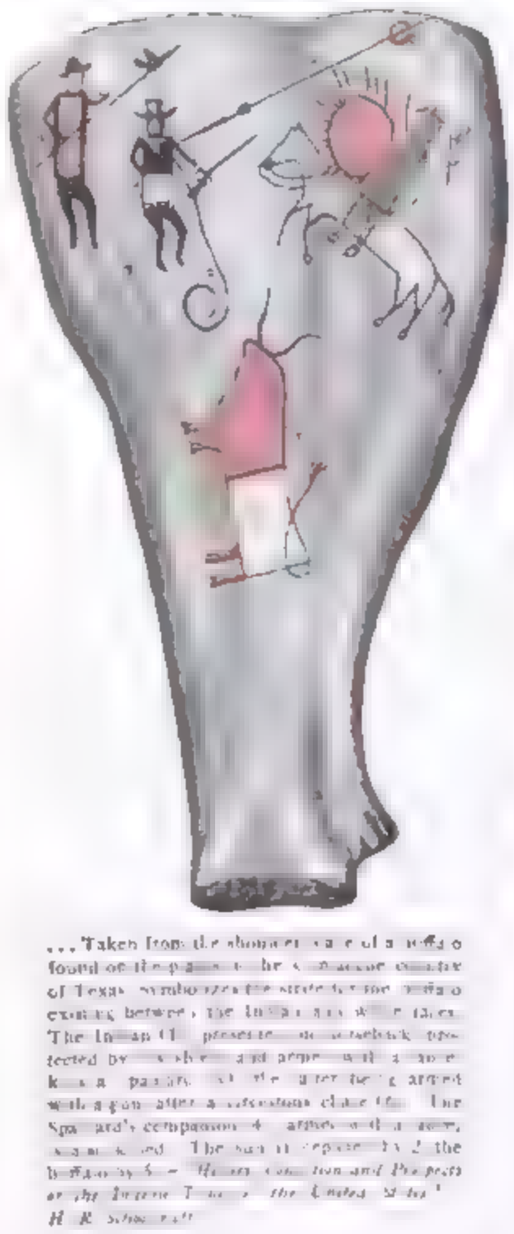
The British set great store by these ships, and early in their cruises achieved good results with them, getting a considerable number of submarines. The British also built other ships, which were regular ships, but calculated to deceive and mystify the Hun. One class was the Flying Fox type. This was a ship about as big as a destroyer, which was the same fore and aft—that is, the Flying Fox and her sisters had bows at both ends instead of a bow and a stern, and two bridges, one facing the bow bow and one facing the stern bow, with a smokestack centered between them. Anchors were hung on both ends, and the deck paraphernalia fore and aft were identical with the gear on the bows of any similar ship. The idea was, I suppose, to make it impossible for the Hun to tell whether the ship was coming or going; and this was aided by elaborate dazzle painting. I never heard what success these ships had. The last time I saw one of them was in Bantry Bay. This was the Flying Fox and she was towing an observation balloon. They were puzzling to look at, but I never was able to get an idea of their practicality.

One of the American Navy's greatest accomplishments was the laying of the great mine barrage across the North Sea. That was a real job, and it was done in a real American manner. I have written about that in general terms, not being able to tell the details of it until the war ended, nor the locations of our bases for the work. In all we laid fifty-five thousand mines, at three depths, thus forming a barrage that was most formidable. We began that enterprise in the spring of 1918, built our bases and shops, brought over our mines and mine layers and laid mines at a rate that made the British dizzy, taking out with each cargo in the mine layers more mines than we owned before the war, and laying them when the mine-laying ships were going at full speed, or at least at ten and twelve knots an hour.

The plan was to shut the Germans out of the closer waters by laying this barrage across the North Sea from a point in Northern Scotland, and when we went to look over the possibilities we picked Inverness and Invergordon as our bases. We built barracks for six thousand men and shops for the assembling of the mines. We took over the Caledonian Canal and ran that as a part of the enterprise. Our ships from home with the mines came to the west coast of Scotland and unloaded the mines nonassembled. Our sailors put them on barges, and we towed them sixty miles through the canal to Inverness and Invergordon. We had exclusive use of that canal. The assembling shops were at these points.

A mine consists of two principal parts—the mine itself and the anchor. The mine is a great globe of iron, half filled with TNT. The anchor is a big iron box that sinks to the bottom. The mine is held fast to the

(Continued on Page 74)



...Taken from the shoulder-blade of a buffalo found on the plains of the Panhandle district of Texas, symbolizes the struggle for supremacy existing between the Indians and white men. The Indian (1) presents a warshield protected by [illegible] and arrows, with a bow in his hand. In the other he carries arrows with a gun after a successful chase (2). The Spaniard's companion (3) carries a sword, [illegible]. The sun (4) represents (5) the buffalo's [illegible]. — *Hewett Collection and Exhibits of the Indians of the Panhandle, the United States National Museum*

News from the Front—then . . . and now!

LABORIOUSLY scratching the pictorial story of war upon a bit of bone, the primitive reporter of the southwest told of the battles with the invading Spaniards—producing but a single copy, read perhaps imperfectly, by a meagre handful of tribesmen.

Today, news from all the world comes to your breakfast table with real pictures, fresh and accurate, made in the very thick of the fight. And these newspictures, by the aid of photo-engraving and the printing press, are sped in a few hours into millions of homes.

Newspaper half-tones, war maps, and line cuts are photographic products; the color covers of your magazine, its interesting illustrations, all owe their perfection to photography. You may thank the camera for all those faithful reproductions of scenes, of paintings, of architecture, which enliven some of your choicest books. Even the type-faces have passed through a photographic process between designer and type-founder.

Thus, in connection with print, photography performs an unobtrusive service, upon which we are increasingly dependent. And the Eastman Kodak Company, by tireless and often costly work in its Research Laboratories, is constantly unearthing new devices and new processes which broaden the possibilities of the camera, in these, its every-day uses.

(Continued from Page 72)

anchor by a steel cable. When the mine and anchor are pushed overboard they both sink to the bottom. Then, by a mechanism that is set before the contraption is shoved into the water, the steel cable pays out to the desired length, and the mine floats up that far, and hangs there. In a barrage of this sort the cable mechanism was set for three different lengths—deep, half-deep and near-to-the-surface; and when the barrage was completed there were three lines, or rows, of mines swinging in the tides waiting for a Hun to come along and try to pass them; explosively and destructively waiting, for any one of those mines would blow a hole in any ship that would sink her. All that was needed was contact, and very light contact at that.

These mines were American mines, and they had features about them that even now it may not be wise to divulge. The secret installation was done in a shop that was closely guarded, and the secret mechanism came in tightly sealed boxes. Only a few men were allowed to know of this, and these were picked men, who worked away from all the others. When this installation was made the mine was closed and the actual mechanism was effectively concealed, though of course the general fact that there was something particularly deadly about these mines was known through the force. What it was was apparent in an exterior way, to a degree, but the little go-devil that made it work was not disclosed except to a few. It is sufficient to say that a ship that got among these mines didn't have a chance, particularly if it was a steel ship.

Deferred Mines

Our sailors ran that Caledonian Canal as if they had been running canals all their lives. They took to the work of assembling the mines, putting them together as if they were born mine assemblers. And the mine layers—the chaps out on the ten ships that we made over from merchantmen and from old cruisers—they were the livest bunch on the North Sea. In five months we put down more than half as many mines as the British laid during the entire war, and more than three times as many mines as the Germans put down all told. We laid seventy-five per cent of that North Sea mine field, and did it so quietly and so efficiently that not many people, even in Scotland, knew what was going on until it was all over.

The British had several big mine barrages, too, particularly in the Channel. There was one at Dover that was a wonder. One section of it was in the shape of a loop or net. I was at Dover one morning late in August when that barrage got a German submarine. He came along and ran into it. This was at about six o'clock in the morning. Bang! It was all over with Fritz. Before ten o'clock Vice Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who commanded in that section for the British, had divers in the hull of her. There were not many survivors.

The Germans laid mines assiduously, particularly off harbor entrances and in channel routes. Fritz did his mine laying from submarines, which carried twelve or eighteen in each. Toward the end of the war Fritz introduced a neat little wrinkle in the way of a deferred mine. He had one that could be set to rise from its anchor at any given time—two days, three days, four days or a week, according to the way the releasing mechanism was set. Thus he could come along and lay his mines, and they would rest secure from the grapples of the sweepers for any given time, coming up even a week after they had been laid. It was Fritz's idea that possibly the mine sweepers might not get them, and as he would put down these mines and then stay away from that place for a certain period, that after sweeping fruitlessly for several days the mine sweeper would go elsewhere and allow these deferred mines to rise and get action before the sweepers came that way again. This did not profit Fritz much, for the mine sweepers were constantly on the job, especially in the places that Fritz liked for mine-laying purposes. Fritz showed little imagination in his mine laying. He always came back to the same spots and laid his mines the same way—six here, six there and six elsewhere—no more and no less. So his deferred mines did him little good, for the mine sweepers knew his haunts and swept them daily.

The most interesting places, as well as the most secret—the real holes of holes—were the operations rooms at the various bases, where the strategy of all the complicated maneuvering of ships on the sea was planned and from which movements were directed. The principal furniture of these rooms was charts—great charts of the waters through which the ships must pass and repass; and the men in them were the brightest men in the two Navies—the keenest, cleverest, most astute naval officers of the British and American services. These men were the directing forces. On them depended the safety of ships, the lives of millions of soldiers, the arrival of millions of tons of supplies. It was their job to route the ships coming in to escape the submarines, and to route the convoying destroyers to pick them up and guard them.

They stood there night and day over their charts, receiving reports of submarines, changing routes, wirelessing instructions, constantly on edge; and the success of them is shown by the fact that more than two million American soldiers came across the Atlantic safely, to say nothing of half a million or more Canadians, and great numbers of Australians and other overseas troops—not counting the millions sent safely across the Channel from England to France.

There was a constant inflow of reports giving the locations of submarines. The submarines sent their own reports by wireless, which reports were picked up and decoded, and every ship that sighted a submarine was under instruction to report its location instantly. Thus, after the system was perfected the men in these operations rooms could tell with considerable particularity the locations of the submarines that were out for prey. For example, if U-97 reported or was sighted at a particular point, and later was sighted again or reported again, the course of that Hun was fairly well determined, for they knew how fast the Hun could go, and could figure accurately on his route after three or four reports were in. Thus hour by hour the locations of the submarines were picked out on the charts, and indicated by pins or flags, with their zigzagging traced in light pencil lines. There were charts printed each day also by the various Admiralties, showing the locations of the submarines from their reports, and the sinkings. With this and other information it was possible to have a rather definite idea of where the submarines were, and what ones they were.

Let us suppose that word had been received that a certain convoy of troopships or supply ships was reported as having left the United States for France or England. Its destination was known. It might be Liverpool, or Brest, or Southampton, or St.-Nazaire, or Bordeaux; but whatever port it was, that port was known, as was the composition of the convoy, its speed—which always is the speed of the slowest boat in it—its formation and its manner of progress. All these were rigidly laid down. The skipper in charge of the convoy had his instructions before he left. He was to take a certain course and make for a certain rendezvous. At that rendezvous he would be picked up by destroyers at a certain time.

The Ship Dispatchers

The operations room kept in touch with him, and he came along. Then the problem of the operations men was to keep him on a course that was as clear of submarines as could be foreseen, and to get him to a rendezvous that was safe. There were certain broadly specified courses, a number of them, and the variations in these courses were made subject to the newer information at hand as to the presence of submarines in waters to be traversed. Courses were constantly changed. Wherefore the operations men were at it night and day, receiving and testing information, making their deductions and sending their instructions. Of course these instructions had to go by wireless, though in the first instance the destroyers had their rendezvous before they left port, and so had the skipper in charge of the convoy.

Rendezvous X, for example, meant a certain latitude and longitude to which the ships were to proceed, there to be met by the destroyers; but on occasion, by a twist of the code or a change in the signal, Rendezvous X might mean some other point on the face of the ocean to which the ships were to proceed. The problem was not only to avoid submarines but to get the ships to the proper rendezvous on time. It was a combat in wits between the operations men and the submarine commanders; and after the convoy system was installed—upon the insistence of the Americans, by the way—and submarine warfare changed from the defensive warfare the British had been making to the offensive warfare the Americans demanded, with the convoy system, the operations men won mostly. The American contention was that the patrol system of seeking submarines was not getting results, and that the real way to make submarine warfare inoperative was to bring the submarines to the ships rather than to send the ships out to find them. In other words, by concentrating the prizes the submarines were after into convoys, and guarding these convoys, the submarines would be obliged to come where the ships were instead of laying in wait for them to come one by one.

The Naval Chess Game

On any given morning a visitor to one of these main operations rooms could see before him on the chart where the submarines were lurking, approximately, and where the convoys were. The operations men guided those big convoys across the ocean as surely and as directly as a train dispatcher guides a train. They watched them, warned them, told them where to go and how, provided them with guards and protectors. It was a fascinating experience to watch the operations men with their charts and their stacks of naval wireless signals telling where the submarines were, where the convoys were, playing chess with these great ships and their precious freight of men and supplies, checkmating the Hun; and when the signal came that the convoy was safe in port they let down for a few minutes, smoked a cigarette, and then went back to it, ceaselessly shepherding the great ships to their havens.

That is what it was, a great naval chess game, with the Hun pieces submarines and the Allied pieces ships. And it progressed night and day for months and months, with the Hun taking a ship now and then, but with the game mostly in the hands of the operations men, for we took a good many submarines. We won the game with millions of margin to spare.

Vice Admiral Sir Roger Keyes had what he called the "graveyard" in his operations room at Dover. This was a chart of the English and French waters in a case under glass, and sticking in it was a flag for each submarine sunk, with the number of the submarine on the flag, and the date. I happened to see that graveyard about the time Lloyd George made his speech in the House of Commons, in which he made the statement that 150 German submarines had been sunk. That was a conservative statement. The graveyard showed more than that on that day; and no flag was put in it on guesswork either. They were all proved destructions before Admiral Keyes erected his tombstones.

The American submarine base was at Bantry Bay, in Ireland. There we maintained the Bushnell, the mother ship for our underseas craft, and a small flotilla of our L-type submarines. We had one or two operating off Plymouth, and some more in the Azores. These were for patrol work, and in a previous article I have described their activities. The British had various submarine bases, and during the course of the war experimented somewhat with these ships. They built several of what they called their K type. I saw some of these at Rosyth. They were at least two hundred and fifty feet long, of twenty-five hundred tons displacement, and had a surface speed of twenty-five knots. They were to be used for cruising, and did go out with the fleet on several occasions. I understand, though I did not see them, that about the time the war closed the British had plans drawn for an L-type boat which was to be much larger than these great K boats, with heavy armament, and most formidable.

Another appliance on which great store was set, and which was useful, was the "P. V." which was a contrivance for cutting mine cables. This resembled an otter, or a fish, in the main; an otter most, perhaps, except that it looked like a very big otter and was made of steel. The P. V.'s rested on the decks of the big ships, and were attached to the ships by steel cables. When they were in use they were thrown overboard and the cable paid out. The otterlike bodies of them were hollow, and the P. V.'s floated off at acute angles from the ships, submerging when the cable tightened on them by means of rudders affixed to their extremities. They were fitted with various appliances for cutting the mine cables, and when a P. V. hit a mine cable something had to give way. Usually it was the mine cable. Not only the warships but a good many of the big transport ships were fitted with P. V.'s, which were one of the deep secrets of the war.

Practically the only guns—certainly the only big guns—of American manufacture that were on our Front in the fighting in France were five great fourteen-inch naval guns that the Navy sent over under command of Rear Admiral Plunkett, one of the great gunnery experts of our Navy. These guns were the regular fourteen-inch type we use on our dreadnoughts. We ran them about and used them on railroad trains. We built in the United States five complete trains—locomotives, gun mounts, ammunition cars, machine-shop cars and living cars—and sent them over, assembling them in France, and taking the guns up to the Front. As the war closed these big guns were right at the Front and doing great work. They had an effective range of twenty to thirty miles, and they were shelling railroad junctions and other important points when the armistice was declared, in a manner highly disconcerting to the Huns. Each train had a crew of eighty-four men, and they scooted out on the French railroad tracks, all American, from the big locomotives to the smallest bolts in the trucks, and devastated large areas of enemy territory. One of their shells hit a German headquarters and simply wiped out all those officers. Another hit a cinema theater, far back behind the line, that was crowded with Germans, and annihilated the lot.

These five trains were an experiment. When the guns were used they were dismounted and placed on portable bases. As the war closed there were five more guns on the way, of similar type but on mounts that remained on the tracks, so that instead of hard work and much time spent getting the guns off the train and on the mounts they could be fired from the railroad tracks and trucks in fifteen minutes after their position was reached, another American innovation. The English had a big battery of naval guns mounted on concrete emplacements up Nieuport way, on the sand dunes of the northern coast, and used them effectively; but these guns were stationary. One of the most inspiring sights of the war was to see Admiral Plunkett and his five trains pulled by great American locomotives scooting up toward the Front, each train carrying a monster fourteen-inch naval gun that was ready for deadly business.

Channel Coast Monitors

The British went in for monitors to some extent. They built several and mounted fourteen and fifteen inch guns on them—great, shallow-draft craft, for use on the Channel coast. Their chief accomplishment, however, was the construction of two or three monster eighteen-inch guns, which they mounted on specially built monitors. They took me aboard the General Wolfe, one of these new monitors, and showed me this great gun, which fired a projectile weighing a ton or more, from thirty-six to forty thousand yards.

The gun was in a heavily armored turret and worked as smoothly and easily as if it had been a seventy-five. They swung it about, this enormous mass of steel, as easily as if it weighed as many pounds as it did tons. The monitor on which it was mounted was a long, low, squat ship, not much different in design from our monitors, but the eighteen-inch gun was bigger than anything we had, so far as I learned. The French built several guns of the howitzer type with a caliber of 520 millimeters, but they were not successes. One burst after it had been fired a few times, and the others were not used. The French had some naval guns on trains, but their trains were as toys compared with ours.

It was one of these big British monitors that was blown up in Dover roadway last fall. She caught fire down below, and there was imminent danger not only that her own magazine would explode but that other ships laden with ammunition in the roadway would be exploded also. Vice Admiral Keyes looked the situation over and ordered the monitor torpedoed. Three torpedoes were sent into the monitor, and she sank before any further damage was done.

An interesting phase of the British effort, about which nothing has been written, was

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ROSA RAISA

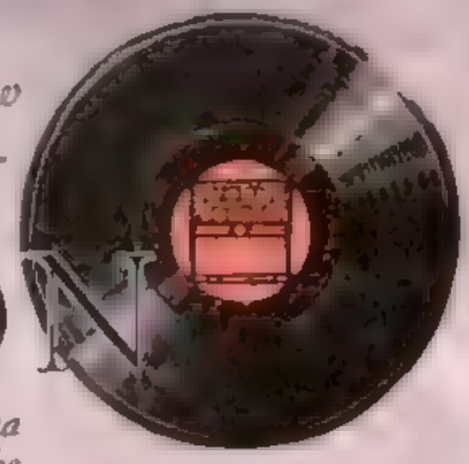
Prima Donna Soprano of the Chicago Opera Association

A PUPIL and protege of Mme. Campanini, she has already achieved sensational successes in London, Milan, Buenos Aires, Mexico, Chicago, and New York though still in her twenties. A leading Chicago critic has called Raisa "the greatest dramatic soprano in the world."

Raisa is one of the famous group of brilliant artists who are recording for the Vocalion Record exclusively. Her record of the celebrated aria from Il Trovatore "D'amor sull' ah' rosee" is a splendid example both of the superb quality of her voice and the wonderful new system used in making Vocalion Records.

A Wonderful Voice—A Wonderful New Record and—the World Famous Phonograph—

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION



ON A CERTAIN SUNDAY afternoon last March, Rosa Raisa, prima donna soprano of the Chicago Opera Association, sang at a concert given in the Hippodrome in New York. No man, woman or child who attended that concert will ever forget it. They had heard what the critic of one of the leading New York papers called "the most marvelous, most glorious voice of any kind or character" which had come under his observation in many years.

THAT CONCERT, last Easter Sunday, is a memory. The tones that stirred its great audience to a "frenzy of enthusiasm" live only in the thoughts of those who heard.

In the beautiful Vocalion Studio on West 43rd Street in New York, however, Rosa Raisa has since sung many times. No great audience has been there to applaud, but the melodious notes of that wonderful voice have been preserved to thrill an infinitely vaster audience than any opera house or concert hall could hold.

Rosa Raisa is one of the great singers who are committing their art to the new Vocalion Record. In this Record, and the wonderful new system under which it is produced, are the means by which the world at last may gain a full measure of enjoyment from its gifted ones. Never before the Vocalion Record was perfected had the human voice been reproduced to do it actual justice.

• • •

THE new Vocalion Record has followed as a natural consequence the production four years ago of the Aeolian-Vocalion itself. Here was a great phonograph—an extraordinary, scientific instrument, capable of playing records as records had never been played before.

Such improvement in the instrument suggested the possibility of further development of the record, and the new Vocalion Record is the successful result of the efforts in this direction. In combination, these two—Vocalion instrument, Vocalion record—represent the ultimate in phonograph development—the highest point to which the art of phonograph reproduction has yet been brought.

• • •

THE Aeolian-Vocalion is today supreme in the musical world. Its leadership rests on definite features of superiority, as follows:

VOCALION FEATURES

TONE—Due to its advanced and more scientific construction, the Vocalion produces richer, deeper, more beautiful and more *natural* tones than have hitherto been heard from the phonograph

TONE-CONTROL—The Graduola—the artistic and exclusive tone-controlling feature of the Vocalion, enables the performer to shade and color the music as he will. It enables anyone to participate in the playing of the record, to give voice to his own musical ideas and to prevent monotony by slight changes in the record's stereotyped expression.

APPEARANCE—In both outline and finish, the regular upright models of the Vocalion establish an entirely new standard of beauty for the phonograph. The beautiful Period Styles, though inexpensive, are the most unusual and artistic phonographs ever displayed.

MECHANICAL PERFECTION—The Automatic Stop on the Vocalion is an example of the perfection in mechanical detail characterizing this instrument. Simple, direct and absolutely dependable, this device is the most satisfactory of its kind yet invented.

And The New

UNIVERSAL TONE-ARM—This great feature of the Vocalion, is a notable tribute to the skill and resource of the Aeolian staff. It provides the means by which *every make of record can be played upon the Vocalion*. With the record situation as it is today—with so many different manufacturers making records—this is the only way that all the great artists can be heard. Moreover, so well has this feature been designed that each make of record is played *exactly* as intended, thus producing from each the *best results* of which it is capable.

VOCALION PRICES

Style 500, illustrated at left, price $175. Period model 1493, below, price $325. Conventional models, with Graduola, from $115 upwards; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models, from $240. All prices subject to change.

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HYATT
ROLLER BEARINGS

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the use made of barges for towing supplies and munitions across the Channel. These barges were loaded on the British side, towed across, and sent down the Belgian and French canals to points near the British Front. Any person crossing the Channel not in the regular route from Southampton to Havre could see them. I crossed several times on destroyers from Dover to Dunkirk, and each time passed great strings of these heavily laden craft being tugged across to be sent down the many canals that center in Dunkirk and Nieuport.

Our Navy had ambitious air plans, and established and took over numerous air bases in England, France, Ireland, and possibly Scotland, though I did not see any in Scotland. The plan was not only to utilize seaplanes but to do land bombing as well, and for that purpose the Northern Bombing Group was organized, with headquarters not far from Calais. This group was to do bombing work over the German lines in the north, and was just getting into its stride when the war closed. There was a camp of marine flyers there, also prepared to do flying overland.

One ambitious navy plan was to work out from Kilingholme, in England, near Hull. A bright young navy flyer conceived the idea of towing seaplanes almost to the German coast on barges, and then setting the planes off over the German naval bases at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. This had not worked out successfully when the end came.

We had a number of flying stations of various sorts, from Brest down the coast of France to Bordeaux, including a tremendous assembling station and various dirigible and balloon outfits. There was great trouble in getting under way, owing to delays at home and various other obstacles, and most of the navy flying was done in foreign machines.

One naval battle that didn't come off was the Battle of Cork. It was all set for a certain Thursday night, but the High Command interfered on Tuesday, much to the regret of all Americans concerned, but greatly to the solace of certain denizens of Cork. Now Cork is quite a city, about ten or twelve miles from Queenstown, where there were several thousand American sailors, and naturally Cork was a good town to visit on liberty, for Queenstown at best does not offer much in the way of amusement. Wherefore the American gobs went to Cork in large numbers after they came to Queenstown in the destroyers and in the other ships.

Wherefore, also, the American gobs in large numbers betook to themselves the fair ladies of Cork, much to the chagrin of the young men of Cork, who were outraged that these foreigners, with their nifty blue suits and their winning ways, to say nothing of their plenteous spending money, should cut them out of the society of the damsels who had been their companions on their pleasurings heretofore. The Cork young men resolved on revenge, but on taking a few looks at the husky American gobs they determined sagely that it would be a hard job to revenge themselves on those gobs, inasmuch as they looked to be what they were—most capable persons with their fists, and quite adept in the use of the same.

So the Cork young men, or certain sections of them, resolved they would get even by punishing the fair ladies who so far forgot their obligations to the native sons of Cork as to accept the attentions of the Americans. And they did so. They beat up various and sundry of these fair ladies, chasing them through the streets and tearing their clothes in an effort to show them the error of their ways.

The American gob is a chivalrous as well as a hefty-fisted person, and he would not and did not stand for this for one minute. The result was that on numerous occasions the Cork young men who were thus trying to coerce their lady friends to remain constant in their affections got what was coming to them, which was good hidings administered in the streets of Cork and elsewhere; had their blocks half knocked off, as the gobs would phrase it.

This continued for some time, with the feeling growing more and more bitter, and the Cork young men getting more and more offensive toward the lady friends of the gobs; and it was decided that it must end once for all. To that end word was passed about the fleet that on a certain night—a Thursday night, to be exact—the gobs would go to Cork and take that ancient city apart to see what made it tick. Which same they would have done had it not been that some person told Captain Pringle of the impending carnage; and he promptly put Cork out of bounds—where it remained, for both officers and men, until the fleet left that harbor.

Now there is virtue on both sides of this question. On the one hand, Captain Pringle acted wisely, for there surely would have been a riot in Cork that Thursday night, and nobody knows how far it would have gone, the gobs being determined to stop the annoyance of their lady friends, as well as to avenge the many insults they had endured; and the political and other effects might have been troublesome. On the other hand, the gobs had made themselves great stores of brass knuckles, and on the Melville alone had consumed some seven hundred pounds of sheet lead in the fashioning of billies, so it sure would have been a royal and delightful scrap, with the odds on the gobs about nine to five or thereabouts.

It is the consensus of opinion that though Captain Pringle acted wisely in putting Cork out of bounds he might have waited until Friday to exercise his undoubted authority in the matter, for there were all the makings of a fight that would have been historic, as well as the certainty that proper punishment would be meted out to the young men of Cork for their invidious behavior. Still it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, as the railroad men said, for the situation was composed in this way: Each evening at six o'clock the fair ladies from Cork embarked on the train and came to Queenstown. Wherefore the gobs were not deprived of the delights of feminine society; wherefore the young Corkonians profited nothing; and wherefore the merchants of Cork lost a good thing; which it may be said they realized keenly, for they sent the lord mayor once or twice to plead that the ban be lifted. It never was. Cork remained out of bounds, but that went only one way. Cork was out of bounds for the Americans, but Queenstown never was out of bounds for the fair ladies of Cork. For the young men of Cork Queenstown remained fatal to the last, and they knew it, and did not venture therein.

Which reminds me—this yarn of the gobs and Cork—of the night at Castletown Bear Haven, the town on the Bay of Bantry where the gobs on the submarines were perforce compelled to take their liberty inasmuch as there was no other village thereabouts; and this wasn't much of a place at that—very little of a place, indeed. On the night I speak of two American gobs were on the street of Castletown Bear Haven, being attracted thither by two girls who were ahead of them. Ahead of the girls were four soldiers from a British regiment stationed near by. The British soldiers themselves had eyes on the ladies.

The girls attempted to go round the soldiers, who spread across the street and stopped them. The American sailors came up to see what was the trouble, and an argument ensued.

"What have you ever done in this war?" asked one of the soldiers truculently.

"Nothing much," replied the sailor; "but I've got a uniform on, and I'll do whatever comes along as well as I can."

"Pah-h-h," sneered the British soldier, sticking out an arm and pointing to a stripe on the sleeve of it. "Do you see that? That's a wound stripe, that is—a wound stripe!"

Whereupon the American soldier looked calmly at the wound stripe, and then drawing back his right arm plastered that British soldier one on the jaw.

"Put another one on!" said the American sailor; and he and his friend took the two girls and proceeded up the street.

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

(Continued from Page 19)

He went to bed early. He was confident that there would be no more gas. He was dead for the need of a few hours of recuperative sleep. The jolting ride across town had helped to dissipate most of the bodily numbness; but now his brain was crying out for oblivion. He fell asleep almost instantly.

And yet a cessation of movement brought him out of this profound slumber. It was as if his subconsciousness had stood on guard. He peered out from the side of the curtain. They were in a railway yard somewhere. Stalled. Freights were all about and yard engines puffing and whistling. He looked at his watch. Two. He had slept four hours. He resisted the intense craving to bury his head in the pillow again. No doubt he had been refreshed actually, but he was still drunk for the want of sleep. He slipped out of the berth, drenched a towel and slapped it over his face. Then he turned on the lights and dressed. When the right time came he would sleep forty hours.

The train went on at four. At dawn it came to a standstill again, and did not stir until nine. They were on a side track, and along the main line freight was roaring and thundering. What was happening to the world? A limited, one of the fastest known, sidetracked for freight! From six until nine the freight rolled by.

A newspaper! It was almost unbelievable. He felt rather stunned. He hadn't held a newspaper in his hands since leaving Honolulu! He did not actually know whether the Germans were in Paris or the Allies in Berlin. So held by the chase across the continent, giving his every thought to the affair, he had forgotten that the world was going on outside this particular orbit and great events were toward.

Twice again that day there were long delays at sidings, east of towns barely mentioned on the map. All the freight in America seemed to be moving east. On schedule time the train should be passing through Central New York; and here they were, miles and miles west of Buffalo, the next real stop. The porter brought him a sporting page from one Chicago newspaper, and the editorial page from another. He was vaguely able to learn that nothing new had happened over there, and that there was a coal famine and a great congestion at ports for lack of ships.

He began to fuss and fume and fret. He endeavored a thousand times to find a fresh angle for his weary shoulders. It couldn't be done.

He wore a gray traveling suit and a cap to match. The suit, though new, was in an astonishingly disreputable state. The solution is apparent; it does not signify carelessness. The fact is you cannot loll and twist and curl up and at the same time keep the warp and woof of Scotch worsted shipshape.

He yawned, stretched his arms until the sockets cracked, turned wrathfully and struck the top of the seat—that rolling lop-over which is still one of the mysteries of modern times. Perhaps in making the original car there had been a few yards of plush and excelsior left over. Splendid! Just enough for a pillow on the top of the seat back, where no human head might reach it reposefully.

Mathison jumped to his feet and went through a setting-up exercise. It was wasted effort. When a man is bored to the point where his soul aches along with his body, what he needs is a mental jolt, not a quickening of his respiratory organs. Nothing except that which attacks the eye surprisingly will serve to pull a man out of the bog of such lethargy.

Within the compartment, a pressed-steel imitation red mahogany, green plush, and a bluish haze which was the essence of many incinerated cigars and consumed pipes; outside, snow, thick and dusty and impenetrable. A great rimless, earthless, skyless world. But for the clatter of wheel upon rail the train might have been speeding through the clouds; the illusion was almost perfect. Darkness was falling. Winter! After all these years of tropical climes!

The confinement was really heartbreaking. Never had he been shut up like this. And the craving for sleep was becoming a menace. It wouldn't have been so bad had he dared move about freely, eat his meals in the diner and smoke among men.

On the opposite seat were the magazines that had been given him in Omaha. He reached for one of them. He had long since read all the stories and advertisements. Whenever monotony reached that point where it threatened to become insupportable he dived for these magazines. He could keep himself awake with them.

Odd, but he was always returning to that posed photograph. It haunted him; a wonderful bit of photography, Rembrandt in tone. It was a restaurant scene. The woman's arms and shoulders were lovely, but her face was a leaden silhouette, tantalizing, until you chanced to look into the wall mirror at the far side of her. Even this reflection was dim; but you caught the beauty of the outline, the quiet strength of the nose and chin; a rare face, not only beautiful but intellectual. For a long time Mathison stared at it; and then he discovered something he had missed in previous scrutinies. In the lower right-hand corner in very small type he read: "Posed by Norma Farrington." Some new actress. As for that, many new ones had come and gone since he had visited New York. He tore out the picture. He couldn't have told why. Norma Farrington. He smiled.

An idea had come to him, a charming idea such as often tickles the imagination of young men when they see the portrait of a beautiful unknown. The more he mulled over the idea the more fascinating it became. Certainly she would not have him arrested for wanting to meet her. He folded the picture and put it away. Supposing he really started out upon such an adventure in earnest, not in imagination? Danger? Scarcely, with the little time he had at his disposal. Soon he would be in the waters that were full of slinking death. And it was this fact that let down the bars to the spirit of recklessness. A few hours of sport before the death grapple. Why not, why not, why not?— pulsed his father's blood. No. He was John Mathison's master. Will blood he might have in his veins, but it was also the blood of unbroken promises.

What had started this rather sinister idea in his mind, or rather reawakened it? The photograph of the actress? No. The gray lady. The charm of her companionship, the hint of the things he had missed. Queer things, human beings.

No. He would not bother Norma Farrington. He would build one of his exciting romances round her, and let it go at that. But he would hunt up Mrs. Chester before his leave was over, have tea with her, present her with Malachi, and tell her the story in detail.

Another human inconsistency. Hallowell had become strangely remote, as though the thing had happened months instead of days ago. And yet every move he made was in the service of Bob—to bring his great dream to fulfillment, and confusion to his enemies.

He heard someone knocking on the door. He rose quickly and stood listening. Two taps, a pause, followed by two more taps. Mathison released the lock, and with his foot ready and his shoulders hunched he drew back the door about an inch. He saw the shining black face of his porter.

"What is it?"

"Bad news, suh."

"Come along inside." The porter slipped through the opening, and he winced as he heard the door close and the lock snap. "What's the trouble?"

"Dey's a big freight wreck beyon' de nex' town, an' wese t' be stalled ontil mo'nin', suh."

"What!"—explosively.

"Yes, suh. Freight ovah de passenjuh rails. An' den dey's dat new rule—coal an' freight fust. We can't git by dat wreck onless dey sidetracks de freight; an' de freight goes whoozin' by while we twiddle thumbs. It's dat Gahfield awduh; an' dey ain't no use buckin' agin it, wahtimes. Dey takes de diner off too. No fish. So yo' will haff t' eat in de station aw go t' one o' de hotels in town."

"How big a town is this?"

"Middlin'; but dey's got a fine hotel called de Watkins, jus' a little ways f'm de station. Bath in all de rooms, suh."

"Bath in all the rooms," repeated Mathison meditatively.

"I can bring yo' sumpin in," suggested the porter, but without much enthusiasm. "Dey won't be no trimmin's like yo'd get at de hotel."

"How long will we be stalled?"

"Dey cal'clates ontil nine in de mo'nin', suh."

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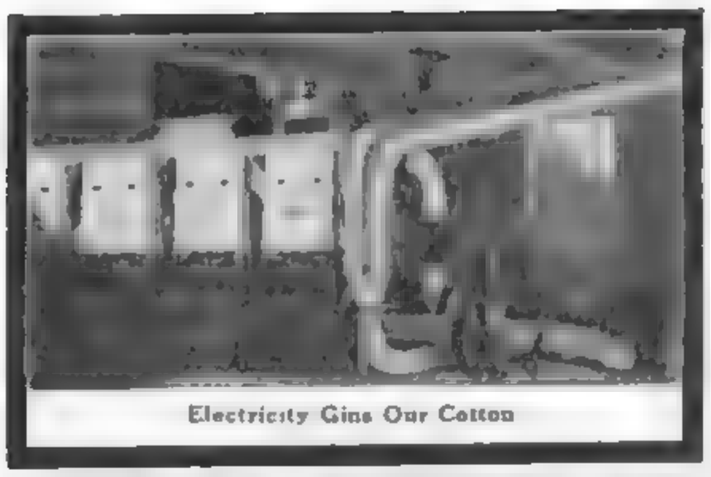


Electricity Gins Our Cotton

—Cleans and Beats the Fibre

—Twists the Thread

—Makes the Cloth

Current and Clothes

If the power that gins and spins, weaves, knits and sews were cut off today, clothes of the kind and quality you wear could hardly be replaced.

Without that power, the swift production of well made clothes for our soldiers and sailors would not have been possible.

For, spun into every thread, woven into every piece of fabric, sewed into every seam, is the power that multiplies production and makes better clothes at lower cost.

Power built a wondrous industry from Crompton's spinning frame, Cartwright's loom and Whitney's cotton gin, but neither water nor steam alone was good enough for its exacting demands, so after nearly a century of power ginning, spinning and weaving, electricity, with its cleanliness, its ease of control and its marvelous flexibility and adaptability, stepped in to shoulder the work of supplying the power by which our clothes are made.

So great has been the progress of electricity through the entire industry in these few years that there is no modern fabric or article of clothing unaffected by it.

The Southern planter takes his bags of cotton to be ginned by electric power. Seeds and hulls are removed, the fibre is cleaned and baled, and oil is even pressed from the cotton seeds, all by electricity.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse
ELECTRIC MOTORS AND CONTROLLERS

Current Cuts the Clothes You Wear

—Weaves Your Hose

—Stitches Your Shoes

—And Even Shapes Your Hat

W

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Better Garments at Less Cost

Flax is spun into the finest of threads and the threads woven into cloth by electric power, for in the spinning mills motors turn the frames, as they drive the looms of the textile factory. Even the auxiliary machinery of factories, large and small, is today driven by the clean, economical electric motor. In the city shop where ready-to-wear garments are fashioned you can see long lines of motor-driven sewing machines stitching cloth that has even been cut by a knife turned by a tiny motor. In homes everywhere the Sew-Motor simplifies the clothing problem.

In all probability the hat on your head and the shoes on your feet are to a large extent products of electric power. For in the hat factories of Danbury, the far-famed shoe factories of Lynn, and other hat and shoe producing centers nearly as prominent, many electric motors are used.

So many are the applications of electricity to the clothing industry and so exacting are the requirements, that many specialists are required to insure the correct use of motor drive in each case. In this field, as in many others, Westinghouse engineers have specialized, each engineer knowing at first hand the power requirements of the industries in which he has specialized.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE CORD TIRES

INTERNAL heat and friction, enemies of tires as of engines, are minimized in Federal Cord Tires because the various layers of loose cords are impregnated with live rubber. These cord layers are built up diagonally and make possible greater resiliency, which in turn produces easier riding, saves wear and tear and protects the tire's carcass from the disintegrating effect of frictional heat.

INSTEAD of being cured in rigid metallic molds with a tendency to produce uneven cord tension, every Federal Cord Tire is vulcanized under internal air pressure. In this way, all tension and service strains are equally distributed between every cord in the tire.

THE Double Cable Base holds the tire permanently correct to its rim and permits the use of a soft bead filler instead of a hard filler, thus avoiding the possibility of side-wall chafing that often causes blow-outs above the rim.

BESIDES the black non-skid Federal Cord Tire there are the white non-skid "Rugged" Tread and black "Traffik" Tread with our exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction.

IT will pay you to see a Federal dealer.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY OF ILLINOIS
Factories, Cudahy, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fiber Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

(Continued from Page 77)

"What are the other passengers going to do?"

"Dey's all climbin' out fo' dinnuh."

Mathison pulled at his lip. His decision came in a flash, one of that caliber which only true adventurers dare make. The blind Madonna on the Pagan, Chance! With a wave of the hand, to consign the burden to her! Perhaps it was the green plush, the red paint on the four steel walls; anyhow he decided to spend the night at the hotel. He would immediately deposit the Manila envelope and the little red book—Hallowell's—in the hotel safe and advise New York by wire of his positive whereabouts. If anything happened to him they would know where to find his personal effects. There would be no Secret Service operatives at his beck and call here; he would be on his own.

This decision reacted upon him mentally and physically like champagne. All his craving for sleep, all his depression went by the board magically. He began to thrill and bubble with gayety. And there would be Malachi. In the quiet of the hotel room he might be inveigled into talking.

"All right, George; I'll climb out too. The Lord help me, but I can't stand this damned green plush any longer! I'll spend the night at your Watkins. Now listen: When the train stops wait half an hour before you come for my kitbags. Engage a taxi. If you can get me into that taxi without being observed there'll be a five-spot for you. You didn't tell the waiter this morning about knocking. When I finally got the meal it was cold."

"I done fo'got. I sure is busy dis trip."

"Will you be aboard all night?"

"Yes, suh. I ain't 'lowed t' leave in a case like dis. Dey won't nobody see yo' in all dis rampagin' snow. All right; thutty minutes aftuh de train stops."

The porter backed out. Almost instantly he heard the lock snap into the socket. He scratched his woolly poll ruminatingly.

"Well, suttinly dis niggah nevah struck a bunch like dis befo'. Two women hidin' behind veils w'en I makes up de beds—like dey jes' got ovah smallpox. An' dis chap makin' me signal on de do', an' totin' a parrot! Well, politeness is mah middle name. Ise goin' t' do jus' as dey tells me. W'en I gits t' New York I'll buy dat tin Lizzie."

In the fourth compartment sat three men playing cutthroat auction. One of them had just bid two without, when the porter knocked.

"Come in!" shouted the blond man. "Ah, George, what's the news?"

The porter became a very mysterious individual. He shut the door softly and leaned down toward the blond man's ear.

"He's goin' int' town, suh."

"Going to take his things with him?"

"Yes, suh. I'm t' call fo' him thutty minutes aftuh de train stops. Dey's sumpin I fo'got t' tell you', suh. It's de way I has t' knock on his do' befo' I can git in. I hits two times, den I waits a moment, den I hits two times mo'."

One of the men started to say something angrily, but the blond man silenced him with a gesture.

"You should have told me that before, George"—reproachfully.

"I know, suh; but I done fo'got."

"Remember my instructions: A misstep on your part and you land in jail."

"Yes, suh." For George knew these men to be Secret Service men. He had seen the magic cards. "Dey sure fools yo' sometimes, don't dey? He don't look it."

"That's why I'm taking all these precautions. I can't arrest him until we cross the New York state line. The less they look like it the more dangerous they are. Always remember that, George. He hasn't ordered anything to drink, has he?"

"No, suh; nuthin' but watah an' coffee."

"He hasn't sent or received any telegrams?"

"No, suh."

"What made him decide to risk leaving the car?"

George thought for a moment. "I reckons it was de green plush. He said he couldn't stand it any longer."

The blond man laughed. "Plush! Well, I'd risk it myself if I were in his boots. That's all, George."

The porter bobbed and went away. The moment the door closed the blond man got up.

"Out in the open at last! All things come to him who waits. Sleep—that's what he is after. Since the fumes I'll wager he has kept an eye open every night; and it's beginning to tell on him. Everything is turning out beautifully—the wreck, the storm, his restlessness."

"If that black fool had only told us about that knocking!"

"Never mind the spilt milk. We all know what to do; let us see that we do it. I'll notify the local police at once. This may be the end of the chase. This porter is telling us the truth. I believe now that the other porter told the truth. Mathison isn't relying upon anybody to help him out. He hasn't sent any telegrams or received any. At least, not from his own car. It may be —— No; he never leaves the compartment. Yet there's those three taxis. How could these turn up if he hadn't telegraphed? Never mind. Here is where we shall trip him up. I'll go and tell Berta."

Shortly after he rapped on the door of the second compartment. The door was opened cautiously.

"Oh!" said the woman with the mole.

The blond man stepped inside. "Good news! He's going into this town for the night. There's a wreck ahead, and we'll be stalled all night. He's going to risk it in the open at last. Sleep. He's going to pieces for the want of it. Out in the open!"

"It is time. I am dead. I'll never get the cramp out of my poor body. Nearly three thousand miles cooped up like this! You were free. I had to stay packed away in this suffocating box." She stooped and peered out of the window. The suburb lights were flashing by. "A horrible night!"

"On the contrary, I should call it beautiful. We are and have been perfectly prepared against a move like this. He carries two things I must have."

"I shall be glad when it's over."

"To-night. It will depend upon you. Be careful. He is very strong and clever. I thought the chase would be over in Chicago last night. He tricked me neatly. But green plush!" The blond man laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"He's going into this town; he's going to trust to his luck because he can't stand the sight of green plush any longer. It's acting upon him psychologically, like red upon the fighting *toro*. On the other hand he will not act impulsively again."

"He hasn't gone yet."

"A fig for that! He'll go with the police, then. His way or mine, he'll go into town to-night. Dress warmly but elegantly. Look the part."

Mathison put on a fresh collar and brushed himself carefully. He packed his kitbags and patted them affectionately, as a hunter might have patted his faithful hounds. A real dinner, lights, cheerfulness, pretty women; a room big enough to turn round in, a bed big enough to turn over in, and a bathroom with a tub of hot water; a theater perhaps—drama, opera, burlesque, whatever the town had to offer. He would play the game to the hilt. His danger would be maximum, whether he stayed in the hotel or walked abroad. So he might as well get all the fun out of it possible.

He lifted the cotton-flannel bag. "Malachi, we'll both have a bath to-night. Only, we're probably doing a fool thing. There won't be anyone to watch over us; we'll have to go it on our own. But I'm done. I've got to get outside. You poor little beggar! Are you ever going to talk again? Malachi!"

A pair of yellow eyes flashed belligerently, but immediately the lids drooped.

Perhaps if the bird had the run of a room where everything was silent and motionless he might find his tongue. For days he had known nothing but the strange swing of the sea and the rattle of steel. A quiet room in which he could wander about and claw up the curtains.

VIII

AT PRECISELY six-thirty the porter returned. He announced his arrival in the peculiar manner previously described.

"De taxi is waitin' fo' yo', suh," he whispered.

"Good for you, George. Some snowstorm!"

"It sure is. Yo' can't see yo' hand befo' yo' face. I tol' de cabby t' take yo' straight t' de Watkins. On'y a sho't ways. De Watkins is fash'nable an' has a cabbyray—leastwise dey did befo' we got int' dis wah. Anyhow dey'll give yo' all de comfo'ts o' home; an' I reckon dat's whut's achin' yo'."

"The nail on the head, George. But I mustn't miss this train. Remember that."

"I'll telephone, suh, ef dey makes up any time."

Passenger and porter hurried from the car to the station platform, crossed two tracks, passed through the waiting room, thence to the street, which you could not see across for the curtain of driving snow. There was a line of taxis at the curb. It appeared that everybody had deserted the train.

Mathison knew that he had committed a blunder. There was even now a chance to run back; but stubbornly he faced the direction toward which he had set his foot. A blunder which before the night was over might become a catastrophe. Well, one thing was certain—they should never lay hands upon that Manila envelope. He would deposit it in the hotel safe. Once that was done they could come at him from all directions if they cared to. He knew exactly every move he was going to make.

"Boss, I wish I was whah dese bags come f'm. Pineapples an' melons; oh, boy! Say, I ain't nachelly inquis'tive, but whut's in dat cage?"

"A ghost, George, by the name of *Palæornis Torquatus*."

"I pass!"

Mathison laughed. "It's a parrakeet, a hop-o'-my-thumb of a bird."

"Talk?"

"Almost as much as you do, George."

The porter grinned and helped stow the luggage inside the cab. Mathison climbed in and slammed the door. The porter watched the taxicab until the gray swirling pall swallowed it up. He pocketed the bill.

"Dey ain't no reason why, but I sure hates t' take dat young man's money," he mused remorsefully. "De undah dawg; I s'pose dat's it. W'en dey don't look like it dey is. Whut's he done, I wonduh? A parrot! Fust time I ev' seen a white man tote a parrot. An' he don't look like a henpeck, neither."

He turned and jogged back to the train.

The taxicabs began to straggle along. The streets were full of ruts and drifts and the vehicles looked like giant beetles, scurrying.

Gloomy town, thought Mathison, as he peered first from one window, then from the other. Not a cheery, winking electric sign anywhere. Then he recalled the reason, as explained by the porter. A coal famine had forced a temporary abandonment of this wonder of American cities.

It was stinging cold—somewhere round zero. He threw the lap robe over the cage. Malachi wasn't used to the cold. The shop windows gleamed like beaten gold, so thick were they with frost. The cab lurched, staggered and skidded.

"Lord, but the smell of clean snow!" He dipped his chin into his collar. He had been away from this kind of weather so long that it bit in.

Cabs in front and cabs behind. Were they following him? Likely enough. They would be fools if they didn't. A hot bath and a bed for himself, and a room to rove about in for Malachi. The thing was written anyhow; and deep down in his soul he knew that he was going to pull through. Fire, water and poison gas.

In about ten minutes the cab came to a halt. The door was opened and a bell boy grinned hopefully and hospitably. Mathison stepped down from the cab, gave a dollar to the driver and reached for Malachi and one of the kitbags, leaving the other for the boy. He sprang up the hotel steps, keenly exhilarated. He felt alive for the first time in days. He swept on to the desk, planted the kitbag strategically and ordered a room with bath. But as the clerk offered the pen Mathison frowned. He hadn't planned against the contingency of signing his name to hotel registers. His slight hesitancy was not noticed by the clerk. Mathison was not without a fund of dry humor, and a flash of it swept over him at this moment.

He wrote: "Richard Whittington, London." He chuckled inwardly. The name had popped into his head with one of those freakish rallies of memory; but presently he was going to regret it.

"Room with bath; Number Three-twenty. Here, boy! How long do you expect to be with us, sir?" asked the clerk perfunctorily.

"Until morning. Train stalled on account of wreck. You have a good safe?"

"Strong as a bank's."

"Very good. I'll be down shortly with some valuables."

"Bird?"

"A parrakeet."

"That'll be all right. We bar dogs and cats."

The door to the elevator had scarcely closed behind Mathison when a man walked leisurely over to the desk and inspected the freshly written signature. He seemed startled for a moment; then he laughed.

"A room, sir?"

"No. I was looking to see if a friend of mine had arrived. He hasn't."

The stranger walked away; he strolled into the bar, looked into the restaurant, mounted the first flight of stairs and wandered into the parlor, which was empty and chilly. Next he hailed an elevator and asked to be let out on the third floor. Here he walked to the end of the corridor and returned, took the next car down, and went directly into the street. At the north side of the hotel was an alley. The man stared speculatively into this, jumped into a waiting taxicab and made off.

Half an hour later a woman entered the hotel parlor, selected a chair by the corridor wall and sat down. You might have gone into the parlor and departed without noticing her.

Meanwhile Mathison set the cage by the radiator, went into the bathroom, came back and felt of the bed, and smiled at the bell boy.

"This will do nicely. How big a town is this?"

"About seventy thousand, sir."

"What's the name of it?"

The boy grinned. Here was one of those fresh guys who were always springing wheezes like this because they thought the hops expected it.

"Petrograd."

Mathison caught the point immediately. "Boy, on my word I haven't the least idea what the name of this town is. I'm off the stalled flyer, and I forgot to ask the porter. I wanted a bed instead of a bunk. Now shoot."

The boy named the town.

"What have you got in the line of theaters?"

"This is Tuesday," answered the boy.

"I know that. Is there a comic opera or a good burlesque?"

"Are you guying me? Where'd juh come from?"

"The other side of the world."

"I guess that's right. Why, this is showless Tuesday, all east of the Mississippi. Even little Mary Pickford ain't working to-day. New York, Boston, it's all the same. Nothing doing. The new law; all the theaters, movies, billiard parlors and bowling alleys dark."

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"It's the war, sir," said the boy soberly. "I'm in the next draft. I don't want to kill anybody; but if I've got to do it I'm going to learn how."

Mathison held out his hand. "That's the kind of talk. It's bad, bloody work, but it's got to be done. Here's a telegram I want sent. Don't bother about bringing back the change. But don't fail to have this wire sent."

"I won't fail, sir."

"Now I want you to give this order to the waiter."

After a word or two the boy interrupted Mathison. "No meat. Fish, lobster, oysters, chicken."

"All right; make it chicken, then. And tell him to bring a banana and some almonds. And mind this particularly: Tell the waiter to knock once loudly. Make no mistake about that."

"Yes, sir." But the boy's eyes began to widen perceptibly. Here was a queer bird.

After the boy had departed Mathison double-locked the door. Then he liberated Malachi. The bird came out and stood before the door of his cage indecisively. Then he reached down and whetted his beak on the carpet.

"*Chup!*" he muttered.

"You little son-of-a-gun!" cried Mathison, delighted. It was the first time Malachi had spoken since leaving Manila. Mathison stooped and extended his index finger. By aid of claw and beak the bird mounted the living perch and slowly worked his way up the arm.

"The little son-of-a gun, he's alive again! Malachi, are you cold?"

Malachi grumbled in his own tongue. Mathison approached a curtain, and the bird at once transferred himself to that, clawing his way up to the pole, where he began to preen himself. His master watched him for a few minutes contentedly. Then he looked out of the window. He saw the

(Continued on Page 84)

If Your Banker

Could You——

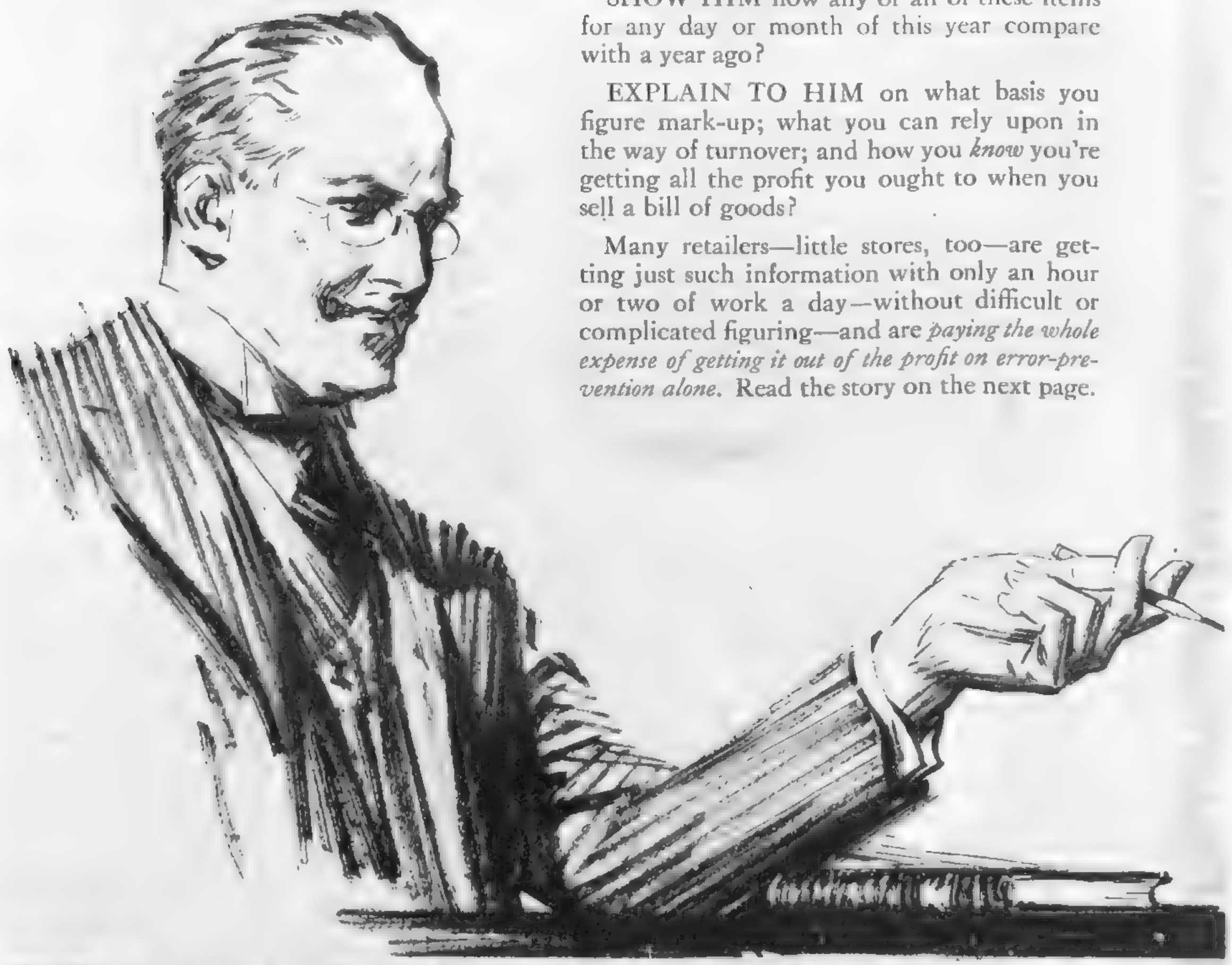
SHOW HIM an accurate statement of your assets and liabilities, as of yesterday?

TELL HIM your gross sales, net profits, cash in bank, stock on hand, and total accounts payable and receivable yesterday at 6 p. m.?

SHOW HIM how any or all of these items for any day or month of this year compare with a year ago?

EXPLAIN TO HIM on what basis you figure mark-up; what you can rely upon in the way of turnover; and how you *know* you're getting all the profit you ought to when you sell a bill of goods?

Many retailers—little stores, too—are getting just such information with only an hour or two of work a day—without difficult or complicated figuring—and are *paying the whole expense of getting it out of the profit on error-prevention alone.* Read the story on the next page.



FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

Should Ask You

"We Can!"

This story is told by a re tailer, P C Bancroft, president of The Bancroft Hat & Fur Co., Springfield, Ohio.

"We couldn't, though, if we didn't have a way of doing it *quickly, economically and accurately.*

"Our accounting system is simplicity itself. Practically all the information I want is taken right out of the pile of sales tickets that are checked over every day.

"In fact, in a retail store like ours ninety per cent of error-prevention and up-to-date business information depends on just one thing—*rapid,* and *accurate* addition.

Our Burroughs Makes it Possible

"It's no trick at all, with a Burroughs to do the adding. My today's figures always show me yesterday's gross sales, cost of goods sold and net profits—exact, not estimated.

"And, what's just as important—those figures are by departments, so we know how each line of goods shows up.

"When I tell you that those records are prepared by our bookkeeper, and that he also has time to do other work in the store and help wait on customers, you'll understand why I say that our Burroughs makes it possible to have that complete information. Without it the bookkeeper couldn't possibly keep up; he even uses it to prove his postings and get his trial balance.

"When we put the Burroughs in we looked on it as a justifiable expense. But we've known for a long time now that it wasn't an expense at all, but one of the best investments the store ever made."

Among the standard Burroughs models there is one that will fit into your business in exactly the same way as Mr. Bancroft's fits his store and system. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office; there are 201 in the United States and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS-SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 81)

dim outlines of a fire escape. He could also see a cross section of the street beyond the alley—clouds of snow, spouts, whirlwinds.

He turned from the window swiftly and tiptoed to the door. Someone had turned the knob cautiously. Mathison waited patiently, but the knob did not turn again. Door knobs, they had a mysterious way of turning in the night.

There would be no going out this night; so he might as well make himself comfortable. He turned to the kitbags. He opened them both, took a pair of slippers from the top of one and a dressing gown and toilet articles from the top of the other. The general contents of both bags were as neatly and as compactly arranged as a salesman's case; but always on top there would be pick-ups. By the time he had bathed, changed, put on the slippers and gown—a heavenly blue silk brocade such as aristocratic Chinese wear—the waiter arrived with the dinner. He announced his arrival by a single knock.

The door was opened in a singular fashion. Mathison kept totally behind it. An Oriental trick; it gave one the opportunity to strike first if it were necessary to strike; moreover, it prevented anyone in the hall or corridor observing the occupant of the room. The moment the waiter stepped inside the door was closed and double-locked again.

"I shall require no service, waiter. Here's a bill; keep the change for your tip."

"Thank you, sir."

The lock and latch were released simultaneously. So adroitly was this accomplished that the waiter never suspected that he had been locked in or that he was immediately going to be locked out.

Mathison crossed over to the table, peeled the banana, lopped off a bit and jabbed the fork into it. This he took to the parrakeet. Malachi sidled along the pole solemnly and reached down a coral-red claw.

On going back to the table Mathison felt top hole in spirit. The telegram was off. If anything happened they would know where to find him. After he had finished his dinner he would find a hiding place for that Manila envelope.

Suddenly he became seized by an ironic whimsy, an impulse that in normal times he would have analyzed as idiotic. Nevertheless, he proceeded to materialize it. He searched in his coat pocket for the picture of the actress, sliced off the nonessentials and propped it against the water carafe. With his hand on his heart he bowed:

"Paper Lady, I am at once gratified and deeply chagrined to offer you a repast so poor. I had planned a club steak; I've been planning it for six long years. And patriotism compels me to eat chicken—which I abominate! You are disappointed? I'm sorry. You won't look at me? Very well; that's not your fault; it's the fault of the fool photographer, the way he posed you. Crazy? Well, perhaps. But, Lord's truth, I wish I did know somebody like you. I'm the lonesomest duffer in all this God-forsaken world!"

So he munched his chicken and Malachi his banana, while the clerk at the desk was having his worries.

"A queer bunch got off that stalled train," he said to the manager.

"What's the trouble?"

"First, a tanned chap with two bags and a parrot signs his name and beats it for the elevator as if he were afraid the room would vanish before he got to it. Another man comes up and looks the book over. He laughs. Then he walks off. Right away comes a veiled woman, who does the same thing. Only she signs. A sable coat that would pay next year's taxes, but no hat. She wants Room Two-twenty. I ask where her luggage is, and she says she left it on the train. But as she hands me a twenty I let her have the key. Then up comes Sanford, of The Courier. When he pipes those two names he yells."

"What's the matter with them?" asked the manager. He was not interested.

"Why, look at this—Richard Whittington, London. Sanford says there was only one man ever had that name, and he was lord mayor of London five hundred years ago."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"Wait a minute. Here's the name the woman wrote—Manon Roland. Sanford says her head was cut off in the French Revolution in 1793. One alone, all right; but two!"

"So long as they pay the bill and behave themselves there's nothing for us to do. Perhaps they are celebrities, and don't want to be bothered by reporters."

"A new brand, then. I never saw this kind before. Anyhow I thought I'd put you wise."

IX

FROM afar Mathison heard the shrill prolonged blast of a locomotive whistle. Then a rush of cold air struck him. The paper lady rose suddenly and began a series of violent spiral whirls toward the door. Mathison sprang to his feet, turning, his automatic ready. He remembered now that he had forgotten to examine the window lock.

Through this window came a woman. She stumbled and fell to her knees, but she got up instantly. She wore no hat. Her hair, like Roman gold, sparkled with melting snowflakes. Under this hair was a face which had the exquisite pallor of Carrara marble. Her eyes were as purple as Manila Bay after the sunset gun. From her shoulders hung a sable coat worth a king's ransom.

Mathison's heart gave one great bound; then his brain cleared and his thoughts became cold and precise. He knew who she was. Beautiful beyond anything his fertile imagination had conceived of her; warm and fragrant as a Persian rose. Small wonder that poor old Bob Hallowell had gone to smash over her. But what did The Yellow Typhoon want of John Mathison?

"You are John Mathison?" she asked, her voice scarcely audible.

"Yes." His eyes were still marveling over the beauty of her. It was unbelievable. A wave of poignant regret went over him. The tender loveliness of a Bouguereau housing the soul of a Salome!

"Then take heed! You are in grave danger. You carry something certain men want desperately. Don't go into the hall; don't leave your room under any circumstances to-night. The hall is watched. I dared not come to your door. They must never know that I have aided you. I had to climb the fire escape. I dared not trust the telephone. Hide whatever you have, and hide it well."

It is possible that Mathison presented a unique picture to the woman. The blue robe fluttered, bulged and collapsed in the wind. It fell to his feet, shimmering. But for the color of it—had it been yellow—Mathison might have posed as a priest of Buddha. His handsome bronzed face, the cold impassivity of his eyes and mouth might have passed inspection on the platform of the Shwe Dagôn Pagoda in Rangoon—if one overlooked the healthy thatch of hair on his head.

She broke the tableau by taking from the pocket of her coat a gray veil, which she wound about her head, turbanwise, dropping the edge just above her lips.

"One word more: I am a creature of impulse; I may regret this whim shortly. I may even return. I don't know. But if I do, watch out! Beware of me!"

She backed to the window, stepped through to the fire escape and vanished into the night.

For a space Mathison did not stir. There was something hypnotic in this singular visitation, but it was physical rather than mental. He stared at the blank square of the window as Medusa's victims must have stared at her—stonily. Morgan had described the woman minutely, and out of these substances and delineations Mathison had created a blond Judith, something at once beautiful and terrifying. And yet he recognized the woman almost immediately.

The mind often acts inconsequently in crises. At the back of his brain something was clamoring for recognition. He was conscious of the call, but there seemed to be a blank wall in between. It was conceivable that the sheer loveliness of the woman dazed him. On his guard, yes; alert and watchful, but otherwise nonplused. His confusion was doubtless due to the fact that he could not put the two salients together. It was utterly illogical that any woman so tenderly beautiful should be called The Yellow Typhoon.

He recalled Morgan's description: "A passionless, merciless leopardess. She would have curled Saint Anthony's beard and taken Michael's flaming sword away from him. A destroyer. Don't get the impression that she is what we call 'on the loose.' That's the most singular part of it. Her reputation isn't along that line. Breaks men for the pure deviltry of it: honorable men, men too proud to fight back. Understand? Always the poor devil who has something or everything to lose. A bigamist, because that seemed to be the most exciting game she could apply her arts to. And always just beyond the reach of the law. I don't suppose there's a court in the world that could convict her of bigamy. So keep your eyes open and your guard up. Remember, I wanted to ransack the ship."

And what kind of a game was she about to spring? She had warned him. But she had added that she might return; and in that event let him beware. He thought keenly for a moment, and presently he saw a way out of the labyrinth. Very clever! His enemies were in the adjoining rooms, watching him from some peephole or other. A trick to make him take the Manila envelope out of his kitbag and hide it anew—where they could find it when they wanted it. He had made his first mistake. He should have deposited the envelope in the safe before coming up. The hesitance over inscribing his name—any name—on the register had befogged him temporarily. His whole carefully built campaign depended upon getting that Manila envelope to New York.

What followed was a revelation in clear thinking, acted upon swiftly. He pulled down the window, locked it and drew the shade. He got into his clothes again, dropped the automatic into the right pocket of his coat, all the while taking inventory of his surroundings in panoramic glances. Not a step wasted, not a thought that needed readjusting. Under the telephone was a wastebasket. In this there was a discarded newspaper. He crossed the room and turned off the lights. What he did now was done in the dark. From one of the kitbags he procured the Manila envelope and the little red book, which he strapped together with a rubber band. He tiptoed over to the wastebasket and slipped his precious packet into the folds of the newspaper, which he returned to the basket. He turned on the lights and took down the telephone.

"Hello!" he called softly. "This is Room Three-twenty. Will you kindly ascertain for me if Rooms Three-eighteen and Three-twenty two are occupied by passengers from the stalled flyer from Chicago? Yes, I'll hold the wire." Two minutes passed. "They are not? Thank you. No; nothing of importance. Didn't know but they might be friends from the train."

So there was nothing to fear from the adjoining rooms. That was a weight off his mind. But it was also a new angle to the puzzle. Had the woman really tried to do him a service? Was it inspired by some vague regret for Hallowell? Out of one labyrinth but into another. He ran to the windows and threw up the shades. The fire escape was empty. He went back to the telephone. It was barely possible that she had come up from the room below. That would be Two-twenty.

"Is the lady still in Room Two-twenty? . . . Oh, never mind the name. Is she still there? . . . She isn't? Gave up the key a moment ago? . . . No; there isn't any trouble. She came from the stalled train. . . . She said she would not return? . . . Thanks."

A blind alley. He couldn't solve the riddle at all. And because he couldn't solve it he sensed danger, a danger which ran round him in a circle.

He glanced up at the bird on the curtain pole. Malachi had finished his dinner and was polishing his beak.

"Malachi, they've got me guessing!"

"*Chup!*" said the little green bird, spreading out his clipped wing. It was warm and cozy up there near the ceiling. He loved window-curtain poles. "Mat, you lubber, where's my tobacco?"

That phrase! It seemed to Mathison that a hand had reached out and caught him by the throat. Bob! The dear, absent-minded Hallowell! How often had he teased him by putting the tobacco canister on the other end of the table! Bob, blind if you stirred anything on his end of the table from its accustomed place, would start hunting about the room, swearing good-naturedly.

Mathison began to pace the room. The infernal beauty of her! Negative for good and positive for evil; somehow it hurt him. He felt outraged that God should give all these lovely attributes to a daughter of Beelzebub.

Downstairs the clerk went into the manager's office.

"I tell you something queer is going on in this hotel."

"What now?"

"The lord mayor of London makes waiters signal on his door before he'll let them in. Then he begins asking questions about the people on either side of him. To cap the climax he asked about the woman who had her head cut off in 1793."

"What? Oh, yes; I see; those names on the register. Well?"

"Something fishy. The woman just surrendered her key and waltzed out."

"Gone?"

"With last year's cabbages."

"Maybe it's an elopement," suggested the manager hopefully. Elopements were first-rate advertisements.

"Nix on the elopement. The real article gets married before they come to a hotel like the Watkins. She went up to the room I gave her and came down again. No complaints. Just surrendered the key and faded."

"Didn't ask any questions about the man?"

"Nope. There's where the mystery comes in. Mind, we'll have a robbery or a murder on our hands before morning."

"Piffle! If the woman is gone for good we can't risk meddling with this lord-mayor chap. I'm not courting suits for damages these days; not me. You've been going to the movies too much. Anyhow she paid five for the room. It's none of our business if she doesn't sleep in it."

"All right. Only don't jump on me if anything happens."

"Tell your troubles to the house detective. That's what he's here for."

The clerk acted upon this advice at once.

"Michaels," he said, "you take this key and look round Room Two-twenty. See if the woman took or left anything. There's a queer game going on here to-night."

The house detective returned shortly. He doubted if anyone had been in Room Two-twenty at all.

"Better stick round anyhow."

"All right."

At the police station the night captain rocked in his swivel chair and chewed his cigar. There had recurred to his mind an old phrase, which applied to the crook as well as to the honest man: "He travels fastest who travels alone." Well, so long as it was fish to his net he had no right to complain. On his desk lay a stack of those sinister handbills which the police send hither and thither across the continent under the caption "Wanted." From time to time he referred to a letter which he had just received by messenger. A fall-down on the divvy; and the pal blows the game. But a thousand dollars, a real bank roll, was worth trying for these hard times. All he had to do was to call up the Watkins. If there was anything to the information the hotel clerk would be able to tell. He drew the telephone toward him.

"This the Watkins? . . . Police station talking. Man by the name of Richard Whittington registered? . . . He is? Good! Listen to me. Describe him." The captain smoothed out a handbill and kept his eye on it obliquely. "All right. Tall, very dark, good-looking, blue eyes, smooth, no beard. Yes, that sounds like him. . . . Black Ellison, wanted in San Francisco for diamond robbery and assault. . . . There was a woman? . . . Gone? . . . That's tough. She may have taken the swag. Well, it can't be helped. Get the man downstairs to the private office. I'll send Murphy over in fifteen minutes. Better call in a patrolman. This man Ellison is a strong-arm, for all his good looks."

Up in Room Three-twenty Mathison found it impossible to keep that lovely face out of his thoughts. Something was wrong with the world. If ever he had looked into a countenance upon which was written honesty——

"The voice!" he cried, stopping suddenly. "The voice! That's the thing that's been hammering in the back of my head. I've heard that voice before. Where? How?" He rumpled his hair. "Where have I heard her voice?"

He had heard her laugh that night when she had come on deck in the Chinese costume. But the speaking voice! Where had he heard that?

Malachi, sensing his master's agitation, sidled back and forth along the curtain pole, grumbling as his feet came into contact with the cold brass rings.

By and by Mathison saw the paper lady on the floor, saw it with eyes busy with introspection. He stooped; the act was purely mechanical. He went on with his pacing. He folded and refolded the slip of paper many times and at length stowed

(Continued on Page 87)

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Oakland

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OAKLAND
SENSIBLE SIX

(Continued from Page 84)

it away in a pocket, without having glanced at it once, without recalling his desire to meet the lady if she happened to be in New York when he arrived there.

He heard a sound. It came from the window. He wheeled quickly, his hand going into his pocket as he turned. He had almost forgotten!

Tap—tap—tap!

Dimly he saw a woman's face against the pane. She had come back! The monumental nerve of her! On the way to the window he formed his plan of action. He would give her all the rope she wanted; he would act as if he had never seen her before, play her as a fisherman plays a trout. She had warned him, and he would not ignore her warning. He ran to the window, unlocked it and threw it up.

The woman stumbled into the room, the expression on her face one of great terror. Hair like spun molasses, sparkling with melting snowflakes, skin like Carrara marble, with an odd little mole at one corner of the mouth, and eyes as purple as Manila Bay at sunset. From her shoulders hung a sable coat worth a king's ransom. Mathison raised her to her feet.

"What is it? What's the trouble?" he asked, pulling forward a chair.

Terrified. Had they discovered what she had done, and had she flown to him for protection? "Beware of me!" she had said.

She sank into the chair and covered her face with her ungloved hands, rocking her body and moaning slightly.

"What's the trouble?" It took some effort to keep the ironical out of his voice. What a queer little mole, he thought. He hadn't noticed it before.

She let her hands fall. "I am in the most horribly embarrassing situation," she panted. She clasped her hands on her knees and the fingers began to snarl and twist, as they will when a body is under great mental stress. "You won't mind if I stay here a few minutes?"

"Not in the least, provided you give me an idea what's happened to drive you into this room." Mathison put both hands into the side pockets of his coat.

"Couldn't it be possible to stay without explaining?" she pleaded.

Not a sign that she had been in this room less than half an hour gone. What was her game? Mathison from the ironical spirit passed on into one of bewilderment. Her voice wasn't quite the same either; it was higher, thinner. He was giving her rope, but so far she wasn't making any special effort to gather it in. Very well; he would continue to play up to her lead and see whither it led. But stretch his imagination to its fullest he could not figure out what her game was.

He answered her query. "Supposing you were found here? I don't object, mind you; only I'd like to know how to act should occasion arise."

"I—I don't know how to begin! It will sound so silly and futile!" she faltered. Her gaze roved rather wildly about. "My husband—he has the most violent temper and is most insanely jealous. Somehow he learned I was here—in the restaurant. I saw him as he entered the main entrance. I tried to slip out at the side—but I was not quick enough. By this time he will have set the whole hotel by the ears. Oh, it is degrading—shameful!" The woman turned her head against her shoulder and closed her eyes. Mathison noted the plain gold band among the gems on her fingers. "I haven't done anything wrong. I like amusement; I like clothes. I can't stand it much longer! . . . He keeps me shut up all the time. What's the good of clothes if you can't wear them? I can't go anywhere; I can't do anything! I wish I were dead!"

Maddening! He wanted to take hold of her and shake her. But he said soothingly: "You don't wish that. You ought not to have run away."

"I know, but I couldn't stand a scene among all those people. I see now I've only made it worse by running! I got into the parlor somehow. Then I saw the fire escape. I stepped out and closed the window, but found I didn't dare drop twelve feet or more to the sidewalk."

Mathison nodded. There was nothing else to do.

"And I made the fire escape just in time. He came storming into the parlor, followed by a clerk and a bell boy. The shame of it! None of them thought to look out. I'd have been frozen but for this coat. Then it came to me—I was so desperate—that I might find a window open if I climbed up. . . . And I saw you. I shan't bother you more than ten minutes; just enough time to get my nerves steadied. If he doesn't find me soon he'll go home. I can stand a scene there."

"Where's the other man? A fine chap, to leave you in the lurch like this?" cried Mathison indignantly.

Her eyes opened; they expressed dismay. "Oh, but I wasn't with anyone!"

"Alone? Good Lord, why did you run away?"

"He would have made a scene just the same. He would always swear that there was another man somewhere. I suppose he'll kill me some day. I ought not to have run; but I simply could not stand a scene in the restaurant!" She hunted about for a handkerchief, found one, and rubbed her cold little nose with it. "It sounds so silly, doesn't it? I don't know what to do!"

"Stay as long as you like. Shall I send for a cup of coffee? You must be frozen."

"No, no! You mustn't take the least trouble. I'm sorry. I really had only one idea—to escape."

"Suppose you describe your husband. I'll call up the office and see if he has gone."

"Good heavens, no!"—her terror returning. "I am really lost if it should become known that I had taken a risk such as this. Besides, it might get you into trouble. Please, no! Just a few minutes—ten—fifteen. He'll go when he can't find me. I'll return to the parlor by the way I came."

"You're welcome, anyway you desire it. I'll tell you what—I'll write a letter I had in mind. It will serve to relieve you of your embarrassment. It certainly will relieve mine."

He opened one of the kitbags and dug out his letter portfolio. He cleared a space on the table and sat down, facing the young woman, though apparently giving her no more attention. He started the letter, paused, tore up what he had written and tossed the bits to the floor. The next attempt seemed to be successful, for he wrote several pages, finally sealing it in an envelope. Had the woman been able to read the contents of this letter she would have been profoundly astonished. It was a minute description of her, from the tortoise-shell comb in her hair to the white sandals on her feet.

He reread the document; and as he came to the end of it he missed something, an essential which had impressed him previously. Covertly he ran his glance over her again. Something was gone, but he could not tell what it was.

For all that she did not appear to be watching him, he knew that not a single move he made escaped her. Often he gazed at the kitbags, but never did he let his glance stray anywhere near the wastebasket.

Mathison rose and filled his pipe.

"You won't mind if I smoke and jog about a bit? I'm restless. I've had a long attack of insomnia."

"Please pay no attention to me."

After a glance at his watch he fell to pacing once more. But he paced in a peculiar manner, up and down the corridor wall—that is to say, he had the window and The Yellow Typhoon always under covert observation.

As for the woman, she now relaxed.

"Mat, you lubber!"

Even Mathison received a shock. He had forgotten Malachi. The woman sprang to her feet and whirled about, expecting to see someone behind her chair. She saw nothing. Bewildered, her gaze came back to Mathison, who pointed to the curtain pole.

"A little parrot!" She sank back into the chair weakly. "I thought someone was behind me!"

"I had forgotten him."

"*Chup! Chota Malachi!*"

"What does he say?"

"That's Hindustani. He's telling me to be still and that he is a little bird."

"A Hindu parrot!"

"A parrakeet," Mathison corrected.

"I never knew that men carried them about. I thought it was always fussy old maids."

"I'm a deep-sea sailor; and we sailors are always lugging round pets for mascots. I have lived in the Orient for six years." He spoke with engaging frankness. Why not? Was there anything concerning John Mathison that she did not know?

"What do you call him?"

"Malachi."

"What does that mean?"

"You have me there. It was the name of the elephant in one of Kipling's yarns."

"I see—— What's that?" she broke off.

Mathison stood perfectly still, chin up, eyes alert. The elevator door had slammed with unusual violence. This sound was followed by another—hurrying feet. Then came a blow of a fist on the panel of the door.

"What's wanted?" demanded Mathison coldly.

"Open the door!"

"Who is it, and what is wanted?"

"Open, or we'll break in!"

The woman flew to the window. While she was lifting it Mathison spoke to her.

"You are leaving?"—broadly ironical.

"My husband! . . . He will kill me!"

"Which husband? Hallowell, Graham, Morris?"

She sent him a glance that radiated venom. It was almost as if she had suddenly poisoned the air.

"The Yellow Typhoon! And you supposed I would not recognize you, never having seen you? I don't know what your game was in warning me. No matter. Morgan was right. He said you were a beautiful mirage at the mouth of hell."

"Open the door!" came from the hall.

The woman stepped through the window, sent it rattling to the sill; and that was the last Mathison saw of her for many hours. He walked to the door.

"I will open the door only upon one condition—that you inform me who it is and what is wanted of me," he declared, still in level tones.

"It's the house detective, and you're wanted, me lord mayor of London!"

Mathison thought rapidly. He attacked the affair from all angles. The house detective!

Against the door came the thud of a human body.

"Never mind breaking in the door," Mathison called. "I'll open it."

He did so, and four men came rushing in—the house detective, the manager, the inquisitive clerk and a policeman.

"The lord mayor of London, huh?" bellowed the house detective. He carried a revolver. "Put up your hands!" Mathison obeyed promptly. Michaels ran his hand over Mathison's pockets and gave a cry of delight as he brought forth the heavy automatic. "A gat! I thought I'd find one."

"Now then," said Mathison, still able to hold his rage in check, "be so good as to explain what the devil all this means!"

"We'll explain that in the office."

"We'll explain it here and now or you'll have to carry me. And in that event I can promise you some excitement."

"All right, me lud. Word comes from the police headquarters to hold you and hold you good. You're Black Ellison, and there's a thousand iron boys waiting to be paid over on your delivery. We'll carry you if you say so."

So that was it! Mathison saw the whole thing in a flash. Clever; clever beyond anything he had imagined. To get him out of the room in a perfectly logical way; and then search it. He saw clearly that his own mysterious actions would be held against him. Caught! He couldn't help admiring the method. The woman to keep him interested and puzzled until they were ready to fire the train.

"Is there any reason why we can't remain here? You've got to prove that I'm the man you want."

"Orders are to take you down to the private office," said the policeman.

"No objection to my taking my things along?"

"Your things, bo, will stay right where they are until Murphy looks them over."

"How am I to know that no one will enter this room while I'm downstairs?"

"I can promise you that," said the manager.

"Don't open the window. There's a little bird up there on the curtain pole; and he might fly out or try to."

The visitors stared at Malachi interestedly.

"He shan't be touched," declared the manager, a fit of trembling seizing him. If this turned out wrong and the victim came back with a suit of damages! "It's no fault of the hotel, sir. The order comes from the police."

"Very well; I'll go with you. But I'll put the bird back in his cage if you don't mind."

After a bit of coaxing Malachi came down from his perch and Mathison bundled him into the cage, which he set beside the radiator. He then stepped into the corridor. But he waited to see if the manager locked the door. The manager did more than that. He gave the key to Mathison, who marched over to the elevator and pressed the button.

"A cool one," whispered the excited clerk. "Didn't I tell you there was something off color?"

The manager made a gesture; he wasn't at all happy. People would have smiled over an elopement; but the arrest of a dangerous criminal always reacted against the hotel. "You need not worry about your belongings, sir," he said to Mathison.

"I'm not worrying. I'm going to leave that for you to do."

"Bluff won't get you anywhere," growled the house detective.

"It seems to have landed you a soft job," countered Mathison, smiling as he entered the elevator.

Once in the manager's private office Mathison coolly appropriated the managerial chair. He kept his eye on the desk clock and appeared oblivious of the low murmurings behind his back. Five minutes—ten—fifteen; he could feel the sweat rising at the roots of his hair. Trapped! They had come at him from an original angle, and the only counter for it was the disclosure of his hand. No doubt the woman was already at work. If they took him to the police station for the night; if the maid cleaned out the room thoroughly in the morning!

"Got him, I see!" cried a cheery voice from the doorway.

Mathison turned. He saw a small brisk Irishman with a humorous mouth and a pair of keenly intelligent eyes. He gave a great sigh of relief; here was someone who looked as if he had the gift of reason. Pray God that he had!

"Stand up!"

Mathison obeyed.

"Humph. Got anything to say?"

"No; except if you'll come to the room with me I'll give you the stuff. I know when I am beaten."

"Who's this woman, Manon Roland?"

"Roland? Don't know anybody by that name."

"The woman you were asking questions about over the phone."

"So her name was Roland!"

"All right; we'll come back to her again. You used to travel alone. Why did you hook up? Pals always blow."

"No man is perfect. Come to my room and I'll turn the stuff over to you." Mathison wondered what it was he had stolen. "You'll never find it without my help. You and I alone. Is it a bargain?"

"I'll look you over first."

"Here's his gat, Murphy," said the house detective.

Murphy thrust the automatic into his pocket without comment. He ran his keen glance over the prisoner. "Hold out your hands, fingers spread; I want to look at them. That's the way. Now, turn your face toward the light. Uh-huh. You admit you are Black Ellison?"

"Yes." Anything to get back into the room!

"All right. I'll go up with you for the swag. But walk carefully; I'm excitable by nature."

"Better take me along," urged the house detective. He was anxious to be in the newspapers on the morrow.

"You folks stay right where you are. I'm running this. Step along, Mr. Ellison."

Murphy pushed Mathison toward the door. The two crossed the lobby to the elevator and were shot up to the third floor.

"I'll be right at your elbow, so play it straight. There's something about your hurry that interests me, bo."

Mathison rushed to the door, unlocked it and pushed it in violently. He sent a lightning glance about the room, and leaned dazzily against the door jamb.

"For the love o' Mike, they never told me you had put up a scrap like this!"

"I didn't put up any scrap," said Mathison dully.

"What's hit this room, then—an earthquake?"

"A typhoon."

Malachi was all right; but the wastebasket was empty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fully 90% of the motor trucks in the war area were equipped with steel wheels.—Trade Authority.

A Wheel Lesson from the War

WHEN the fate of battles hung in the balance—when thousands of men and shells were urgently needed to stem the tide—it was the quick and dependable work of the motor transport that saved the day. At such times every test of truck endurance must be met without fail—there can be no stops for repairs at the front.

So when experts built trucks for war work, they embodied in their construction every known factor of safety and strength—every modern engineering advance.

It is interesting to note in this connection that fully 90% of the overseas motor trucks were equipped with steel wheels—wheels that would bear the stress of overloads and rough roads at top speed, without the loss of a moment for care and adjustment.

Now comes the Dayton Steel Wheel for peace uses—the engineers' answer to the necessity for wheel progress. It embodies every feature that adds to truck effectiveness—resiliency that dissipates the extreme shocks of the road—lightness that adds to carrying capacity—durability that outlives the truck, and strength for every demand.

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Now that peace has released our product, many motor truck makers who have learned this wheel lesson, are equipping their trucks with Dayton Steel Wheels.

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CAN GERMANY COME BACK?

(Continued from Page 22)

hoarding grounds was Switzerland. When I was there last November it was estimated that within the confines of that tiny republic she had 60,000 bales of cotton and 20,000 bales of wool stowed away. The total value of the German-owned material in Switzerland of all kinds was almost $200,000,000. Just how some of these materials were accumulated is one of the romances of the war; it will be disclosed in the next article in this series.

What was true of Switzerland was equally true of Spain. A year ago at Barcelona—the Manchester of Spain—I saw warehouse after warehouse packed to the roof with cotton and wool, all German-owned. Other warehouses were jammed with copper and rubber. With that foresight which was an adjunct of her industry Germany made ready for the day of peace and rehabilitation. She realized from the outbreak of hostilities that raw materials would not only play an important rôle in the struggle but in the war after the war. Had she been successful she would have made such exactions as would have startled the world. As soon as she realized that defeat was inevitable she began to comb the universe for insurance against post-war industrial paralysis. The hoards in Switzerland and Spain are matched by what amounts to a monopoly on the Swedish iron-ore output. German hooks are fastened into the coal and iron output of Russia.

The German Grip on Russia

In the light of these facts you can readily understand why the Kaiser was so eager to make peace with his friends and coworkers, the Bolsheviki. The obscene treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk practically handed over Russia's raw materials—a world's underground treasure-trove—to our enemies. Though that treaty is to be abrogated at the Peace Conference the German grip on Russia will not relax. Remember that there are 2,000,000 Russians of German birth who not only continue to speak German but who are loyal to the country in which they were born. In addition there are 6,000,000 Germans and Poles who speak German as the language of commerce and of society. Hence, and despite the curbs that must be put upon the flow of raw materials into Germany, it is altogether likely that through bargaining, intrigue, and otherwise, she will be able to set up shop and in time spread out throughout the universe unless she is rigidly supervised. I offer these facts as one antidote for the booming and dangerous optimism let loose in America the moment the armistice was signed and which, summed up, found expression in: "Germany is beaten. We have nothing more to fear from her."

Germany, therefore, has the physical machine, and by hook or crook she will manage to get a working amount of raw materials. What are her other industrial assets?

Heading the list must come her trained population, which in the last analysis is the backbone of any nation. Just as she conserved her artists, poets, musicians and scientists, so has she kept her industrial experts far from the firing line. If you know anything about German industry you also know that it resulted from a combination of professors and business men. Every factory had its staff of expert investigators who were content to work for a small wage in order to be called by what Germany considered the magic title of "Doktor." It meant a poor meal ticket but usually a little red ribbon in the buttonhole. That congress of imperial well-wishers is still going strong. It made the whole triumph of German substitution possible during the war, and it will devise ways and means to counteract whatever economic emergencies may arise now.

Though millions of German men have been killed the country still has her extraordinary reserve of trained and disciplined boys. One of the mainstays of the whole German industrial advance was the system of vocational education in the schools. Just as soon as a German boy reached the age of ten or twelve his life's occupation was determined and every hour of his work and play henceforth was shaped to that end. This is one reason why the poison of militarism, injected so early, became the national malady. Obedience was the watchword. "Unless you obey you will never command" always rose before the eye.

National policy dictated that heredity or talent be capitalized to the fullest extent. The strong youth was booked to be a brewer, an iron worker, a carpenter or a mason; the frail youngster was trained to be a tailor, a bookbinder, a jeweler or a wood turner. In the same way the lad with weak lungs was kept out of the trades where he might inhale dust. The system was so perfect that a boy with inflamed eyelids was kept out of color work, just as his mate with perspiring hands was deemed unfit for fine metal work or lithography.

To be unskilled in Germany was and is regarded as treason. The German youth had to be developed for military service—"cannon fodder"—or to be a cog in the productive machine whose human output was no less imposing than its material. Germany could well afford to plunge the world into war, for the excellent reason that every year, thanks to a birth rate that was almost standardized like the industrial system, 800,000 pairs of tiny hands were added to the social fabric.

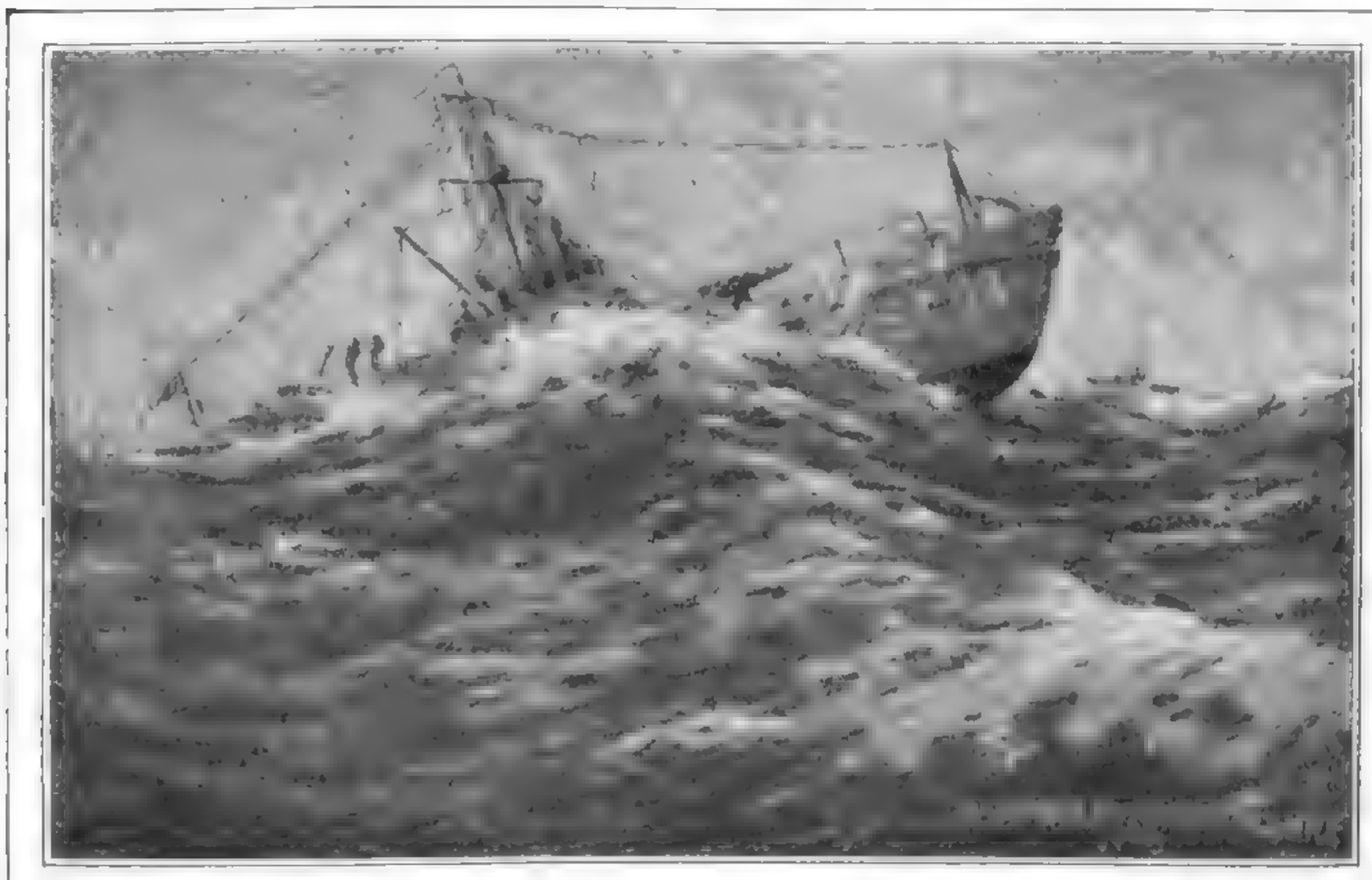
Before the war German industry had the vast stimulus created by the desire to rule the world. The lash that kept these slaves of power at the treadmill was the Pan-German autocracy, whose mouthpiece was the Kaiser. Concentrated authority will not crumble now that the war is over, no matter what camouflage of democracy will mask the real Germany. Many years ago Bismarck, who was the wisest of all the Teutons and who said that the Prussians were "a nation of household servants," made an illuminating remark which indicates that Germany, no matter what national banner she flies, will always remain subservient to organized and iron-handed rule. He said: "The German has no loyalty to Germany as Germany. He must have some kind of autocracy to serve, some master to obey." The ex-Kaiser embodied it. Now that he is in the discard there will be a successor in the shape of a quasi-industrial monarchy which will crack the whip and the German worker will dance to the tune of the whirring wheels in every factory in the country.

The Era of Renewals

Aside from any desire for restoration the German home demand will stimulate industry. German shelves are bare. The copper domes, the iron doorknobs, even the tablecloths were commandeered for war material. Handkerchiefs and bed sheets were rationed, so scant was the supply. All this must be replenished. I was told in Switzerland that the German after-the-war needs will mean an expenditure in one way or another of $7,000,000,000.

To renew the supply of one article of woman's underwear Germany will require the total output of all the Swiss factories for four years.

Behind all this is the spur of drastic nation-wide necessity. Indemnities must be paid, broken fortunes recuperated, battered pride and prestige restored. No people emerging from war ever had so great a stimulus for unremitting toil as the Germans. Unless I am much mistaken they will not waste their energy on hysterical words or revolutionary effort. Being an orderly and disciplined people they will go back to their jobs; to the rut where the system placed them. The fact that the Bolsheviki were badly beaten in the December elections in Brunswick—the first



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since the armistice—showed that the deeply rooted idea of order obtains.

That order is expressed in efficiency. For years there was a huge spilling of words about German efficiency. The plain truth about it is that so long as it is let alone it remains a marvel of action and output. In reality it is a smug, unthinking thing. Throw a wrench into the machinery and the whole structure goes wrong. A sudden problem would have the same effect. The German offensives during the war afforded striking illustrations. So long as the Great General Staff was able to launch and develop a carefully planned advance without distractions from unexpected quarters the even tenor of the German war way went on "as arranged." The moment that Foch issued that historic order "No quiet Fronts," the whole German system began to break down. The strategists got a bad case of nerves, and collapse followed. German industry would act in just the same way if similar emergencies arose in the shape of economic upheaval or destructive political change. At the time I write, late in December, the German atmosphere is clearing, which means that the industrial efficiency will be uninterrupted.

Pigs in Prussian Helmets

One factor that favors German world rehabilitation lies in her remarkable ability to give trade what it wants. This well-known fact is worth emphasizing because it is likely to help to overcome the inevitable prejudice against German goods. That the German is perfectly willing to give the customer precisely what he wants, no matter how it wounds his pride, has been proved innumerable times. An actual happening will indicate what I mean. Not so many years after the Franco-Prussian War, when the heart of France burned with bitter hatred of the Prussian, a merchant in Dijon gave a German commercial traveler an order for some mustard pots. He specified that they should be made in the form of pig heads wearing Prussian helmets showing the Imperial eagle. As a matter of fact he gave the salesman the order just to get rid of him. To his great surprise the consignment of articles arrived in due time made according to schedule. The German consul in Dijon saw one of these pots on the table in his favorite restaurant and made a formal complaint through the German embassy at Paris. Great was his humiliation when the report came back that the offensive pieces were made in Germany.

The German industrial machine is bigger to-day than ever before. It is due not only to expansion for war materials but because such colossal armament establishments as Krupp's, for example, are being turned to the arts of peace. Old Alfred Krupp would probably turn over in his grave if he knew that the giant of destruction that he raised from infancy at Essen is making typewriters instead of guns; that Bertha Krupp, the one-time "Queen of Essen" and "Our Lady of the Cannon," is wondering how the profit on a sausage machine compares with the return on a case of six-inch shells.

Throughout the war the organization of German stock companies and corporations went on apace. In Bavaria alone, during 1917, fourteen companies devoted entirely to peace projects were incorporated, with a total capitalization of nearly 40,000,000 marks.

One aid to the new German industry is worth explaining. The moment we entered the war the German Government seized and appropriated the patents of every American article sold in the empire. What was the result? When I was in Switzerland I saw what seemed to be the perfect model of a certain well-known American typewriter. On examination I found that it was not only German-made but had been manufactured under a special license granted by the German Government. This license was not given to any one producer, but was and is accessible to every shop or factory in the country on the payment of five dollars for every machine made. The danger from this performance lies in the fact that now that the war is over Germany will try to flood the world—if she is permitted to do so—with these typewriters, which will be sold as the genuine American article. She is repeating the same procedure with cash registers, adding machines, automobile self-starters and other distinctively American articles that we formerly sold in large quantities everywhere.

Incidentally I might add that Germany has taken the same liberty with trademarks that she took with treaties. For her they merely represent so many scraps of paper. In Holland, Brazil, Argentina and Chile she began to exploit so-called American tires after the war began—using the American names—and you may be sure that the habit will not stop at a time when she will resort to every known expedient to pay her debts and roll up a great volume of foreign business.

That Germany in the face of defeat began a whole new program for international trade may be proved by many things. I have before me as I write a circular issued by the Plauen Chamber of Commerce. It bears the date of August 1, 1918. Plauen is the center of the German embroidery and embroidery-machine industry. It is St. Gall's only rival. The Plauen products were sold throughout the world.

The Chamber of Commerce circular so completely outlines one angle of the new German world-trade program that I reproduce it in full as follows:

"1. The Chamber of Commerce is of opinion that the best weapons for the resuscitation of German foreign commerce will be found in German commodities. These will soon reconquer the old markets which before the war were dominated by German trade.

"2. German Chambers of Commerce should be set up in foreign countries as independent bodies, which should be free from government leading strings. Everything possible must be done to avoid the impression that these institutions are government organs; otherwise an insuperable obstacle will from the very first be placed in their path, since it may be assumed that the suspicions of enemy countries will continue after the war. The German Chambers of Commerce should be modeled on the English type.

"3. A great commercial periodical should be issued in the interests of German industry.

"4. German banks would be a considerable aid to German competition in foreign markets. These institutions should not be set up merely in a few foreign centers, but should rather form a network of banks all over each foreign country, with a central bank, and branches in all important towns.

"5. The cinematograph should be utilized as a propaganda agency by German industry. Every important department of manufacture should prepare films showing its various processes, and laying stress on the economic importance of the industry in question for Germany and foreign countries.

"6. Preparations for an Export Directory should be taken in hand at once."

Plauen merely expresses the whole German trade feeling. The Foreign Trading Company, Ltd., which was set up in the Bureau of Economics in Berlin, is typical of the kind of organization that will direct and exploit the German overseas reconstruction. The object of the corporation as outlined in its circular is:

"To provide German industry and German trade with the possibility of participation in the revival of export business, especially to the countries hitherto our enemies. The company has a semiofficial character, and has been founded by great economic Leagues of Trade and Industry, of which the most influential have been the Control Union of the German Wholesale Trade and the Union of Exporters. The directorate will consist of eight representatives of trade and industry and eight deputy directors who will be named on the advice of the various trade leagues."

Commercial Propaganda

The German Chambers of Commerce have not been idle. As evidence of their enterprise let me say that four weeks after the Brest treaty had been signed they had established a sample exhibition at Warsaw for the purpose of fostering the interest of the Polish population in German products, and more especially to assist German exporters in meeting the needs of the near and far Eastern markets after the conclusion of peace. The Association of German Chambers of Commerce, whose headquarters are at Berlin, has opened offices in Petrograd, Warsaw and Odessa, where useful business information is served to Teutonic concerns.

One final fact will round out this brief summary of German trade exploitation: The German business eye looks hungrily at Mexico. In various German newspapers during the past six months I have seen glowing accounts of the rich resources of our southern neighbor and the vast opportunity that they held out for German development. One paper made the point that during the war Mexico was compelled to get her goods from the United States. Then it continued: "This is only a temporary necessity. Mexico knows that her real friend is Germany and will know where to turn when peace comes."

That Mexico was one of the nests of German espionage and propaganda during the war is of course well known. Undoubtedly Germany proposes to use the same base for an equally sinister commercial offensive in the future.

Despite the astounding disclosures of its ramified and underhand activities German propaganda has not ceased to exist. The reptile is merely stunned. The moment the armistice was signed it turned full tilt to the task of trying to make out a case for the German commercial come-back, and to aid the discredited German industry in every possible way. No handicap is too great for the German propagandists to try to overcome. Just as soon as the American Army of Occupation crossed the Rhine it met a blast of their subsidized hot air. In this particular instance it took the form of protests that there was "never any real feeling of hostility toward the United States," and that "Germany looks to Wilson for a square deal." The Germans knew perfectly well that every American soldier represented a group of Americans back home, and if the soldier in Germany could be "sold" it would reach others. Only German propaganda could be stupid enough to frame up such an imbecile idea. I cite this episode merely to show that the propaganda institution did not die with the delusion of German might.

The Four Famous D's

This German propaganda, I might add, had striking expression in certain neutral countries, especially those that adjoined Germany. In Holland and Switzerland the system was and remains like this: The manager, chief buyer or head floorwalker of every important retail store is usually a German. His job was to create an interest in German goods. If native or Allied products were asked for it was up to him to recommend a German commodity if that commodity was available. If no German goods were accessible these commercial stool pigeons talked German goods. Their job was, as a Swiss admirably put it, "to keep the German pot boiling." I myself saw a number of these German trade propagandists of military age. When I asked why they were not serving in the army I was told that they had obtained special exemption because the German Government regarded their service to German trade more useful than their fighting qualities.

America may well profit by these revelations, because just as soon as peace lifts the barrier we shall be inundated with an army of German business agents masquerading as tourists, journalists, envoys, professors, scientists, lecturers, or any of the many other labels under which these nefarious mercenaries traveled before the war. Instead of exploiting Kultur they will pose, perhaps, as earnest seekers after the truth. Whatever their mission they will bear watching.

The survey of German industry on the threshold of permanent peace must include an appraisal of German finance. This phase is peculiarly interesting and significant, first because of the immense bill for damages that will be presented to Germany; second, for the reason that, as in no other country, the banks are the full and accredited partners of big business. What two or three Wall Street financial institutions, who had the vision to endow American world trade, did in a small way those giant Teutonic banks have done in a world way.

Practically all the huge German trusts were either instigated or fostered by one of the four famous "D" banks—the Deutsche, Dresdener, Disconto and the Darmstädter. Each of these banks had and still has its line of pet industries. The Deutsche, for example, specialized in electrical machinery and public utilities; the Disconto in foreign railways; the Darmstädter in narrow-gauge railways and breweries; and the Dresdener in water-transportation lines. Before the war these banks were in bitter and sometimes costly rivalry, but it was never a

(Continued on Page 93)

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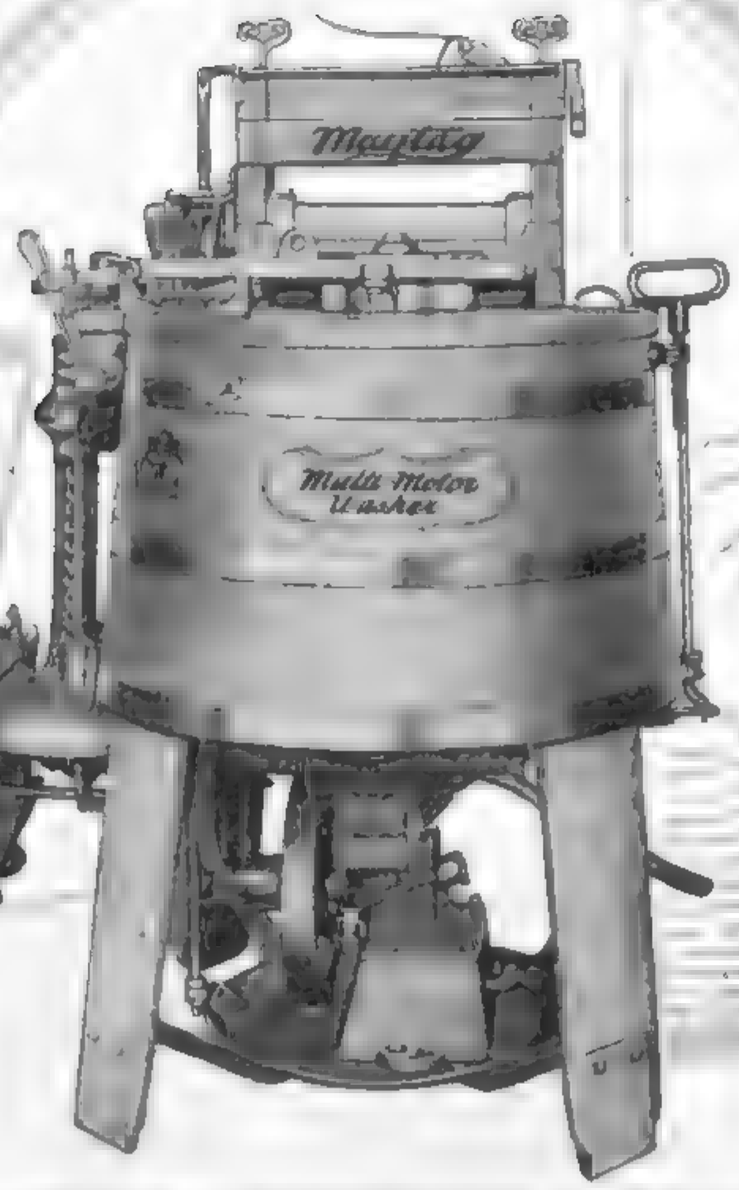

(Continued from Page 90

competition that lost a dollar for the German box office or prevented German enterprise or a German product from anchoring somewhere. The genius of German finance has been that it always put German pride and prestige before everything else.

The signing of the armistice found the four "D's" lined up for a common fiscal front. They do not love each other any the more, but it is the fear of failure that makes them kin. I do not mean failure in the sense of bank suspension, but I mean the possibility that the Fatherland is irreparably damaged economically.

On November fifth last at Zurich one of the foremost Swiss bankers, who had been in Germany in August and who has kept in close touch with the financial overlords of Berlin, Dresden and Hamburg, made the following statement to me regarding the German banking situation:

"The German Army is defeated, but German business cunning—and more especially German financial astuteness is far from being beaten. The great German banks are stronger to-day than they have ever been before. The Deutsche Bank, for example, has deposits of nearly 2,000,000,000 marks. This means that German business is far from being crippled. When I was last in Germany the Deutsche Bank was laying plans for a world-wide campaign with the idea of capturing trade through neutral channels. All the big German financial institutions have developed, rather than reduced, their representations in the neutral countries. When you consider that the German banks dominate and control German industry you can understand that their great strength to-day will be a tremendous factor in the restoration of German business and in the rebuilding of German international trade."

One menace that threatens us in this hour of international economic readjustment lies in a pernicious feature of the German financial system. The Teutonic scheme in foreign countries has always been to convert a shoe string into a golden cable. In other words, she has made a small amount of capital do more work and establish more power than any competitor. The case of Italy furnishes the most striking example of this process.

With less actual capital invested than England, France, Austria or the United States, Germany controlled ninety-two per cent of the stock companies of the Italian Kingdom before the war; dominated the whole banking system; supplied and operated practically all the public utilities, and economically had a stranglehold on the country. Incredible as it may seem, her actual cash investment in Italy on August 1, 1914, was approximately $15,000,000! How did she do it?

How Italy Was Strangled

The plan was very simple. Perhaps I can best reveal it with the specific case of the Banca Commerciale Italiana, which is the leading bank of Italy, founded by Otto Joel, a German. This bank was launched with German capital. Just as soon as it was a going and successful concern the German capital was withdrawn and Italian capital paid the freight. But the German power remained. This means that all the business at its command, whether for electrical machinery, power plants, locomotives, steamships or anything else that entered into the development of city, state or nation, went to German firms. German clerks sat at the desks; German directors were at the head of every department; it was to all intents, purposes and profits a German bank.

Here you have the German financial system at its best, which is usually the worst for the other fellow. The Italian performance has been duplicated in South America, in Russia and in South Africa. There is not the slightest doubt that it will spring up hotfoot wherever the German can get an opening. One value of this performance is that very little initial capital is involved. If Germany's finances were crippled she could still go ahead with her fiscal colonization, which is always the outpost of a considerable German trade.

So far as any visitation of the horrors of war is concerned Germany is unscathed. She took good care to see that they were all written elsewhere. Compared with the Allies she has not fared badly. She is the only one of the European belligerents whose war debt, with trivial exceptions, is owed at home. Her financing for the indemnities that she will have to pay, and for the payment of the fixed charges on her debt, can be put ahead of the war bonds. The self-sufficiency, which was one of the wonders of wartime Germany, will probably continue with finance. It is lucky for the Germans that it will, because the German bank seeking to underwrite a Restoration Loan outside Germany would be about as welcome as a raiding Zeppelin over a defenseless town.

This discussion of German finance naturally leads to the all-important question, "Can Germany pay for the outrages she has committed?" Though it is not generally known, Germany was able to wage war more cheaply, perhaps, than any other country. It was one of the benefits of the self-sufficiency of her militarism. France and England, for example, had to buy shells in the United States. Germany got them all within her own confines.

Can Germany Pay?

In October, 1917, the well-known French newspaper, Information, published a striking summary of the costs of three years of war per head of population. It disclosed the fact that Germany had spent $320 per head, or $120 less than France. France had spent $440 per head, or 38 per cent more than Germany. Britain had expended $555 per head, or $235 more than Germany.

But it is a poor lane that has no turning. Germany now faces the prospect of paying the piper. The most staggering indemnity in the history of the world is being rolled up against her. In meeting it the German people, and more especially their late military masters, will have ample opportunity to reflect on their past performances.

Though the adding machine has not yet finished clicking out the financial toll that will be exacted of Germany it is possible to make some estimate. Lloyd George has reckoned that the war bill of the Allies against Germany is $120,000,000,000. This is almost twice the total wealth of the German Empire.

How is Germany to liquidate this debt? Until it is presented it is impossible to know what she is going to do. She has not taken the world into her confidence. It is believed in Switzerland and Holland that there will be a partial confiscation of wealth to make the initial payment. Then, too, Germany has decided on a large scheme of taxation, a process that was scrupulously avoided during the war. This new taxation includes a tax on everything used or consumed in the country—including beer. One revelation of how Germany expects to protect the mark is the following extract from a letter written by one of the leading Swiss bankers—who is the representative of a great German institution—to a friend in London:

"During wartime almost every industry or commercial enterprise has been worked under more or less strict state control. The state had occasion to see exactly how things were managed and what the results were. The natural consequence will be that the state wants to regain its influence in a certain way. This is not exclusively a question of direct revenue, but the very important question of regularizing the exchange will enter into it. It seems probable that the authorities will advance this pretext to continue the actual control of every exchange transaction even after the war. In the meantime the control of commercial enterprise will continue so that the state may be in a position to regulate the importation of foodstuff and raw materials in such a manner that the exchange is protected against heavy fluctuations. The prohibition of imported luxuries will also play its part in the scheme."

Germany is determined to tax every available dollar of capital. This will be done to prevent the leakage of securities into the neutral countries which began during the last two years of the war when the German capitalists saw the handwriting on the wall. The strong boxes in banks at The Hague, Zurich and Stockholm are packed with German-owned stocks and bonds that have escaped taxation at home. The proposed scheme of German taxation imposes fine and imprisonment for evasion and exacts a deposit of twenty per cent of the capital at home of any German with money who henceforth goes abroad.

But taxation of bonds at home will not begin to pay the Allied war bill. New methods will be required to meet an unprecedented obligation. One way to penalize Germany economically and prevent the growth of an imperialized industry which would carry with it the menace of another war lies in putting a mortgage on the German income. This could be done by installing a bailiff in the shape of a custodian of the customs. Another mortgage could be taken on the German railway and other common carriers.

Cruelty, whether displayed by war-mad nation or wife-beater, always comes high when the hour of reckoning arrives. Thus Germany will not be able to raise a mark outside her own domain to pay for the collapse of her insane dream of conquest. What a contrast with the defeated France of 1871! Though borne to the dust she had the respect, the affection and the confidence of the world. Through the Rothschilds she at once floated a bond issue in England to pay the billion-dollar indemnity wrung by Prussia. Character always wins.

Analyze Germany's resources with special reference to the possibility of the payment of her debt to humanity and you discover that despite her barking about bankruptcy she is not prostrate. For one thing the value of her mineral resources is computed to be not less than $2,500,000,000. She has proved herself capable of miracle-working in the past. Her production of coal, for example, rose from 73,000,000 tons in 1885 to 273,000,000 tons in 1913. Her output of iron increased from 3,600,000 tons in 1885 to nearly 20,000,000 tons in 1913.

Germany's financial debt to civilization seems stupendous. Yet we have grown so accustomed to titanic numerals that they should not astound us now. Nor is the payment insuperable. To quote a well-known British authority:

"When we reflect that the annual cost to us of the Napoleonic Wars amounted to only about three days of our recent war expenditure is it fantastic to assume that in the space of, say, fifty years the figures that appear so overwhelming to-day will bear the same comparatively insignificant relation to the future wealth of Germany as our own war debt of a century ago does to our present resources?

"Germany will not only save the whole of her past military and naval expenditure, but at a moderate estimate the release of the man power and money previously devoted to these unproductive objects should result in the production of four or five times the amount in national wealth, if devoted to industry."

The greatest German asset, however, is her industrial capacity. For obvious reasons she will make every effort to employ it for the discharge of part of her obligation to the world. If she is to repay civilization for her misdeeds with the products of her lathe and loom, then a serious situation may develop. To pay through industrial endeavor means that the country must become prosperous. This in turn means the distribution of her merchandise throughout the world because at full steam she absorbs much less than she produces. This stimulated commercial restoration is dangerous because it sows the seeds of a future war. A prosperous Germany is an arrogant and cocksure Germany with a chip on her shoulder.

Who Will Trust a German?

It gets down to this: Shall the Allies exact an indemnity that will guarantee the rehabilitation of industrial Germany or shall some of the material fruits of victory be sacrificed to keep Germany economically down where she belongs? The Peace Conference will decide.

Meanwhile we can turn to the other side of the picture and inventory the handicaps that will beset the revealed Germany struggling for rehabilitation. Towering above them all is the world's loss of faith in her. When faith is lost all is lost. The uppermost question on the universal lip to-day is: "Who will ever trust a German again?"

I had a striking evidence of this conviction when I returned to the United States from my last trip to the war. I was abroad when the armistice was signed. After four years of wartime transatlantic commuting, with all the hazards and hardships that attended it, I felt that at last I would have a voyage with some of the compensations of peace. I had visions of a final divorce from a life belt, lighted decks and immunity from that traveling human pest who saw a periscope, waking and sleeping. It was a vain hope. Though we sailed from Liverpool on November twenty-third—exactly

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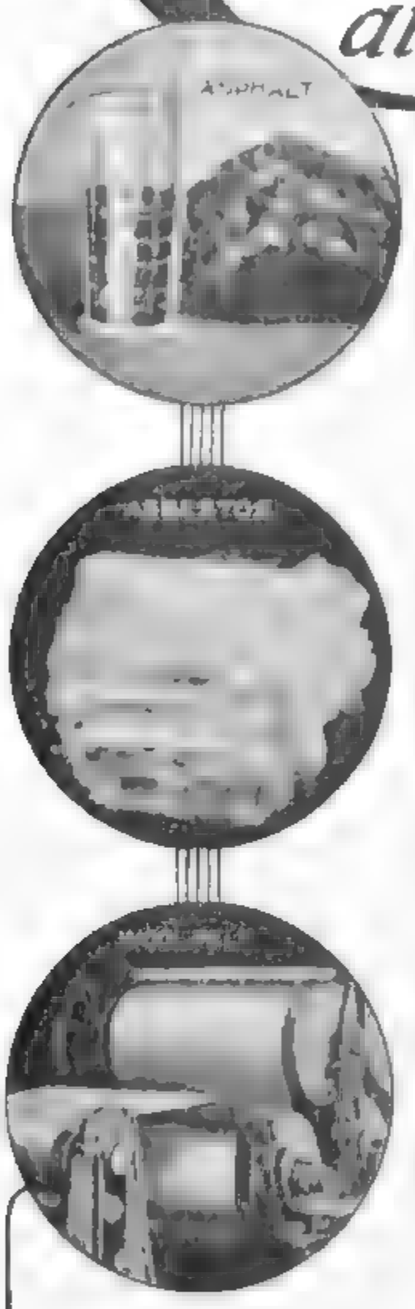

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twelve days after the end of the war—and despite the fact that the German Fleet—high-sea and submarine—had been surrendered, we took every precaution of war. We started in a convoy that was escorted by destroyers; we had the usual lifeboat drills; not a light was shown from the time we left the mouth of the Mersey until we sighted Sandy Hook. When I asked one of the ship's officers the reason for this performance, he said: "We are not taking any chances with the Germans."

This lack of faith means the loss of good will, which, after necessity, is the first essential to business. It seems likely that for a good while at least the British Empire, France, and in all likelihood the whole United States, will not have any hectic desire to buy German goods. These three markets, with Russia and the Powers allied with the late Kaiser's government, absorbed most of the German exports. What will become of the surplus German stocks?

Right here we touch the most serious obstacle to the German economic regeneration; and I will tell you why. Germany began as an agricultural nation. As soon as she became stung with the ambition to rule the world she turned to industry. The result is that more than 25,000,000 of her population of nearly 70,000,000 are dependent upon foreign food. Through the same process the prosperity of the nation is absolutely dependent upon the outside absorption of more than fifty per cent of her manufactured products. Her whole economic integrity depends upon a purchasing power that is to-day not only largely anti-German but filled with rage and resentment. Germany must therefore find new markets or go back to the land for subsistence. The phenomenal growth of her population demands a constantly increasing territory. Her colonies are probably lost to her forever. What is she to do?

Another important fact enters into the consideration of this all-necessary export trade. The great bulk of it was reared upon a peaceful penetration in which the German was a past master. Everywhere he took social root and became part and parcel of the country upon which he had economic designs. It was before the mask was torn from the German face and when it was an easy matter to pose as a loyal and naturalized American, Englishman, Italian or Brazilian. All the while he was one hundred per cent German, an agent of the German Government, and ready to do its bidding whatever the assignment, be it trade or trickery. "For Kaiser and Fatherland" was his inspiration, "*Deutschland uber Alles*" his motto.

No Time to Relax

This penetration—full brother to the vast propaganda which sought to plant German "ideals" of art and culture—is now completely discredited. In other words, the world is wise to it. It will be exceedingly difficult for the boche—this name will always cling to him—to reëstablish those human bases which were as destructive as naval bases. If nations profit by their errors and ignorances of the past they will set up a rigorous censorship and registration of aliens that will make future German mischief-making impossible. If a German wants to penetrate he must be required to do it with his flags unfurled, and not behind the camouflage of a pretended citizenship or a special purpose.

This loss of social leverage is matched by a loss equally acute. I mean the passing of the monopoly on those products that were once exclusively German. Thanks to the war we have found the key to the secrets of dyes, drugs, chemicals, potash, optical and bacteriological glass. The formulas of all these articles are in American hands, being made in American laboratories, and for American consumption. Germany will either have to undersell her new competitors or depend upon her army of scientific investigators to devise substitutes.

Gone, too, is that dream of a "Mittel-Europa" which was to crown the Germanic conquest of the world. Not only is this illusion shattered but for a long time at least Germany will find only antagonism and reproach in Austria and Turkey, who were her one-time willing dupes and tools. The American participation in the war, expressed in the rebuilding of French ports, has opened up a new highway for our products to the Near East. It fastens still another thorn into the side of the defeated and discounted Germany.

Even if Germany still retained some of the world's goodwill and had merchandise ready for export she faces the supreme humiliation of knowing that her mercantile marine—once her pride and joy—is scattered throughout the seven seas, flying the flags of nations that confuted her sinister scheme. The exaction of ton for ton will leave her well-nigh stripped of ships. Many years ago the Kaiser said: "Germany's destiny is on the seas." To-day the sea is her doom.

You have now seen a national balance sheet on which the liabilities far outweigh the assets. In addition, this German corporation—to stick to the phraseology of business—must henceforth carry an overhead of ignominy that in the last analysis is the most serious and permanent of all its handicaps.

Dark as seems the economic outlook for Germany it is no time for us to relax and ease our minds with the realization that because the Teuton is down he will remain down. Eternal vigilance must be the watchword of the future. War is bred into the German bone. Despite her defeat—and the tragedy of the war is that she was not beaten badly enough—Germany is already planning armed confusion for the years to come.

The Germans accepted the armistice terms, first, because their fleet was in mutiny; second, because they knew that Foch's masterly strategy would precipitate a military disaster without precedent; third, as I have already intimated, because immediate economic restoration was vital for the future life of the country.

The Commercial Curb

Deep down in the German consciousness there remains the desire for military rehabilitation. Examine any of the secret and confidential documents circulated during the past two or three years and you find that the tendency—no matter what the outcome of the late struggle—was toward preparation for eventualities. The text of the privately circulated petition addressed to the German Chancellor and to the governments of the various federated states of the German Empire in 1915 by the League of Agriculturists, the German Peasants' League, the Christian German Peasants' Unions, the Central Association of German Manufacturers, the Manufacturers' League and the League of Middle-Class Citizens in the German Empire, will illustrate.

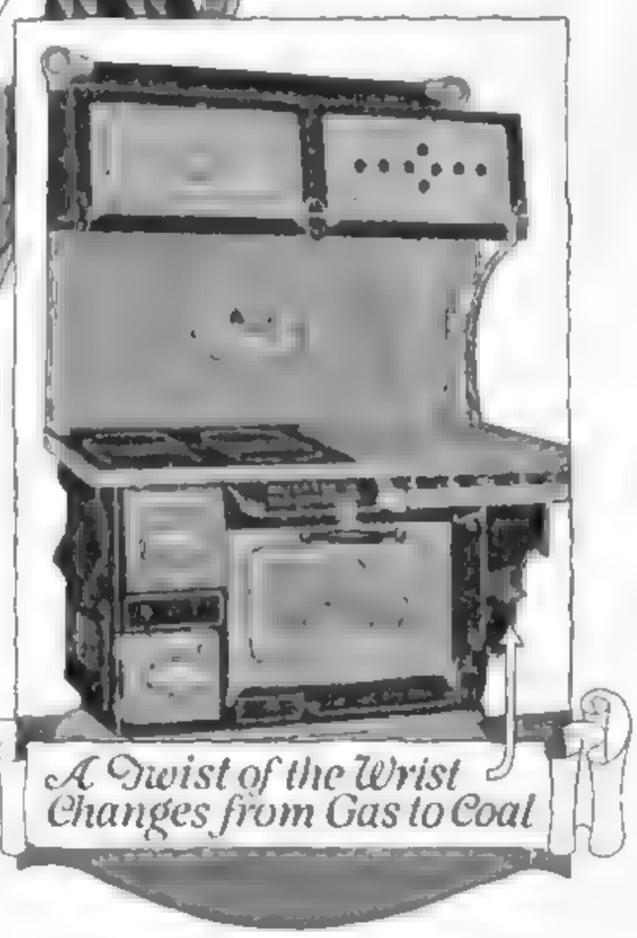
This petition was framed up when Germany feared that a premature peace would be made. In outlining the German aims it declared:

"These aims can only be attained by achieving a peace which will bring us better security for our frontiers in east and west, an extension of the foundations of our sea power, and the possibility of an unchecked and strong development of our economic resources; in short, those extensions of power, alike in politics, in the army, in the navy, and in our economic life, which will guarantee to us a stronger position in the world. Any peace which does not bring us these results will make a renewal of the struggle inevitable."

Elsewhere in this same petition appears the following: "The political, military and economic objects which the German people must strive after in the interests of the security of their future are inseparably connected with one another." It means that in the future, as in the past, German business and German war will train together if they are not checked. In restricting one you will stifle the other.

The German mind has not changed, regardless of the change in form of government. In a Baden newspaper published early last November, which I saw in Switzerland, appeared this statement: "The next war will be won in the air." Here you have the unmistakable evidence that the German, though crushed, is not cured. The only permanent remedy for his chronic trouble is to make economic recovery difficult. The war is won. By keeping Germany commercially curbed it will stay won.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson on the economic reconstruction of Europe. The next will deal with Switzerland



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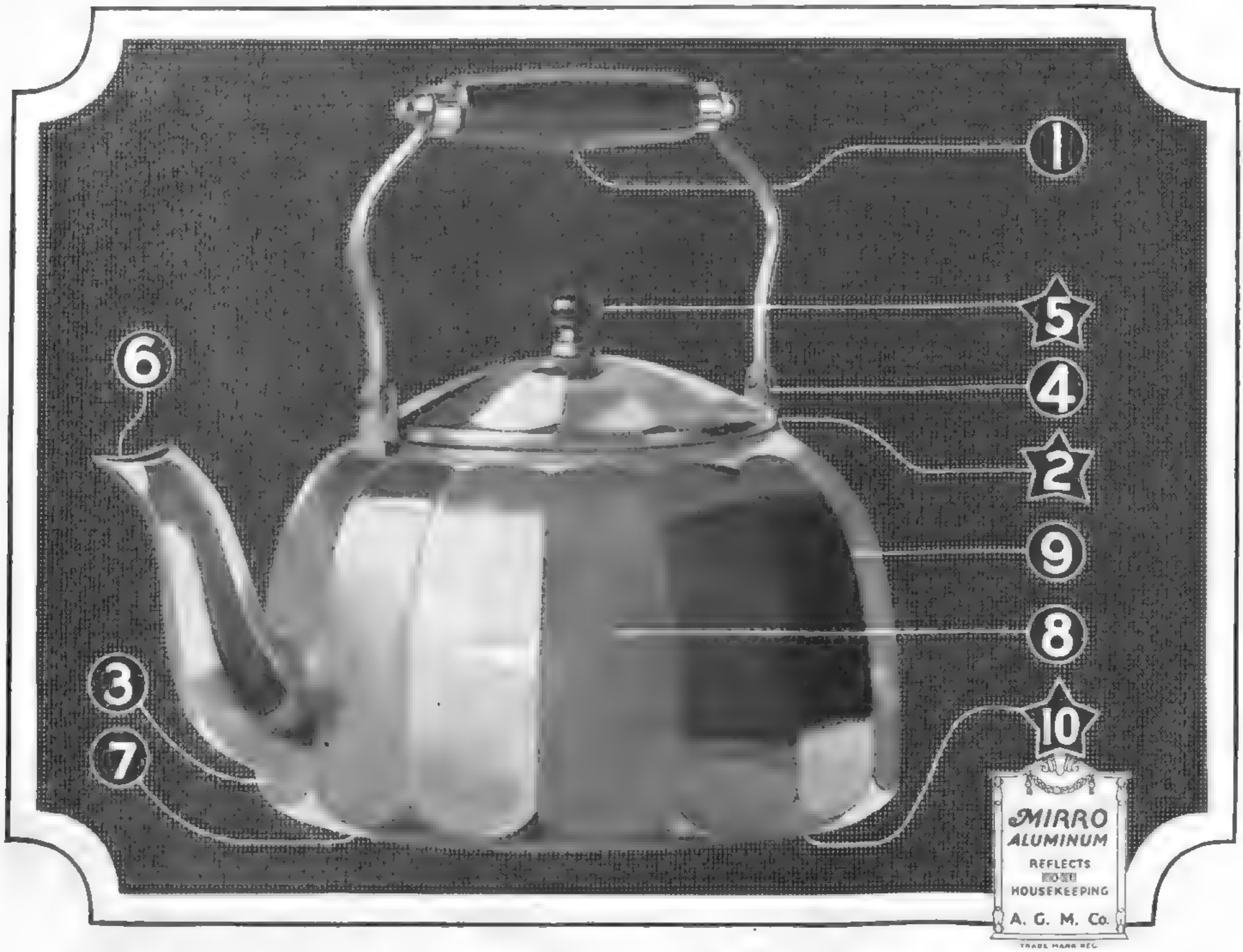

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FROM WAR TO WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN

(Continued from Page 9)

for the men in France and the Balkans and Mesopotamia and Palestine when in due time they get back from the trenches to the workshop.

That problem has been gone into by a dozen different committees in the past two years, and in the main the machinery for dealing with it is ready. The government departments chiefly concerned are the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of Labor. The task of the former is to regulate the release of munition workers, the task of the latter to find places for the suddenly unemployed. The Ministry of Labor has been strengthened for its new responsibilities by the transference to it of the late head of the labor-supply department of the Ministry of Munitions, Sir Stephenson Kent, who will be the actual director of the whole demobilization strategy.

The machinery chosen is the employment-exchange system. The exchanges were first set up under the Board of Trade in 1910, and were transferred to the Ministry of Labor on the creation of that department in 1916. Their function in peacetime was, as their name shows, to adjust the supply of labor to the demand throughout the country, to keep lists of all vacancies, of all men wanting work, and to facilitate the transfer of workmen where necessary from one district to another. At the same time they were responsible for the working of the unemployment section of the National Insurance Act.

The exchanges have not been an unqualified success—that for various reasons, notably the fact that in all skilled trades the men's trade unions served in themselves as effective agencies for the supply of labor. Now, however, the employment exchanges are being rapidly strengthened and increased in number to enable them to deal with a far greater problem than they were ever designed to handle.

Labor Exchanges

Two factors are simplifying the demobilization: In the first place the Ministry of Munitions has some control over the rate of dismissals. The production of munitions was not shut down to the blast of a whistle on November eleventh. On the contrary orders were immediately given that jobs half or two-thirds finished should be completed, and at the same time the plants were used wherever possible to produce commercial commodities instead of war material, with the same employees and on the same machines. Thus before the armistice was a fortnight old shell makers were turning out files and springs, grenade makers were manufacturing dairy separators, other munition firms were on the point of setting to work on electrical fittings, or toys, or furniture, or dairy utensils.

Then there was the fact that while thousands of men were wanting work thousands of employers were wanting men. When matters are finally adjusted there is going to be no lack of employment for years to come in Great Britain, though dark uncertainties are still present. Apart from the demands that will be made by France and Belgium for building material and furniture and machinery, the whole fabric of Britain itself is waiting to be put in repair The mines must be worked at the highest pressure to make up the coal deficiency; the permanent way and the rolling stock of the railways must be overhauled from top to bottom; a million houses, and furniture to fill them, have to be constructed; and in a score of other industries that have been nearly at a standstill for the last four years every man who was in the trade before will find work to keep him employed on overtime for as far ahead as he can see.

That of course assumes that supplies of raw material will be forthcoming, and it leaves out of account for the moment the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of workers principally women—competing in the labor market who were never competing in it before. But speaking generally the problem is to see that no employer is kept waiting for workers and no workers are kept waiting for work. That is what the employment exchange has to look after. Its equipment for the task consists of a manager of each exchange, with an advisory committee of employers and workmen in the locality to support him. Every large town has its exchange, often with several branches, and throughout the smaller towns and villages there are resident agents serving the same purpose as the fully developed exchange. The system is centralized in London in the Ministry of Labor.

By the middle of November the exchanges were hard at work dealing with the flow of discharged war workers. From the workers' point of view the situation was not desperate, for all who had been engaged on munitions, in the widest sense, were guaranteed unemployment pay for six months at the rate of twenty-four shillings a week in the case of men and twenty shillings in the case of women. That is no great figure, with the cost of living what it is to-day, but it is a material relief to the drain imposed by a spell of unemployment on savings, and after years of unbroken physical strain there are many to whom the prospect of a few weeks' holiday is welcome enough

That, however, does not lessen the magnitude of the great changeover, and it has to be remembered that for one worker who voluntarily takes a few weeks' rest a dozen will of necessity be kept idle while machinery and plant are being readapted from their war to their peace operations. And the moment demobilization begins in earnest their numbers will be multiplied daily. For the soldiers an effective scheme is in operation. They, like the munition workers, have unemployment pay guaranteed, and in their case over a period of twelve months instead of six. At the same time steps have been taken to keep the volume of even temporary unemployment at the lowest level. Every employer who wants a particular workman back is invited to ask for him, and every soldier who wants a particular piece of work is invited to apply for it. That holds good whether the soldier is in England or abroad. A postcard is given him to fill up asking whether he has a job waiting, and if so where. If he has not he states what kind of work he wants and in what locality. The employers meanwhile are also filling up postcards giving full particulars of the names and regiment and address of the men they want, and stating what kind of employment is waiting for them. All postcards from all sources ultimately reach the employment exchange for the appropriate district, after which it is easy to fit together the man who wants a particular employer and the employer who wants that particular man, while the others can be disposed of rather less immediately by the ordinary process of bringing together the supply and the demand.

Practical Difficulties

But a scheme that works on paper may run on every kind of snag in practice. That is true of the demobilization plans. One difficulty that is going to arise is the wage question. That is inevitable. An attempt has been made to get round it by an act hurriedly passed to prohibit for the next six months the lowering of the wage minimum current in a number of important trades without the special sanction of a government arbitrator. That is something, but it should be observed that it applies only to the minimum, not the average wage rate. At the best, overtime at special rates will be at an end, and highly paid munition workers will have to be content to go home at the week-end with much lighter pockets than in the past. It is not to be expected that they will flock with enthusiasm into employment where that prospect is before them. Many, moreover—and this is particularly true of the soldiers—will find their old work distasteful, and will probably enough prefer work in some industry that would soon be overstocked if all the applications for it were entertained.

That desire for change is seen on a small scale in the case of munition girls who either actually were or would in due course have become domestic servants. There is every sign of a general refusal to exchange the relative freedom of industrial life for the restraints of domestic employment, and the difficulties of the average middle-class household are likely to be quite as acute during the first months of peace as

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The core, or combustion chamber—the glowing "heart"—becomes red-hot, producing radiant heat and consuming the gas at high temperature—without odor or fuel waste.

Compact! The Lawson ODORLESS takes up little space, yet gives out more heat than ordinary gas stoves of larger size and higher price. There is an economical size for the largest to the smallest space: hall, living-room, bed-room, nursery, den, bath—any one or all made cosily warm in a few minutes.

Your Dealer or Gas Company can supply you

Or, write us for descriptive folder and how to get the Lawson ODORLESS without delay.

Lawson Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh

Also makers of Lawson Water Heaters—over a million in use. Booklet, "Plenty of Hot Water," on request.

FOUR SIZES	
No.	For Rooms
0	8 x 8 ft.
1 or 10	10 x 12 ft.
20	14 x 16 ft.
30	18 x 20 ft.

Lawson Odorless Gas Heater

they have been through the last two or three years of war. The same tendency will be found in men and women brought up to other trades. Many men, for example, whose life hitherto has been passed in offices and workshops will declare for open-air occupation in the future, either on the land in England or on the land in some British colony. That raises the question of training as well as employment, for the recognition is at last dawning on the British people that agriculture is a skilled trade, and there will be no fear of the returned soldier being pitchforked into it untrained and unequipped.

These are the problems the employment exchanges have before them—and if the exchanges are run as mere machinery and nothing more they are going to break down very completely and very quickly. It is easy enough to pick up such convenient terms as "the transference of labor," and to talk lightly of "drafting," say, bricklayers from London to Lancashire. But when all is said a workman is a man and not a piece of mechanism. Neither is he a snail carrying his house on his back. The house he lives in is built into the ground and he has to leave it where it is when he goes somewhere else. For that reason he has a strong prejudice against going somewhere else. He is not going to be moved about the country like a pawn on a chessboard by some government official, particularly after a gruehng four years or so in the army. If he has got to go he must be satisfied that the move is for his own benefit.

Emigration to New Lands

That is where the employment-exchange advisory committees will come in. They have had comparatively little to do in the past, but their testing time has come now. Half the membership of each committee consists of trade unionists, so that the workman coming under their purview can count on sympathetic treatment. If the advisory committees can create and maintain a humanizing atmosphere throughout the employment-exchange system they should find it in their power to apply just that lubricant of good will and understanding that will keep the wheels of the machine running smooth and silent.

An overlooked factor in easing up the employment situation here is the quiet process of emigration which is going on. Here is a solution for some of the present industrial problems which is at once attractive and disquieting. No one has been especially pushing this movement, for it is a movement, and it is growing in volume. Employers are frankly anxious. The loss of a skilled adult worker may be definitely measured in terms of so many dollars invested. Change of habitation is not confined to the roving and the adventurous; it is quite as often a sign of vitality and ambition. Hundreds of men and women may be seen crowding the window displays of the various dominion-government offices along the Strand. Hundreds have gone within to ask for literature and make inquiries. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the South African lands can make good use of the energetic men and women who have done such notable war work here during these four years past. Workingmen and their families are seeking better prospects abroad. They do not wish to put up with a period of anxiety about a job. Returned soldiers with a taste for the open gaze at the alluring landscapes and views of work outdoors in the spacious overseas dominions. They take away with them the folders and the prospectuses, and there is a serious look on their faces. Is history repeating itself? Every great war has resulted in a large shift of population.

The work of reconstruction and of restoration is going forward rapidly, not without its daily perplexities and fresh difficulties, but its stride is evident. Trade unions and the workers generally through their Labor Party are disposed to make the transition time as orderly as possible. They willingly accept the new conditions in industry, knowing that the future of their country is at stake in the decisions that are being made. They will throw themselves into the task of upbuilding if they can secure in return a frank recognition of the moral advance which labor has made as a national force—an appreciation of the new self-respect which has taken hold of the humblest toiler. The workers ask for an improved status, a finer relation than they have had hitherto in the scheme of management. They think that within their own range of interests and opportunities they have contributions of value to make to the industries in which they are engaged. They regard employment as a venture in coöperation.

Such views and aspirations find no opposition on the part of the best employers here. On the contrary they are welcomed as holding out a promise of better relations and more productive organization. Here are the words of a great employer whose goods fill the world markets:

"It is idle to hope to increase output unless the confidence of the workers can be gained and their coöperation enlisted; unless, in other words, they can be placed in a position to understand how their work is needed for the sake of the future of the country, in the same way as they learned to understand the meaning and the purpose of their military duties. Confidence must take the place of suspicion, and public service the place of sectional self-interest in the relation between the two parties, or the lesson of the war will not have been learned."

Mighty little progress, and one-sided at that, will take place in restoring and reconstructing if the women are left out of the account. The woman worker has filled a big place in the war enterprise; she has been told this over and over again, and she admits it. She doesn't for one little bit see herself as merely an incident in the industrial happenings of the moment; nor does she look upon her own peculiar industrial requirements as second to those of her male fellow worker. Men may propose this or that, and they do, but these women war workers have come to be considerable disposers, and likewise alert and astute proposers themselves. Before the war there were six million women workers in the United Kingdom, not far from a third of them in domestic service. For the actual replacement of men who had been called away for military service eight hundred thousand women were taken on. Some will go now, others will stay. Figures can be only guesswork just at present. I asked an intelligent-looking, fine-faced woman, filing delicate turbine blades in an engine shop, what she expected to do when the war was over.

No Longer an Accident

"Well, sir," she replied deliberately as she laid down her file and started to wipe her spectacles, "I came here to help out in the war, and I have been working here for three years. If any soldier comes back or any wounded man from the service I will give up my place to him. I counted on doing that when I came here. But if any other kind of a man wants this place—well, I have as much right to live as he has."

Where did the woman's industrial army come from? As nearly as one can figure it out more than one hundred thousand women came from the ranks of household servants; a large number had been working in a small way for themselves; girls came from school and farm and fishing village; women from their husbandless homes; thousands who had no need of the wage came for patriotic reasons, because the country called them. They have all of them earned their salt. They have made good. It is a safe guess to say that women will from now on be in industry in greater numbers than ever before. Many trades will be short-handed for some time to come. They will want the women. Suspended or reduced industries will soon be brisk again and they are glad to have the workers who have given such a good account of themselves in difficult trades. The question of wages will be a knotty one to settle, and many adjustments will have to be made day by day.

Woman is no longer an accident in industry. She has come to stay, and to take her place alongside the man in all schemes, plans, projects and programs which may be forthcoming. She asks no favors. All she insists on is a reasonably rapid acknowledgment of the fact that she has arrived, and she is strong in the conviction that her attaining industrial majority will be to the good all round.

There have been exaggerated impressions as to the substitution of men by women. At the most, replacement by women of skilled men has not been large. The increase in the machine trades, for example, has been almost entirely due to shell making, which involves working, for the most part, automatic or semi-automatic

(Concluded on Page 101)

Note how this Brown Shaping Last supports the completed arch of the foot, in a graceful curve—a change that takes place gradually in each succeeding size until maturity.

How Brown Shaping Lasts Prevent Future Foot Troubles

THE feet are the only part of the growing body that is encased in a rigid covering. *Shoes* instead of Nature *shape* the feet. The *shoes* must be correctly shaped, or the *feet* will suffer.

Brown Shaping Lasts are scientifically designed to give the *correct shape* to shoes for every age from 2 to 16—to support and develop the soft pliable bones and tender muscles of the feet—to prevent weak feet, broken arches, and other foot ailments that come from *incorrectly* shaped shoes.

Buster Brown Shoes are the *only* shoes made upon these lasts. They fit the feet perfectly, without binding and pinching. They are made by expert shoemakers from dependable leathers, including Government standard oak-tanned soles, and are noted for their sterling wearing qualities.

Good shoe stores everywhere in the U. S. sell Buster Brown Shoes at $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up—according to size and style—and in various leathers.

Write for a free copy of the authoritative book, "Training the Growing Feet". It tells how Brown Shaping Lasts were developed, and their importance to health of boys and girls. Address Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A., Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

The magic ring!

The Inland ring will give you all the *power* you need to transform your motor. Replace the wasteful gap-type or worn piston rings now in your engine, with gas-tight Inlands. You'll *marvel* at the result—much more power and mileage on less fuel and oil, and smoother running in every way. The

INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

has proved to thousands of motorists that it *pays* to install new, gas-tight piston rings after a car has run several thousand miles. Piston rings are simply metal washers. When faulty, or worn, they cause loss of power, waste of fuel and oil, more carbon, sooty plugs, valve trouble and noisy running.

Inlands in your motor will make it run like new.

The Inland Spiral Cut principle (patented) is recognized by motor experts the world over as a distinct achievement in piston ring improvement—combining the simplicity, strength and low cost of one-piece construction with absolutely gas-tight efficiency. The Spiral Cut eliminates the gap and causes the ring to uncoil in a perfect circle against the cylinder wall, making a continuous seal. This principle also permits the strongest and most durable construction—equal width and thickness all around, no weak or thin places.

Ask your garage man about Inlands.

He knows how necessary it is to renew piston rings. He knows, too, that the Inland is mechanically perfect and that it will save you money in the *cost* of new piston rings and in the cost of *running your car*. See him today.

Inland Machine Works, 1635 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers: Jobbers everywhere stock Inlands. Ask yours.

(Concluded from Page 98)

machinery. So far as shipbuilding is concerned, the number of women is negligible. The position of the skilled craftsman is not seriously prejudiced by the competition of the woman worker, except as processes are broken up and simplified so they call for less general skill. Whatever competition occurs between men and women workers will be found on the levels of unskill or semi-skill, and here labor-saving machinery is likely to play a big part in the near future.

When the Mexican peon has made his three or four days' wages he is ready to knock off, take his ease in his little neighborhood grog shop, bask in its sunny dooryard, and call it a week. He sees no reason for extending himself beyond what is needed just to keep him and perhaps his wife and children. If a few days' work will do it, so much the better. When his pockets are empty and the liquor has worked itself off, the call of the job is heard once more. The problem of alcohol is not a simple one to deal with anywhere; the evils to which it gives rise are too deeply rooted for any simple statement of remedies. We may be certain of this, whatever experts and laymen, reformers and standpatters may say on the subject—the words of a mine boss I once heard in a Western copper country to a miner reeling toward the cage shaft hold true: "See here, son, booze and mining can't work the same shift."

Great Britain has to face the drink question as one of its huge reconstruction jobs. Industry cannot come back to normal and better conditions with its pre-war drink load as it was. Employers and many labor officials realize this. One of the largest employers in England told a group of people the other day gathered to consider this question that Great Britain could not hold her own with the United States unless the alcohol traffic was suppressed.

"Whatever may be said for the public house, the club and the home as regards drink, let us not forget that we have lost one million productive men, and about half this number in disabled. We may be impoverished industrially. America has lost much less, she is rich and growing richer—and is going dry. Does anyone believe that we can compete with her on any equal terms if we let drink grip us as it did before?"

Sanitary Reforms

There is a strong campaign on for a national-health bill. Lloyd George has thrown himself into this campaign with vigor and with a lively sense of its importance to the British Empire's industrial restoration. "What is the first thing the great war has shown us?" he said the other day. "The appalling waste of human material in this country. Those who were in charge of recruiting came to the conclusion that if the people of this country had lived under proper conditions, were properly fed and housed, and lived under healthy conditions free from various evils and consequent diseases, had lived their lives in the full vigor—you could have had a million more men available and fit to put into the army. There are millions who are below par. You cannot bring up children under bad conditions. Put it at its lowest, all trade, commerce, industry—they all suffer through it."

The liquor business is coming under public control. Such regulation as was exercised during the war, with a reduction in the supply and a lowering of the alcohol content of beverages, effected at once a reduction in arrests for drunkenness of men and women to one-third of the pre-war figure, deaths from alcoholism to one-fourth, and insanity from the same cause to one-half. From the side of industry, regularity of attendance, or "time-keeping" as it is called here, practically doubled.

Steady employment under the best possible conditions is the demand of every worker and of every worker's spokesman in this country. It is a well-founded demand. To bring this about is to steady this country as it has not known steadiness for decades. Every intelligent employer believes in this demand, for he knows that there will be little chance to make the wheels of industry hum and keep humming without a settlement of this universal hope.

What does labor ask of industry? It has formulated its program. Here it is in a nutshell: The throwing open of lands for use and development by the people; a public-health act to prevent preventable illness; a million new houses built at public expense and let at fair rents; nationalization of the public services, mines, railways, shipping, armaments and electric power; extension of trade unionism; a national minimum wage for each industry based on determinations by industrial boards sitting for each industry; abolition of the menace of unemployment; limitation of the hours of labor; drastic overhauling of the various laws dealing with factory conditions, safety and workmen's compensation; enlargement of the coöperative movement; international labor legislation to deal with the competition of sweated goods; revision of taxation upward; and equal treatment of men and women in government and in industry.

These purposes the spokesmen of the British labor forces have set themselves the task of bringing about through the power of their vote. They look to the method of parliamentary action as the means for accomplishing their aims and program. Any other method than that which democracy holds out is in their judgment suicidal. Only by keeping industry free from dislocation can any benefits come or last.

The war has shown the vastness of the slack or reserve energy which can be used for the national need. The repair of the deteriorated or damaged fabric of industry, the furnishing of new capital for expanded ventures in foreign trade, modernizing industrial plants, new taxation burdens of the war legacy, the high rate of interest which must prevail—these things will make it impossible to continue the level of real wages and standard of comfort which have reached down to classes formerly quite submerged in the scale of industry, without a very large increase in the aggregate product. Labor and capital are busy with solutions of this huge problem. Never before have groups of industrial captains and representatives of workmen been so much in conference as they are during these days. They are busy sizing up the problem and laying down the rules of the game. Both sides have learned lessons of value out of their war experience. They accept the proposition of better and more efficient work, a larger use of the man power of the country, better organization and discipline of the labor forces, more enterprise and wisdom on the part of managers and employers, a larger application of science to industry, better industrial training—these are the topics they confer about, knowing that to settle these matters is to assure the production which alone means prosperity for all.

The Way of Hope

These issues are not new of course. They were ripening before the war. For a long time warnings of the rapid strides made by Germany and the United States had been uttered. But there was too much self-complacency to give heed. Even government figures had shown that the nation's output of wealth was not enough, even if ideally distributed, to provide a satisfactory standard of comfort.

The century-long fight against poverty was only a preliminary skirmish. The war has proved to be its most effective antagonist. By the middle of 1918 applications for pauper relief had fallen to two-thirds those received in 1914. It is not against poverty that the minds of employers, employed and statesmen are now directed. Funds started early in the war to relieve cases of hardship due to war causes have remained untouched. The big problem now is one of intelligent teamplay and coöperation.

Extremists on both sides may make the work of reconstruction difficult. If they succeed they will have chaos for their pains. For capital it would mean paralysis; for labor untold privations; for all concerned a wrecking of the springs of production out of which comforts come.

The way of hope lies along an industrial policy which reckons with the new viewpoint and new possibilities of mutual arrangement based on respect for what each factor in industry means to the other. Level-headed men in all camps subscribe to this view and are committed to this procedure. A competent authority consulted by all industrial leaders here has said: "To hold the balance true between the economic and the human side of the problem; to increase at once the extent and the quality of the output; to make the work of each man in any position an integral and worthy part of his life as a citizen—this is a task for us as truly national as that of victory in war."

"What *your* handwriting reveals"

A fascinating booklet of 32 pages showing 50 facsimile writings interpreting individual characteristics.

Select
Spencerian Pens

suited to your individual handwriting from a sample box of *10 different patterns* in bright steel, gilt and silvered finish.

Box of pens and booklet sent you by mail on receipt of ten cents

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"Hurry up, Jack, you're missing lots of fun!"

WHEN young people get together for a jollification, cards make the best kind of entertainment. Everyone joins in—there are no wall-flowers. Cards give clean, healthy, animated amusement at almost no expense.

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

add to the pleasure, because they speed up play. They are so well finished they shuffle, slip and deal quickly and without error. They are so inexpensive you can always keep a fresh deck on hand for impromptu affairs.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS are de luxe decks with richly colored art backs and gold edges. For social play, gifts and prizes.

Send for this book Every card player needs the new, revised edition of "The Official Rules of Card Games". Correct rules for 300 games, 250 pages. Answers every question. Sent postpaid for 20c in stamps. *Illustrated catalog of all kinds of cards and card supplies free.*

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Build Your Home the 1919 Way

If you are planning a new home you will find the following suggestions of considerable interest

Building a new home is a matter that requires careful thought and mature judgment. Many times it means the investment of a life's savings accumulated at considerable sacrifice of personal pleasure and convenience.

Therefore, from the selection of the plans right through to the final decorations, each step should be taken with extreme care. And the most important, yet oftimes most difficult task, is in first selecting the home that is sure to meet your present and future requirements.

One of the most practical plans, if you are considering a home of moderate cost, say between $1500 and $10,000, is to secure one whose convenience, utility, comfort and economy have been proved out by the experience of hundreds of other people. Such a home, you might well suppose, would cost you more than the ordinary kind; on the contrary, it will cost you considerably less.

The Alameda

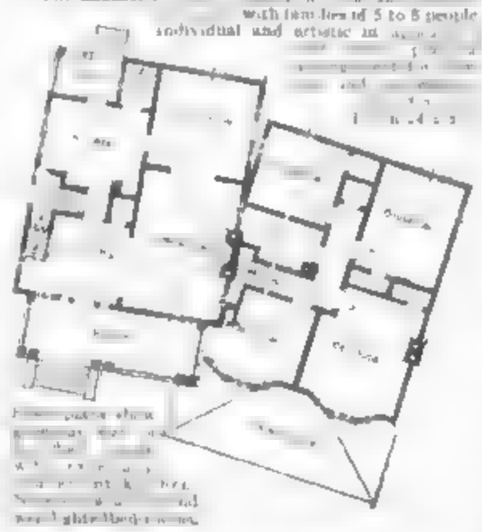
make it especially comfortable in summer.

Size 34 x 38 ft. Porch 22 x 8 ft.

Floor plan showing convenient arrangement of rooms all on one floor yet with privacy

The Lancaster

with families of 5 to 8 people individual and artistic in appearance



The Successful Way of Home Building

For a number of years the Lewis Manufacturing Company, of Bay City, has been designing moderate-priced homes, and furnishing all the materials cut-to-fit, ready for assembling. The Company in 1907 manufactured the very first ready-cut houses, and ever since has been constantly improving and perfecting its methods and plans. More than a hundred types of residences have been designed, with every detail carefully planned for convenience, comfort, appearance and economy. The material for scores of each type of these houses has been shipped all over the United States and abroad, so that today literally many thousands of Lewis-built homes testify to the advantages of the plan.

For these homes we furnish the lumber logged from our own forests, cut in our own saw-mills, and finished in our own finishing mills. We also furnish the hardware, windows, nails, paint, stain, varnish, etc. Of course, complete plans are supplied with every order showing the exact location of every piece of material entering into the construction. This large-scale production makes possible the economy of the Lewis method.

Individual Attention and Counsel

Like these thousands of owners of Lewis-built homes, you too can secure a home exactly suited to your requirements. You can be *sure in advance* that it will be comfortable to live in, of attractive appearance inside and out. You can learn *in advance* what the cost will be, and later on will not be troubled by the burdensome cost of unexpected extras. You will be guaranteed the best of material, accurate workmanship, and a saving of time, trouble and expense.

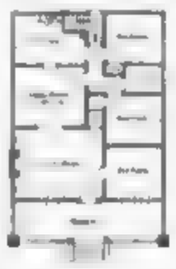
As our policy is to give as full satisfaction as humanly possible to all of our customers, your needs and wants will receive our individual attention. We will help you decide exactly what type of a house will best suit your present and future requirements. We will advise you as to choice of materials, finish, etc. You may feel perfectly free to write us fully on this subject of your new home—a subject whose great importance to you we fully appreciate.

The Lewis Book of Homes

Our 1919 Book of Homes contains illustrations of a hundred beautiful homes at moderate cost, including floor plans and full descriptions. Fill in the coupon below and return it with 4c in stamps to defray the actual cost of postage, and we will send you a copy of this book by return mail. If you will answer the questions as fully as you can, we will send you a letter of personal advice to help you get exactly the sort of home that will suit you best. Address—Lewis Mfg. Company, 12 Bay Ave., Bay City, Mich.

The Ardan—This bungalow is built at a price so low it will surely surprise you. With newly married couples it is a prime favorite. As inviting in exterior as it is comfortable to live in.

Size 30 x 36 ft., Porch 30 x 8 ft.



Floor plan shows careful utilization

Quantity Users of Lewis-Built Homes

Many large concerns among them numerous well known construction companies, have testified to the efficiency and economy of the Lewis method by buying these houses in quantities. Following are just a few names of Lewis quantity-customers.

United States Government
Bigelow Hartford Carpet Co.
Berger Manufacturing Co.
Cumberland Mills
Connecticut Telephone & Electric Co.
Consolidated Rubber Tire Co.
Detroit Iron Works
Western Electric Co.
The New Jersey Zinc Co.
Consumers Power Co.
Thomas Manufacturing Co.
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
Pittsburgh Home Corporation

Many others equally well known

Lewis Manufacturing Co., 12 Bay Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Please send catalog of Lewis-Built Homes. I am considering a home to cost not to exceed $_____ complete. My lot is _____ x _____.

Which direction will it face?_____ Is your lot on a corner?_____

How many in family? _____ Children_____ Adults_____

Is your preference for a bungalow, two-story, one and one-half story, or duplex?_____

Write your Name and Address clearly in the margin below

TEMPUS FUGITS

(Continued from Page 15)

Meantime there was much deep thinking disturbing the mental processes of colored professional circles. In the veins of Lawyer Evans Chew, for example, there coursed the hot blood of a speculating race, and flaming in his mind was remembrance of the tip dropped so casually and good-naturedly by Jockey Spider Hawkins the previous night.

A maiden five-year-old by the name of Laddie Buck, Spider had prognosticated, was a sure thing for the fourth race at Saratoga on the coming Saturday. Laddie Buck was going to the post a long shot. Anywhere from thirty to fifty to one. Five dollars bet on Laddie Buck at thirty—minimum odds—stood to net the successful better one hundred and fifty dollars. The risk was small; the potential reaping, large.

Lawyer Evans Chew nodded, wrote a check for five dollars, cashed it at the bank downstairs, and made his way forthwith to the office of Tempus Attucks, broker and general agent for Jackson Ramsay, arch operator. He met Dr. Vivian Simmons, emerging.

"Howdy, Doctor Simmons?"

"Mawnin', Lawyer Chew."

"Been transacting some business with Brother Attucks?"

"Most likely."

Evans Chew grinned.

"Business named Laddie Buck, ain't it, doctor?"

"Jes' about. Yo' on the same mission?"

"Five dollars' worth. How about you?"

"Five for myself and one for Sally Crouch."

"It's a good chance, doctor."

"Fine chance, Lawyer Chew! There's heaps of others believing that Spider Hawkins gave us an accurate tip. They're all goin' to lay wagers: Simeon Broughton and Florian Slappey—of course Florian would. And—though I ain't sayin' it's so, mind you—Sister Callie Flukers was hintin' that she heard that Rev'end Plato Tubb, of the Fust African M. E. Chu'ch, was considerin' risking two dollars."

The attorney chuckled.

"Rev'end Tubb has a lib'ral conscience, Doctor Simmons. Reckon he'd argue he wasn't betting, on account he's so sure he's goin' to win."

For Tempus Attucks business maintained a terrific pace throughout the day. By some magic the news of Spider Hawkins' sure-thing for the fourth race on Saturday had spread through the town. To the office of Tempus Attucks came the élite and the humble, laying wagers ranging from twenty-five cents to five dollars on Laddie Buck at the best odds obtainable at the opening of the books on Saturday. There was an indefinable something in the calm confidence of the betters that seeped into Tempus' blood and set it a-simmering.

He had known Spider Hawkins only by reputation; but the day's business indicated that the community had implicit confidence in Spider's judgment. Folks believed that Laddie Buck was destined to romp home ahead of the field, as Spider had forecast. If that was the case ——

Tempus Attucks was sufficiently affluent to covet real wealth. At no time in his soft life had he ever been down to his last dollar. Conversely he had at no time possessed more than eight hundred. At present he was seized and possessed of just about three hundred and fifty. And he calculated rapidly that if Laddie Buck should win, and he had happened to bet at long odds ——

The community was confident. When Tempus closed his books that night his friends and fellow citizens had intrusted him with no less than seventy-two dollars, every cent of which was to be laid on Laddie Buck. It went to Tempus Attucks' head like wine. He determined to get in on the game himself. But Tempus was canny. Taking a chance had no place in his cosmic scheme. He sought the fount of knowledge; he insinuated himself upon Jockey Spider Hawkins, whom he found puffing a gold-banded cigar in the doorway of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel.

"Evenin', Brother Hawkins."

"Howdy, Misto' Attucks?"

"Have another cigar?"

Spider sniffed it delicately.

"Good terbacker, Brother Attucks." He slipped it into a silver cigar holder. "How yo' makin' it, Brother Attucks?"

"Slow—pow'ful slow! Things don't seem to pick up none whatever."

"Sorry! Might' sorry! Folks been prospectin' to me yo' been gittin' on tol'able well."

"Gittin' on?" Tempus laughed a short bitter laugh. "Gittin' on means a diff'ent language to these heah niggers an' to yo' an' me, Brother Hawkins."

Spider nodded.

"Ain't it the truth now, Brother Attucks? Ain't it the truth?"

"Shuah is! These heah niggers, ef they got a hund'ed dollars they think they got all the money what is. Me an' yo' us knows that ain't nothin' but a baggy tell."

"Ain't it so? Hund'ed ain't nothin' a-tall. Not nothin' a-tall—it ain't."

"Co'se I got a good business. Makes a trifle ev'y li'l' heah an' there. Always 'members my frien's; always do. Anybody'll tell yo' that 'bout Tempus Attucks. Yassuh; they shuah will. But times is slow. What I wants is r'il money; shuah 'nuff lots of it."

"Mos' all of us is 'flicted thataway, ain't it?"

Attucks nudged Spider playfully. "Yo' is shuah the humorestest feller!"

"Aw, sa-a-ay!"

"Yo' is, shuah 'nuff! Reckon yo' knows a heap of things."

"Reckon I does."

"'Bout hawsses an' seeh."

"Soht of."

"What I likes 'bout yo', Brother Hawkins—what I likes the very mostest 'bout yo'—is yo' ain't no tight-lipped feller 'mongst yo' frien's."

"Me?" Spider's brows arched with surprise. "Reckon yo' ain't knowed me ver' long, Brother Attucks. Ise the tight-liptest man what is."

"Not 'mongst yo' frien's."

"Shuah is!"

"Ain't yo' say right out in public last night 'bout that hawss Laddie Buck winnin' the fo'th race up to Sarantoga?"

"Laddie Buck? Lad — " Spider swung suddenly and his eyes bored into those of his interrogator. "Lawd, Brother Attucks, yo' ain't gone an' bet no r'il money on that they dawg, is yo'?"

"Why, I I thought — "

"Oh! Golly, Brother Attucks; tell me yo' ain't took serious what I said las' night 'bout that they ol' jack!" pleaded Spider. "Tell me the truth—yo' ain't bet on him, is yo'?"

"Yo'—yo' said — "

"I was on'y foolin'—tha's all! Ev'y man e'n have his li'l' joke. But I woul'n't gosp'lin' no live tips thataway. Lawd, no!"

"Yo' yo' means to stan' up they, Brother Hawkins, an' tell me Laddie Buck ain't got no chancet to win thisyer fo'th race on Sat'dy?"

"Win it? Win!" Spider threw back his head and laughed ringingly. "Say, Brother Attucks, ef yo' was ever to see that they he-cow yo'd die laughin'. On'y way that dawg could win, Brother Attucks, would be ef ev'y other hawss in the race done fell down at the barrier—an' on'y then pervidin' Laddie Buck could travel th' distance a-tall. Hones', a th'ee-legged nanny goat e'd give that nag a six-fu'long staht in a seven-fu'long race an' breeze under the wire a length to th' good! Laddie Buck's jes' one of them hawsses that wasn't nev' meant to win. W'en he's down to staht the jedges write his name in the also-ran colyum an' fohgit he's alive. En all the time I been spohtin' silk, Brother Attucks, I ain't saw nothin' slower'n that Laddie Buck, 'ceptin' a lame snail I knowed oncet."

"But—but yo' said ——"

"Listen heah at what Ise tellin' yo', Brother Attucks: Is yo' done gone an' bet yo' money on Laddie Buck, or isn't yo'?"

"I ain't bet none yit."

"Then don't! An' tha's the bestest advice I ev' gave anybody. Ef yo' wanna git some r'il fun out of that they money yo' was gwine bet on Laddie Buck, change it into silver dollars an' climb to the top of the mount'in an' see how far yo' e'n scale 'em. B'lieve me, we'n the hawss stork brought Laddie Buck, Brother Attucks, she made a mistake. He should of been drapped in a liver' stable."

"Yo' said ——" floundered Tempus weakly.

"Tha's what comes of yo' not knowin' me, Brother Attucks. Ef yo' had of

(Concluded on Page 105)

WOOD WHEELS For MOTOR VEHICLES

American Express Company Trucks Demonstrate the Worth of WOOD Wheels

Perhaps no truck service is more exacting than that demanded by a large express company. Heavy overloads and constant activity, coupled with the urgent need for haste and immunity from breakdowns, are uncompromising tests of the efficiency of a truck and its running equipment.

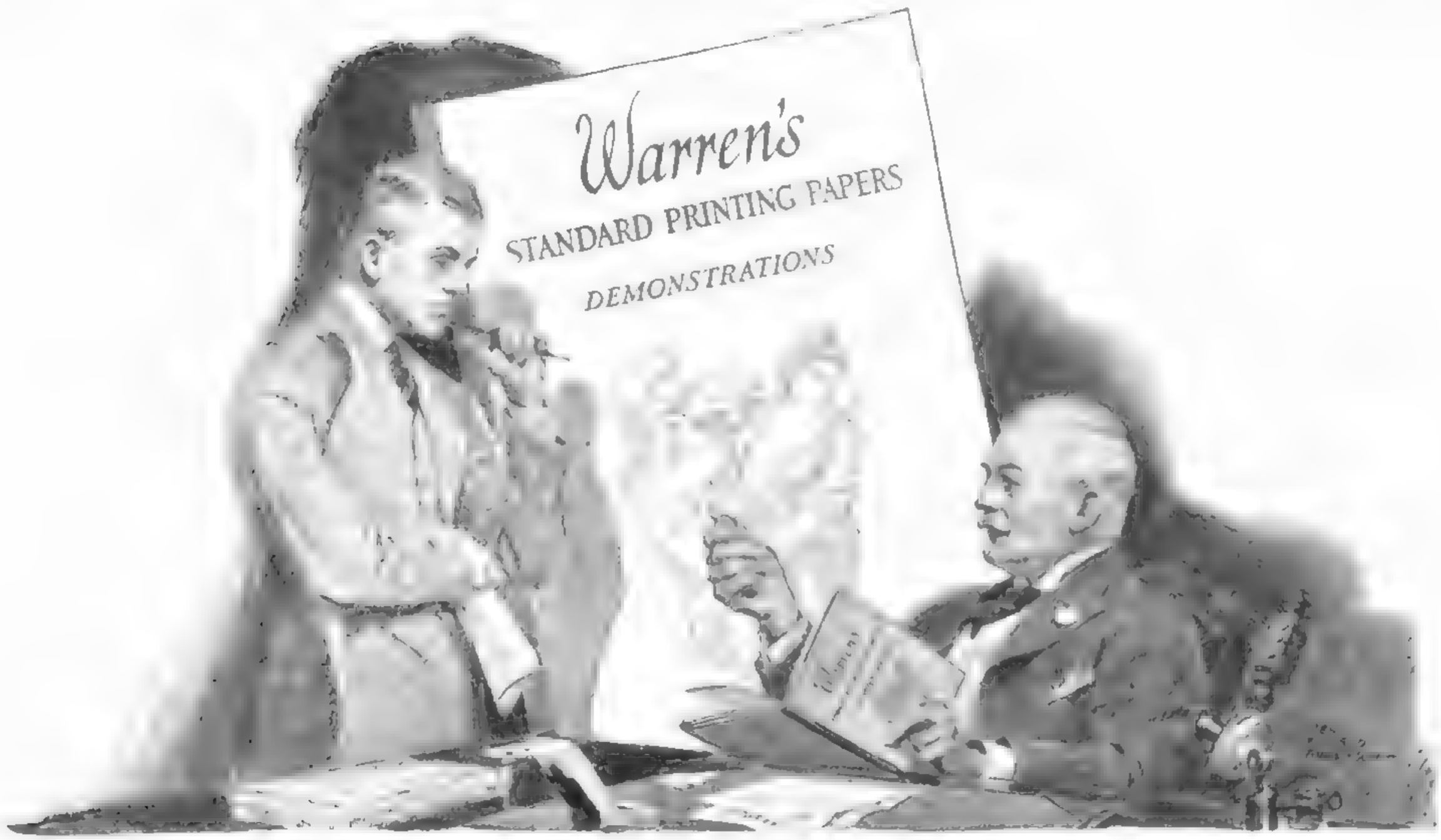
Evidence of the sturdy, rugged strength of Wood Wheels under all such conditions is found in their widespread use by the American Express Company. The trucks of this vast organization, now part of the equipment of the American Railway Express Company, are practically all equipped with Wood Wheels.

> "Some of the wheels have been in use since 1902 and today they are as good as when they were put on. We have never known a Wood Wheel to wear out," is the exact statement made by this user.

Demonstrations of the ability of Wood Wheels to stand up under the most exacting conditions of load and road are so frequent as to be almost commonplace. But they give daily testimony to the reliability of Wood Wheels for every automotive purpose.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
105 North 13th Street Philadelphia

Note the Wood Wheels Everywhere



"Jim, do we use Warren Paper?"

DEMONSTRATIONS of all Warren's Standard Printing Papers (some are mentioned below) are to be seen in the Warren Suggestion Book. It is a large, useful book; the kind that will make you say to your assistant: "Jim, do we use Warren paper? What paper do we use? Well, if we don't know, we ought to. Paper is an important item for us. We buy a lot of it. Read this book and put it where we can find it when we are buying printing."

The Warren Suggestion Book will be sent on letterhead request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

The Warren Standard Printing Papers comprise twelve distinct grades, each of which fills an established book-paper printing need. They are:

Warren's Cameo Dull Surface	Warren's Printone Semi-coated	Warren's Olde Style Watermarked Eggshell Finish
Warren's Lustro Glossy Surface	Warren's Silkote Semi-dull Surface	Warren's Britannica India For Thin Editions
Warren's Warrentown Coated Book Glossy Surface	Warren's Library Text English Finish	Warren's Cumberland Super Book Super-Calendered
Warren's Cumberland Coated Book Glossy Surface	Warren's Artogravure Eggshell Finish, for Offset	Warren's Cumberland Machine Book Machine Finished

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

In the Suggestion Book each of these papers is shown, and the particular uses of each described and demonstrated.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"Constant Excellence of Product"

(Concluded from Page 102)

knowed me long yo'd of knowed I was on'y jokin'."

"Humph!" remarked the disgruntled Tempus cryptically. "I reckon they ain't many folks in thisyer town what knows yo' r'il well, Brother Hawkins—not many."

And with that Tempus Attucks walked away, shaking his head slowly. He was thinking earnestly of the seventy-two dollars in his pocket—money left with him by those friends of Spider Hawkins who had believed in him and the decrepit Laddie Buck.

On Saturday evening Tempus Attucks eased into the odorous dingy sanctum of Jackson Ramsay, the white and portly professional gambler who made a more than merely excellent living from the contributions of the colored community.

Tempus responded absently to Ramsay's cheery greeting and retired behind a cloud of flagrant cigar smoke. Ramsay busied himself with arrangements for the drawing of Genuine—the afternoon lottery—and paid small heed to the visiting agent.

There came a tap at the door; it swung back and a small boy darted in. Tempus Attucks sat up stiffly in his chair, the cigar gripped between his teeth. He watched Jackson Ramsay rip open the telegram and impassively peruse its contents.

"From Sarahtoga?" queried Tempus thickly.

"Yes," answered Ramsay, and then turned to his assistant: "Put these results down."

The assistant stationed himself before the blackboard, chalk in hand.

"Ready, Cap'n Ramsay."

"Saratoga: First race—Baboon Baby, Mother Hubbard, Terrapin. Second race—Farrallon, Carl K., Little Sister. Third race—Venita Strome, Grosvenor, Carlisle. Fourth race ——"

Jackson Ramsay paused in his dictation and whistled softly. Tempus Attucks felt every muscle in his body grow tense. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Fo'th race, cap'n?"

"I'll be hornswoggled!"

"Boss-man—please!—'bout that they fo'th race?"

"Forty-to-one shot romps home!"

The room swam before the eyes of Tempus Attucks.

"Fohty-to-one shot, cap'n?"

"Forty to one. I'll be ——"

"Cap'n Ramsay—please suh!—what the name of that they fohty-to-one shot?"

"Laddie Buck! . . . Hey, what's the matter?" For, with a groan of agony, Tempus Attucks had risen.

"Ain't feel' so well, boss-man." He staggered toward the door.

"But, Tempus ——"

"Ain't got no feelins' fo' no convuhsation, cap'n. Be back d'rec'ly." Tempus opened the door. "Fohty to one! Oh! My Lawd!" The door closed gently behind him.

Haste was slow in comparison with the method of transit employed by Tempus Attucks in getting to the Terminal Station. Popeyed and trembling, he bought a ticket for Washington—that train being the only one scheduled to start within the next fifteen minutes. And when the train pulled out a limp and lachrymose Tempus Attucks was huddled in a corner.

Meantime the news of Laddie Buck's victory spread through the town like wildfire. Jubilant betters sought Tempus Attucks, agent. Tempus was nowhere in evidence.

One hour later the truth was suspected; another hour and the truth was known. Tempus Attucks had departed from the city; when or whither no one knew. But the thoroughly roused populace was poignantly aware of the fact that Tempus owed it something in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars. The sentiment against the departed gentleman was thoroughly crystallized, supremely unanimous and utterly murderous.

The only ray of light came to the doleful Pliny Driver from the lips of his friend, Jockey Spider Hawkins. Spider slapped his pal on the back with a jovial:

"He's done flew!"

"Humph!"—skeptically. "Tha's what they say."

"They is sayin' the truth."

"How come yo' to know that?"

"Pliny Driver, ain't I done tol' yo' no longer ago than las' Toosday I'd git rid of ol' Tempus Attucks so's yo'd have a cl'ar road to Charity Chism?"

"Yeh. Yo' tol' me ——"

"I done it!"

"Done what?"

"Got rid of Brother Tempus so's he'll nev' come within a hund'ed miles of thisyer town ag'in."

"How come that?"

"N'r two hund'ed! N'r th'ee hund'ed!"

"Yo' is foolin' with me."

"Ise serious."

"'Splain it to me, Spider," begged Pliny hopefully. "An', for Gawd's sake, Spider, 'splain it thorough!"

"Come thisaway, Pliny: Ol' Tempus plays 'em safe. An' the day after I got heah an' drapped that they tip 'bout Laddie Buck shuah gwine win the fo'th race this afternoon, ev'ybody stahted layin' they money with Tempus to place with Cap'n Ramsay. That's too much fo' Tempus, an' he 'lows he'll git in on the killin'. So he braces me is my tip straight.

"An', Pliny, I tell him Laddie Buck ain't got no mo' chancet of winnin' that race than what yo' is got of not marryin' Charity Chism. An' 'member thisyer, Pliny: I nev' tol' my frien's nothin' but the straight truth. What I tol' a ol' crook like Tempus don't matter to nobody ef I was a li'l' bit lib'ral in my guesses."

"But," groped Pliny dazedly, "why'd yo' tell Tempus Laddie Buck didn't have no chancet to win?"

"'Cause I had ol' Tempus' number, Pliny. Come him to b'lieve Laddie Buck ain't got no chancet, he thinks how foolish to waste all them seventy dollars he's got when they's gwine be lost. So he c'ludes better fo' them seventy to stay in Tempus' pocket than to go to them they racetrack men.

"Tha's how come, Pliny. Tempus never laid them bets a-tall! Nary dollar! Come Laddie Buck romps home—like what I knowed he was gwine do—Tempus Attucks finds hisse'f owin' theseyer niggers nigh onto th'ee thousan' dollars.

"They warn't but one thing he could do, Pliny; an' he run true to fohm. Mahk my words: fo' about a hund'ed yeahs or so round this heah town Tempus Attucks is gwine be 'bout the scarcest thing what is!"

THE WALLFLOWER

(Continued from Page 11)

there by and by. I took a line of goods that nobody had heard of or wanted to hear of—a line of goods that wasn't strong enough to travel uphill without boosting. And I got the public asking for it—enough of the public to lift Bunson's Lozenges out of the failure class. The lozenges stopped being the wallflowers of Coughs-and-Colds Society."

He paused as if expecting her to fall asleep. But she was very wide awake. Mary Gray was a quick learner. From her pose and expression of warm interest one might well have thought she was the original Mrs. Bunson—if ever there were such a woman.

Mary had mastered the first lesson, even though its teaching had vexed her and its long exposition had jarred her from her favorite theme—herself.

"That was splendid of you!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Do go on!"

"I don't need to bore you with any more of it," responded Harding. "I told about it only so you could see how advertising will lift an article out of the discard and put it into the live-ones class; or sometimes into the bonanza division—that is, if the article is worth the boosting."

"How wonderful!" she breathed. "It is as romantic as ——"

"Say!" he protested in annoyance. "You don't have to practice on me, you know. I'm just a fellow wallflower. And all the advertising campaigns on earth wouldn't push me into the live ones. But maybe there's a chance of advertising you. That's what I was getting at."

The girl half rose to her feet. She was uncertain whether to be angry or to feel a lofty pity for the brainless dolt. John Harding checked her impending departure by hurrying on to say:

"Don't get me wrong, please! I'm not suggesting that we buy up fifty thousand dollars' worth of print space and an acre of billboards to blow your trumpet. That'd

The Mince Pie
that is *Always* Right

THERE is a way to eliminate chance in mince pie-making—to have pies always luscious, thick and succulent—to have them at little cost in money, time or trouble.

Use Atmore's Mince Meat.

It is uniformly excellent—always the same. And it needs no sugar or mixing before you put it in the pie.

Whole seedless raisins and choice fruits are blended in Atmore's. Cooking expands them and rich juices are absorbed. That is why Atmore's Mince Meat makes such fine appearing pies—why the Atmore flavor has been famous for generations.

You mothers who pride yourselves on your pies, try Atmore's Mince Meat. The convenience of it will please you and the results will be surprisingly good.

A 15c package—½ pound of Atmore's Condensed Mince Meat—makes a great big pie with very little trouble. Atmore's Old Fashioned Mince Meat—sold in bulk—needs no preparation at all. Ask your grocer.

Atmore & Son, Philadelphia

ATMORE'S
MINCE MEAT

PARIS
GARTERS
No metal
can touch you

are always higher in quality than in price. You can choose from styles at

35¢ 50¢ and 75¢

thoroughly confident that you receive the most your money can buy in garter service and satisfaction.

Imitations at any price, cost you too much.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Makers
Children's HICKORY Garters

Chicago New York

[illegible] at Shipbuilding plant of Great Lakes Engineering Works, [illegible] Michigan
Main building 60' x 310', [illegible] dining hall; adjoining building 60' x 92' [illegible]

Buildings of Myriad Uses

If you need a permanent building, and want it to meet future requirements which cannot be foreseen, you should consider the use of a Truscon Steel Building. Their cost is less than that of other types of permanent constructions. They are being used extensively by America's largest industries, and give admirable service as factories, foundries, tool-rooms, warehouses, dining halls, garages, hospitals, etc.

Truscon Steel Buildings are strong, durable, fireproof, being entirely of steel. They are made up of unit panels rigidly combined by an improved locking device. All panels, including doors and windows, are interchangeable, so that buildings can be enlarged or re-arranged, or taken down and re-erected in new location without loss. Furnished with any desired arrangement of doors and windows, in any length, various heights and widths up to 100 ft.

Build Now—This Winter

Truscon Steel Buildings are especially adapted to winter construction, as they require no cement or mortar, which are difficult to use in freezing weather. They can be erected with practically the same speed and economy in the coldest weather as in the warm season.

Write for Suggestions

If you need a new building write us stating what it will be used for and its approximate size. We will submit estimates and suggest building best suited to your needs. We will also send free copy of our catalog of Truscon Steel Buildings. Use coupon as reminder to write today.

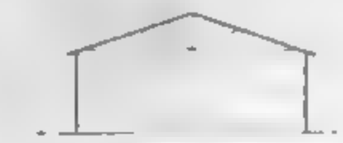
TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Reinforcing Steel, Metal Lath, Steel Windows, Pressed Steel, Cement Tile, etc.

TRUSCON STEEL BUILDINGS

PORTABLE PERMANENT

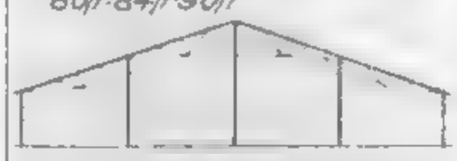
STANDARD WIDTHS OF TRUSCON STEEL BUILDINGS
Panel Heights—7'10 or 11'6"



CLEAR SPAN BUILDINGS
Widths — 6ft-8ft-10ft-12ft 16ft-18ft-20ft-24ft-28ft 30ft

TWO-BAY BUILDINGS
(One Row of Columns in Center)
Widths — 40ft-50ft-60ft

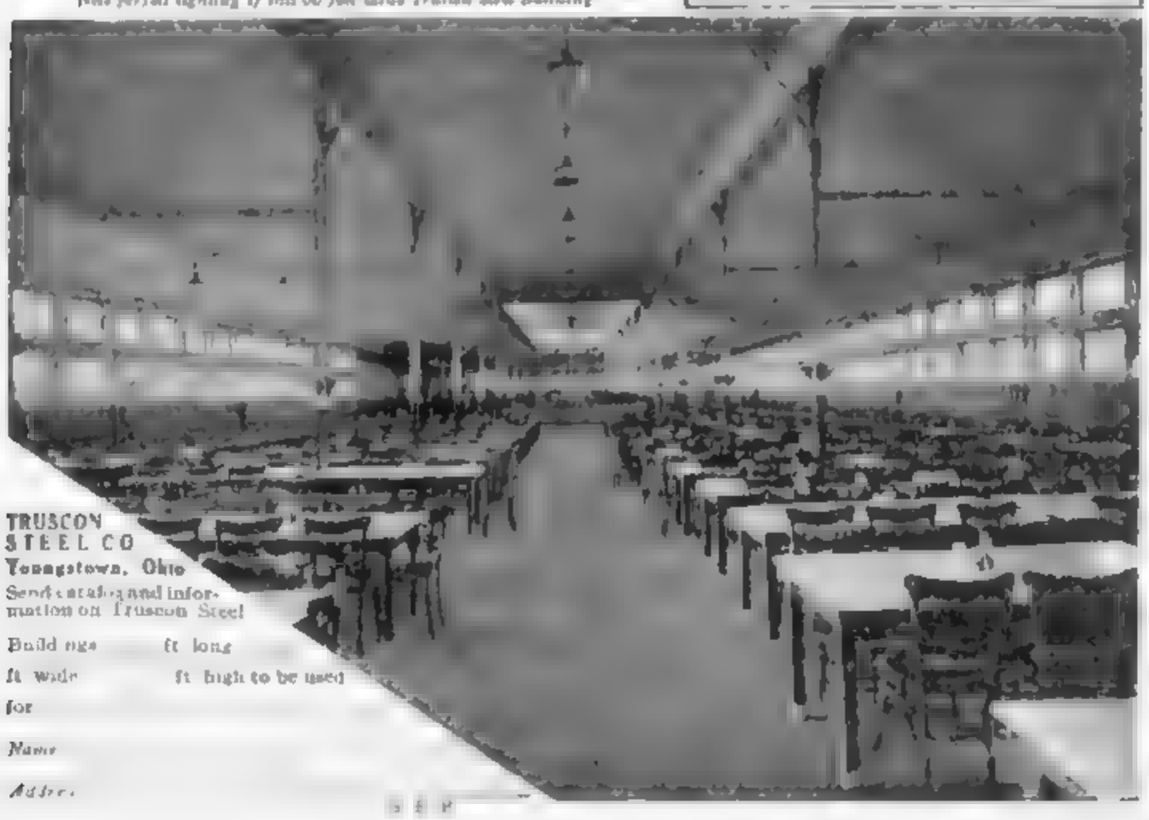
THREE-BAY BUILDINGS
(Two Rows of Columns in Interior)
Widths-50ft-52ft-56ft-58ft 60ft 64ft 68ft 70ft 74ft 78ft 80ft-84ft-90ft



FOUR-BAY BUILDINGS
(Three Rows of Columns in Interior)
Widths — 80ft (4 Bays @ 20ft) 100ft (4 Bays @ 25ft)

MONITOR TYPE BUILDINGS
Widths — 60ft-64ft-68ft-70ft 74ft-80ft-84ft-90ft

Interior of Dining Hall of Great Lakes Engineering Works
Note perfect lighting of this 60 foot wide Truscon Steel Building



TRUSCON STEEL CO
Youngstown, Ohio
Send catalog and information on Truscon Steel
Buildings [illegible] ft long
ft wide [illegible] ft high to be used for
Name
Address

be fine business if you had something to tell the world at large, but you haven't. All the people you want to reach are a few dozen Fairfielders. Less than a few dozen, because if one or two of the right kind get hooked onto the ad the rest will break their necks to follow. That makes it simpler. Never try to reach what you can't handle. That's a mighty good advertising rule. So you wouldn't need to scatter your hits. One little concentrated local campaign would do the trick. If only we could hit on the catchword for the local campaign."

Mary was vaguely aware that her interest in his prattle was no longer assumed. Not that she could imagine at what he was driving. But this ordinarily shy man was at home with his theme—spontaneously and even magnetically at home with it. Advertising was his life work. In discussing it he wholly forgot to be shy or self-conscious. He spoke with keen and compelling authority, an authority which impressed his hearer in spite of herself.

"Go on!" she urged as he paused.

Also now Harding could not find a trace of polite insincerity in her tone. He resumed: "I'm not suggesting that we hire a troop of sandwich men to parade up and down Maple Street with signs that read 'Dance with Mary Gray! Call on her! She's a winner!' I'm not hinting that a two-column ad to the same effect in the Republican would do much for you—beyond landing you in the foolish house. But if you like I'll take a fall out of the problem and see if I can think up anything. What we want to do is what I did with Bunson's Lozenges. We want to show people that you're on earth. After we've done that it's up to you. Would you like me to drop round at your house to-morrow evening if I get an idea between now and then?"

"I think," she said slowly—"I think you are hopelessly insane. And I don't at all follow your plan; at least I don't think I do. But you are the very first man who ever asked leave to call on me of his own accord. So please come! Even if you bring a scheme for me to hang a sign outside our veranda advertising my desirability as a dance partner."

"Hold on!" Harding reminded her. "This isn't a philanthropic freak on my part. A good advertising idea is worth its weight in radium. I'm not going to sprain my mind on your account for nothing. You're letting self-centeredness horn in again. Just cast your memory back and you'll recall this was to be a clinic for 'mutual' benefit. If I can unwallflower you, how about my own case? I won't be any better off than I was before. Didn't you say something about a chance of our being helpful to each other? Where do I come in?"

"If you can help me," said Mary after a moment's puzzled reflection, "I pledge myself to help you any way I can. It's only fair to tell you I haven't the remotest idea how it is to be done. But then, I haven't the remotest idea you can help me either. So it's a draw. Oh, was anything ever so utterly idiotic?" she broke off.

Her impatient exclamation was less for the purpose of discouraging her hearer than to drown any illogical optimism of her own, bred of his calmly certain manner.

"It's a deal," he said tersely. "And we'll take your case first. We'll concentrate on that. Later we'll devote ourselves to mine. I'll call if I get any ideas."

To his own bewilderment Harding realized that he was beginning to take a keen professional interest in the knottily absurd case. For the girl herself—as a girl—he felt no enthusiasm at all. But as a prospective "article" she awakened his ever-smoldering advertiser nature.

"There's another thing," he said as they went in to supper. "It's this: I don't believe you're selfish and self-centered by nature; or bored at everything that hasn't a personal bearing on yourself. I believe it's just because you've had to herd alone so long you've never had a chance to be interested in anyone else's interests. You caught on finely just now when I gave you the tip about it. That means you'll catch on in other things too."

For the first time in the memory of man or woman John Harding was taking a girl in to supper at a dance. Not only that but he was talking to her with evident fluency and excitement.

For the first time, too, in mortal memory Mary Gray had a supper escort who had not been cudgeled into service by a kindly hostess. And she was chatting with him with an interest that did all sorts of pretty and becoming things to her wontedly discontented face.

Full fifty fellow guests gazed in covert wonder. And after supper a man gained an introduction to her and asked her to dance. True, he was a stranger in town. But Mary lured him into talking so interestedly about his new concrete process that he asked her for a second of the after-supper dances. He might have asked her for a third if he had not caught her in a furtive yawn in the most dramatic part of his description of the superiority of white sand over brown for concrete foundations. No one can acquire a complete education in the art of being interested in other people's affairs in a single evening—not even a wallflower who is trying to break into the moss-rose garden. And Mary had done very creditably in spite of the uncontrollable yawn.

Two men at that single dance had shown marked attention to her. Which was a record that did not go unobserved among folk to whom Mary was as much a fixture to the wall at parties as were the electric-light brackets.

The stranger's notice carried weight, as do always the attentions of a newcomer. But more was Fairfield stirred by John Harding's sudden emergence from the silences and from isolation, and by his ardor in conversing with her.

Two passers-by the next night saw him mount the steps of the Grays' Maple Street house; and they spread the tidings. The new drawing together of the erstwhile uncourted couple might perhaps have formed theme for mirth. But there was the verdict of the stranger—the concrete-process man who had danced twice with Mary. And strangers see things in people to which the eyes of those people's associates have become dulled. So the local comment was untainted by laughter.

That was because nobody overheard the dialogue between the advertiser and the advertisee. It began with a query from Mary as to Harding's progress with her case. She spoke in elaborate sarcasm, as one who is weary of the persistent harping on one stale joke and who seeks to slay the theme. But Harding took her seriously; or perhaps he read the worried hope behind the scoffing, for he said:

"I've tried it from a dozen angles so far. Maybe I've struck a scheme. Maybe I haven't. At first I thought of the Desperate Desmond line: For you to go whizzing through town every day in your car at a minimum speed of fifty miles an hour; and get pinched twice an hour for speeding; and build up a name for daredevil driving. Then to buy a pet lion cub and ——"

"Dad's only car is two years old," she countered dryly, "and it's of a make that has a maximum pace of something like twenty miles an hour. That's the only flaw in the first plan. That and the fact I don't know how to run a car; and dad won't buy me one. As for romping on the lawn with a lion ——"

"Yes," he said. "I know. I told you those were just my first ideas. Like the genre sketch they say an artist makes, to get his hand in for the big picture. Then the Grace Darling angle struck me. To have you save me from drowning some day when there's the right kind of crowd at the beach. Or to dash into a burning hut and save a subsidized and rehearsed child from the flames. I ——"

"Thanks, so much!" she murmured frostily.

"That was a genre sketch too," he hastened to say. "Both of them were press-agent stunts. Not straight advertising. And there's an ocean of difference between the two professions. For instance, I'm an advertiser, not an inspired press agent. So I tried at last to reduce the problem to terms of my own trade. Then I got the answer. At least I got *an* answer. Are you any good at cooking?"

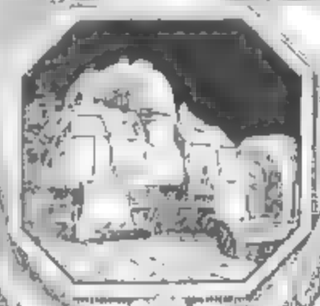
"Heavens, no!" she replied, her momentary gleam of hope quenched by the question. "Why?"

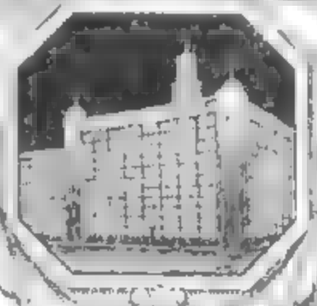
"Why not?" he shot back.

"For one reason," she returned loftily, "we have a cook. We always have. Even if it's not the same one for very long. Also because I have better things to do than ——"

"What better things?" he challenged. "Except by pitching in and helping the country what better things can be done than cooking? If there's any better way to a man's heart it hasn't been charted yet. I don't mean standing all day over a red-hot range and dishing out corned beef and cabbage, but in having a genius for cooking

(Continued on Page 109)





The ELECTRICAL SERVANT *in the* HOME

A MODERN home is organized, equipped and managed along scientific lines. The housewife of today is of necessity an expert in household economics. Labor and its rising cost is a problem to her as it is to any industrial manager.

Electricity Does the Work

CLEANLINESS and cooking contribute the largest part of the drudgery of housework, and it is for this work that practical electrical devices have been perfected. Electrical Vacuum Cleaners, Dishwashers and Laundry equipment, Ranges, Toasters and Cookers are some of the many household appliances familiar to most housewives as mechanical substitutes for less dependable and more expensive servant women.

Electrical Wiring in the Home

EVERYTHING Electrical in the home is operated by current delivered to the device by rubber-covered-insulated wire. Obviously, therefore, it is most important to know that the house is wired with dependable wire made by well established capable manufacturers. It is not necessary for the house owner or his wife to know all of the technical details of how such wire is made but *it is necessary* to employ a responsible electrical contractor who will install a standard product like Habirshaw. For more than 30 years—practically from the beginning of the industry — Habirshaw wire has been recognized as a standard all over the world. Architects and Electrical Contractors know it, and it is a sure test of responsibility and workmanship when they specify and use Habirshaw.

Consult an Expert

ARCHITECTS, Electrical Engineers, Electrical Contractors, Central Station Representatives and Manufacturers of Electrical devices know the importance of good wiring. They know all of their best work will fail if the wire is not right. They can and will tell you why they use Habirshaw. They will tell you Habirshaw is standard and that equipment which measures to the Habirshaw standard is the best to be had. *Ask if it is wired with Habirshaw.*

FOR more than thirty years—practically from the beginning of the electrical industry

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

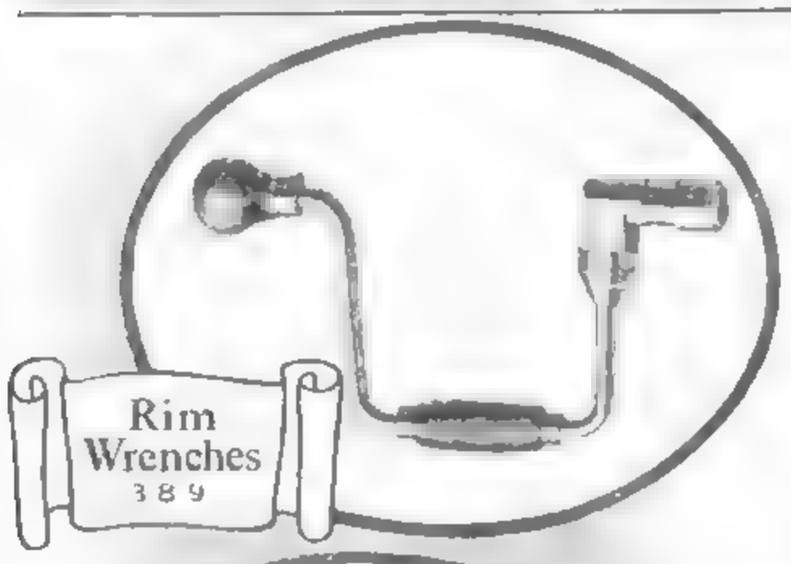
Insulated Wire

has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
The Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
INCORPORATED
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Code Wire distributed by
Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED
Offices in all Principal Cities

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS



Different Tools

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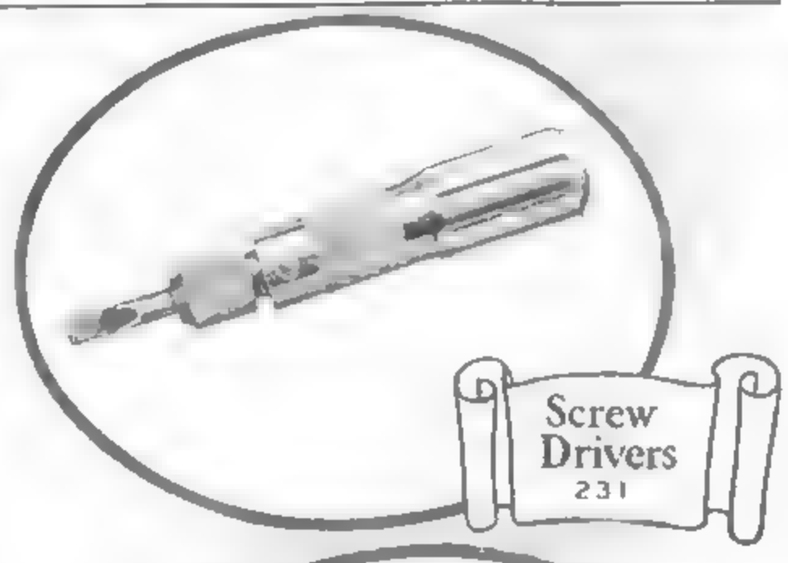
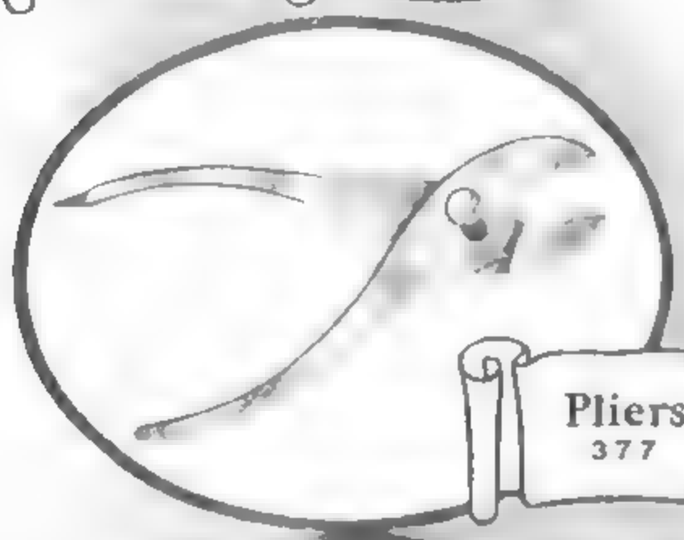
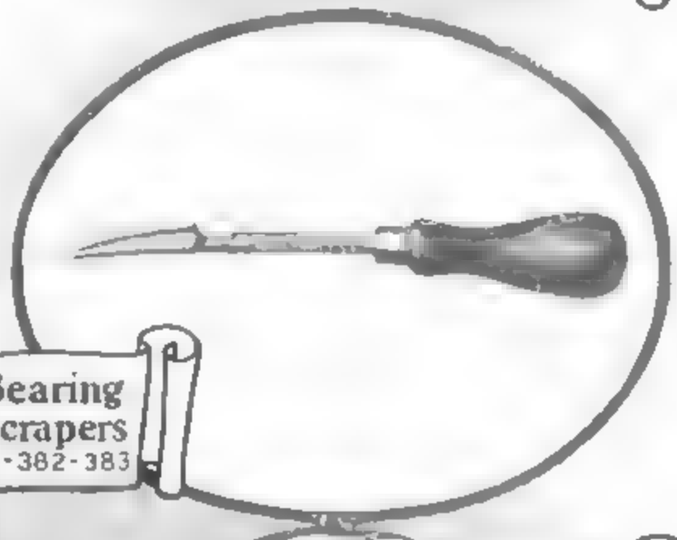
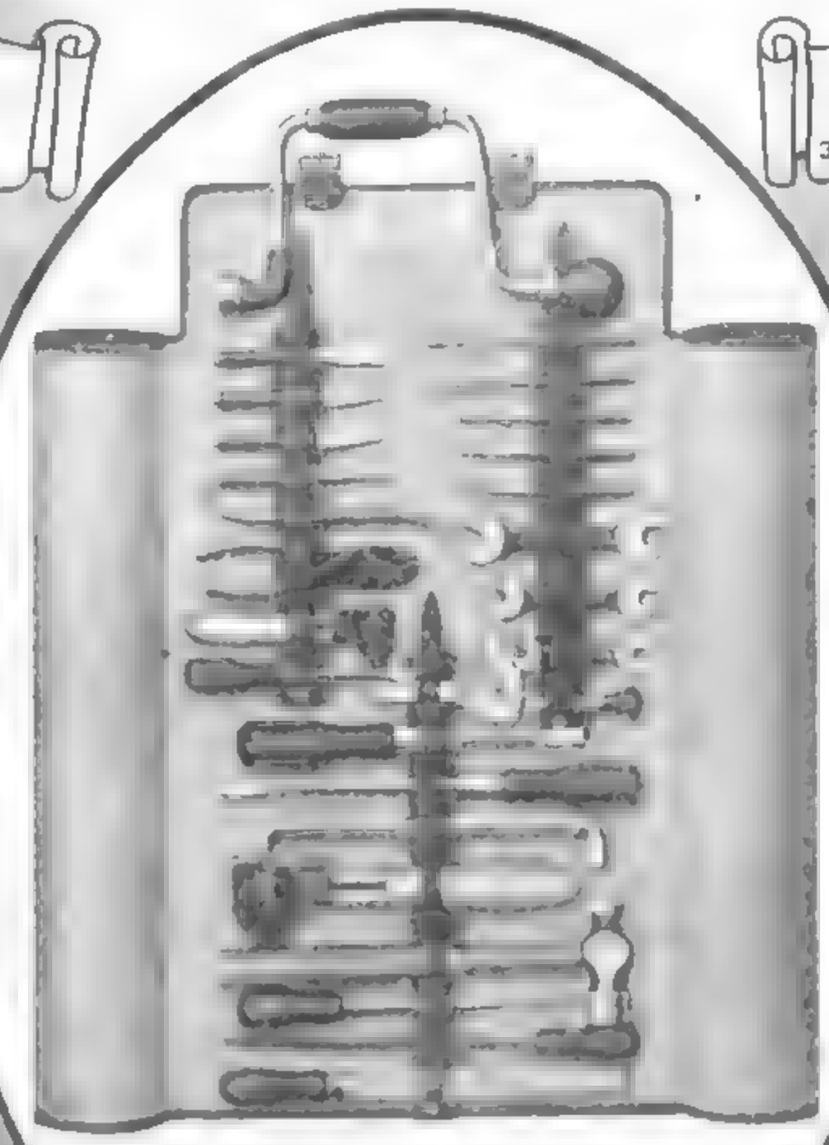
GOODELL-PRATT CO.
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

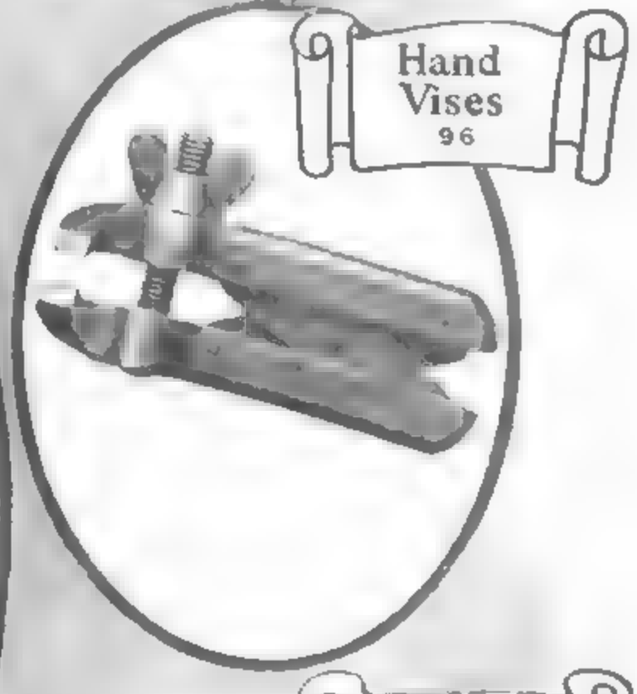
Toolsmiths

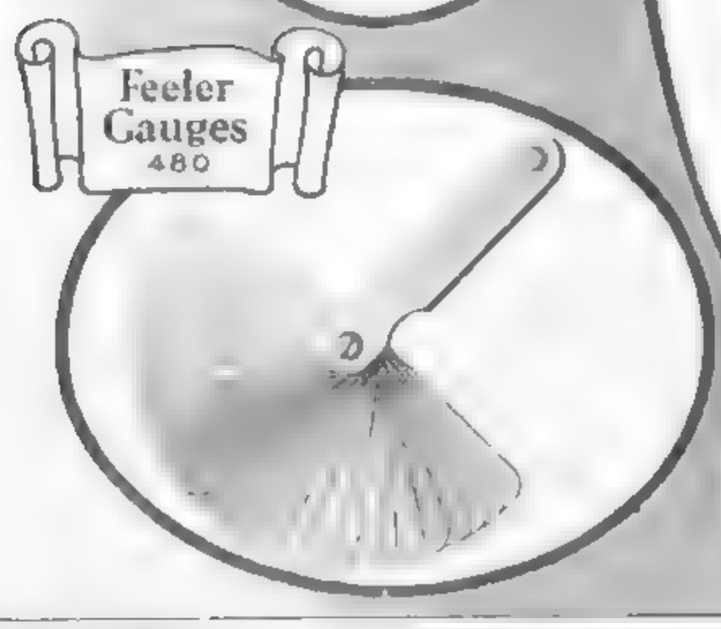


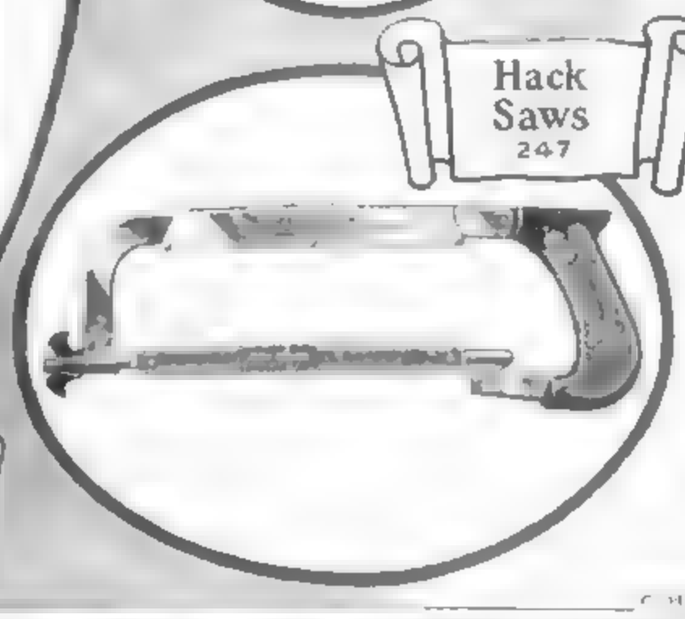












Motor Sets
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GOODELL PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 106)

dainty and soul-satisfying and rib-caressing food. It is an art. Women used to practice it, I guess, a lot more than they do now."

"If your grand idea is for me to hire out as a cook," she commented, "I think I prefer the lion cub or the rescue from drowning."

"I told you this was to be straight advertising," he answered; "not press agenting. How does one advertise best? By waking keen public interest in an article. What interests a man most acutely in a woman? The belief that she can make him happy and comfortable. How is a man made happiest and most comfortable? By super-good food. The woman who can play best on that string of his cosmic harp is the woman who can woo him from half the sirens of history. He may not know it. He probably doesn't. But it's true. Let it be known that a girl is an inspired cook—and the same mysterious force that draws a man toward his dinner will instinctively draw him toward her table. And there seems to be mighty little competition along that line nowadays since girls have learned to believe that home is a place to get away from. It ——"

"It is an inspired idea," she agreed with elephantine satire. "The living room can be converted into a restaurant without much bother. And I can make flapjacks in the front window under electric light. And ——"

"One minute," Harding stopped her. "If you had indigestion and went to a doctor and he asked to look at your tongue would you slam into him with a call-down about its being your digestion and not your tongue that was hurting you? Well, that's just what you're doing to me."

"I'm sorry," she said stiffly. "But just exactly what is it you want me to do? Suppose we get to the point?"

"The point is this," he said: "I want you to go to town to-morrow, to this address I've written out for you. I want you to go there every day for a lesson, till you've learned to cook as Paderewski can play. This man I'm sending you to would have got a Ph.D. and an LL.D. and a hundred other degrees long ago if he'd been a professor of anything besides perfect cookery. He is a genius. My father knew him well. Some of his graduate pupils are holding down higher-priced jobs to-day than half the salesmen and storekeepers in America, just because perfect cooking is an art that has a market all over the world. He doesn't take many pupils now. But this note from me will fix it for you. He ——"

"But ——" began Mary.

"The sooner you learn," went on Harding, "the sooner your triumph can begin. I've written out here the sort of things you are to specialize on. When you are perfect you are to inaugurate a series of Sunday evening suppers. Just little informal affairs with one or two men at each. I'll see to getting the first batch of guests here. After that it will be as easy as going broke. Besides, remember that a lot of men live in boarding houses. And a Sunday night boarding-house supper is a thing from which any man will flee—even to the home of a wallflower. Begin to get the idea?"

"I—I think so," she said, contempt merging slowly into unwilling interest. "But ——"

"These little Sunday night suppers of yours," expounded Harding, "will be ostensibly the kind of a pick-up chafing-dish meal that people toss together on the cook's night out. That's what they will seem to be, mind you. But inwardly they will be a set of culinary creations—Sally Lunn, waffles and maple sirup, hot biscuit and honey, sublime coffee, Scotch woodcock, creamed sweetbreads, chicken *à la reine*, scallops Newburg, fluffed oysters—all that sort of thing. The hot breads and the desserts will already be made; but the guests must know you made them. The other things must be made in the chafing dish before their eyes.

"The things that can't be chafing-dished are to be made by you in the kitchen. And the guests must troop out there with you to help. That means the kitchen must have a gay and bright and distinctive air, to harmonize with the dainty cook and with the informal jollity of the supper. The sight of good things cooking has a hypnotic effect on men. How do you account otherwise for the hit that was made by the first restaurants that had griddles and grills at work in their front windows? But remember—one spoiled dish will undo everything. That's where your study time must be made to count."

He stopped. For a long minute she sat, eyes half shut, brain busily turned inward. Mary Gray was anything but a fool. And as Harding had already noted she was quick to catch an idea. Presently she opened her eyes; and he saw they were bright with excitement.

"It's—it's worth the trying!" she said. "Only how ——"

"It will be easy enough to get such a reputation," he forestalled her, "and to set men to angling for invitations. Some of the guests will be refined panhandlers who are out for a delicious meal. But some of them will be the real thing. They can scarcely eat your food without calling here, for sheer decency's sake, at other times, and without asking you to dance once or twice when they meet you at parties; can they?"

"It's—it's wonderful!" she sighed in complete and happy conversion. "And it's feasible too! I can see that. You are great, Mr. Harding. Great! I'm going to do it!"

"Yes," he agreed. "It will take you out of the wallflower bed in the old-fashioned garden. I'm sure of that. But where it will land you depends on your own self."

"What do you mean?"

"You have lots of originality and lots of initiative and lots of pluck," he explained. "You proved that by the way you tackled me at the club dance last night. Those are dandy qualities. Just as salt and mustard and vinegar and paprika are dandy condiments. But keep on remembering they are condiments and not a meal. No man would eat them with nothing else. And no man enjoys your qualities of pluck and initiative and originality unless they serve as flavoring for something more palatable. If ——"

"You mean," she translated, "if I keep on wanting to talk just about myself and yawn when men talk about themselves, and if I try to say clever or cutting things ——"

"You get me!" he approved. "In that case your suppers will still lift you a little way out of the wallflower class. But they won't lift you where you'll be wanting to go as soon as men begin to notice you're on earth. It's up to you. There's no professor in that branch of study that I can send you to. All I can do to help is to remind you that men are four times as vain as women; and that they would rather talk about themselves than about any of the world's other heroes. Let them do it. You'll easily get the knack of starting them in on the subject. And always let them be just a little cleverer than you are. If ever you are lured into an argument be wise enough to lose it; and to admire the giant brain of the man who bests you at it."

"I shall," she promised meekly. "Oh, you have such a marvelous mind, Mr. Harding!"

"Bravo!" he applauded. "That's gorgeous as a start. And if you could manage to ask me in a sort of awed tone 'Where did you get your uncanny knowledge of women?' why, I'd be groveling at your feet. I told you all advertising can do is to get the public interested in an article. After that it's up to the article itself. But if you follow up the line I've just been handing out you can't lose. Why you should want to win I don't know. Why any woman should want to make a hit with men in general I don't know. Especially at the sacrifice of her own brains. We men are called the lords of creation. I guess it's because we haven't the sense to handle any of creation's less exalted and more important jobs. You will start in with lessons to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," she promised.

"Good! When you're ready for your first supper let me know. I'll invite myself as the first guest. And I'll bring along Imlach and Stuart. Both of them are champion *gourmets*. And neither of them can eat an unusually good meal without talking about it for a week afterward to anyone who will listen. I'll give them a hint beforehand about the wonderful food you cook. And afterward you can trust them to press-agent the venture. Your next Sunday night bunch of guests will come a-running."

"But," she urged in belated recollection, "how about your part of the bargain? I was to help you, too, you know."

"So you were," he said. "But I'm afraid I'm unhelpable. A chronically shy man is. But if you can think up any cure for me I'll try it gladly. In the meantime I'll get my pay in the fun of putting over a success; and in one or two of your Sunday night suppers if you'll invite me. You see

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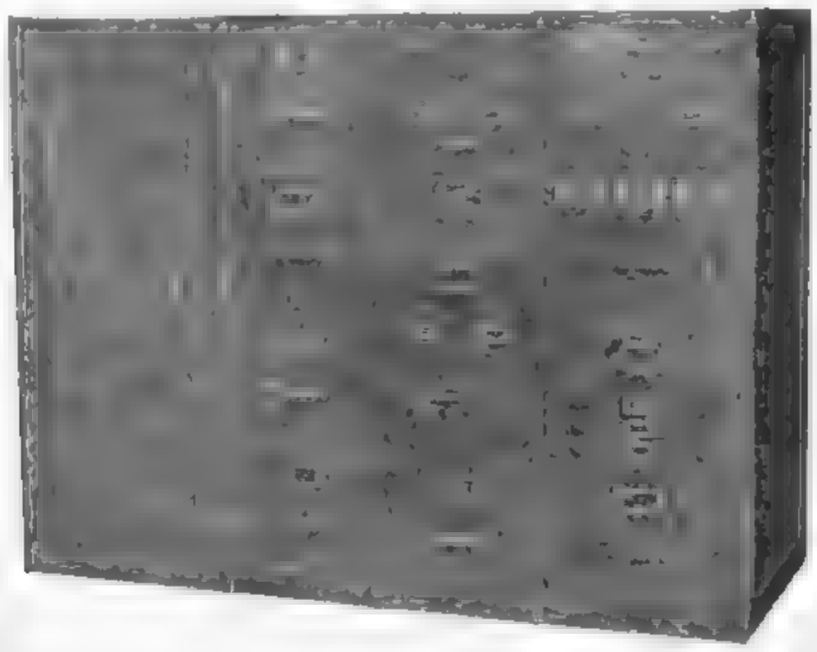


THE MACEY COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

I live in a boarding house. By the way, it's lucky for you that I'm a wallflower. By sticking against the wall at dances a man hears a lot, and he gets to knowing things about human nature that a popular man never has time to learn—that is, if he keeps his ears open, instead of grouching. It all helped me frame up the scheme I've started you on. But it didn't give me any tip for my own cure. I'm going to drop in here every now and then, if you don't mind, while the cooking lessons are going on. I may be of use in getting rid of the unsuccessful creations and in coaching you to talk of other people's interests instead of your own. Good night, Miss Article."

When Stuart and Imlach at the country club a few months later blurbed deliriously of the most delicious Sunday night pick-up supper they ever had eaten, they commanded instant and wistful attention. When they went on to tell where they had eaten it an almost audible grunt of disappointment swept the room.

Mary Gray was still the set's official wallflowerette. This in spite of the tale of John Harding's rather frequent calls at her home and his attendance on her at one or two social happenings.

Yet so vigorously did the two guests defend their manner of spending the Sunday evening, and so glowingly did they descant on the glories of the food their genius-hostess herself had cooked that the contempt died a natural if puzzled death.

Two men who were bidden to the next week's feast shamefacedly accepted—with the air of folk who will try anything once. And two more men that same Sunday chanced to call on Mary dangerously near to supper time. They were asked to stay to the pick-up meal.

After that John Harding's forecast was justified. Men wondered bewilderedly why they ever had been led into the theory that Mary Gray was a dead one. Not only could she cook most divinely but she was actually brilliant in conversation. For instance, she let Mark Townsley talk to her for twenty solid minutes about his suit against the trolley line. When he paused for breath she begged for more details. And other men could boast of like experiences.

Even at other people's houses it was a pleasure to talk to so keenly appreciative an audience of one. Besides which, Mary danced uncommonly well, as male Fairfield suddenly discovered. In brief, she had arrived!

In prehistoric days—a quarter century earlier—informal Sunday night suppers had been no novelty. And the girl who could cook—and cook well—had been almost less the exception than the rule. Yet Mary had rediscovered what was—in Fairfield, at least—a lost art. An art that found scores of worshipers.

One or two other girls observing her victory sought to duplicate it. The only result was to make Mary Gray's new-kindled flame shine the brighter. For these damsels lacked the course of grinding study which had given her a culinary perfection and a multiplicity of dishes. After a try or so at stringy Welsh rabbits and scorched lobster Newburg, men fought shy of Mary's imitators and angled brazenly for invitations to supper at the Gray house.

Now the attentions shown her in public and the theater parties and drives to which she was bidden were no longer mere payments for suppers received. They were bids for suppers to come. They were also tributes to a wallflower emeritus who was fast becoming more or less a belle.

All the time from the side lines John Harding was coaching his pupil, who now needed scarcely a word of coaching, yet who still demanded it of her tutor. Perforce he was present at more of her suppers than were most other men. And at these affairs his zealous interest in his article's success made him totally forgetful of himself and of his shyness.

It was the same when other girls, noting his intimacy with the newly popular Mary, sought to sidetrack him by taking note of his existence. They did not interest him. Therefore they no longer frightened him. He did not care now whether they noticed him or not. His mind and his covert attention were wholly on the girl he was so painstakingly steering to success.

All of which gave him an air of civil indifference to outside blandishments—an air which piqued more than one damsel almost to the point of fascination.

"He's not really shy," a maiden sized up the judgment of her Fairfield sisters. "He's only hard to know. He doesn't care. That's what has made him keep to himself so much. He doesn't think we're worth his trouble. It it would be fun to make him change his mind, wouldn't it?"

Which change of popular sentiment Harding did not observe in the least—because he did not care, and which Mary Gray observed with heightening annoyance, because she was discovering with amazement that she did care.

Wherefore one Sunday evening she maneuvered him into staying after the rest had gone. And as soon as they were alone together she said: "You haven't been here before in three weeks. Why haven't you? You had time to call on Gertrude Hallett. She told me so. She said she asked you to come and see her about the Red Cross dance and "

"Very bad!" he interrupted sternly; "very, very bad indeed! And just when I hoped you were trained to the minute! How often do I have to tell you never to ask a man why he hasn't been to see you? There are so many hundred better ways of making him think you've missed him, without letting him feel the yank of the dog collar! And it's still worse to complain to him that he has time to see other girls. You couldn't have done worse. It would have scared any regular victim away for a year. Besides, you don't have to practice on me any longer. I told you that, months ago. I ——"

An angry stamp of her little foot acted on his flow of kindly reproof as on a motor brake, bringing the man to a dead halt.

"I wasn't practicing on you!" she flared. "And I have to be human once in a while, don't I? I've taught myself to be really interested in what interests men who meet me. And I don't think about myself once where I used to forty-three times. But it's different when I'm talking to you. And when you stay away I can't remember to be tactful when you come back. Why, you wouldn't have come here even this evening if I hadn't written to ask you."

"Why should I?" he asked drearily. "My work's done. And I'm not throwing roses at either of us when I say it's done to the queen's taste. Why should I stick round when I'm not necessary? You're cured, Mary."

"So are you!" she retorted in a voice of sharp accusal rather than congratulation. "There's always some girl or other nowadays trying to catch your eye. And you've forgotten how to be tongue-tied. Do you want me to tell you what Gertrude Hallett said to me about you—in this very room, not three days ago?"

"No!" he declared in some trepidation. "I don't. Please don't! Whenever I hear things people say about me it sends queer twingles down my spine. It's a left-over from shyness, I suppose. Yes, I knew I was cured; before you told me. It came to me in a flash, once, when that Forbes girl ——"

"Well?" she asked in attempted loftiness as he checked himself. "What about the Forbes girl? Not that I'm especially interested," she hurried on to add.

"Neither am I," he dismissed the subject, continuing: "Yes. We're both cured. Shall we call it a day?"

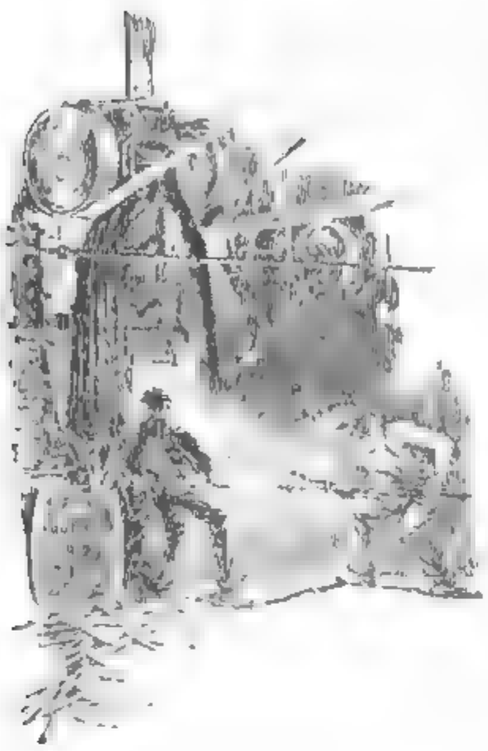
To her own astonishment as much as to Harding's she wavered in an attempted reply, and found herself crying.

As the weeping fit was not premeditated or foreseen Mary cried very unbecomingly indeed. And she knew it. Wherefore in flaming self-contempt she sought blindly to get out of the room.

But at this effort, too, she was a failure, chiefly because someone had moved between her and the door, someone who detained her by force of arms.

"Say!" she heard her detainer mumbling feverishly into the fluff of hair that had buried itself all unconsciously in the recesses of his coat lapel. "Say! Did you really think I was training you just for the benefit of every other man in Fairfield? Or any other man on earth? Did you honestly think so? Did you, sweetheart?"

Where Forgings are made of Men



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The proudest product of the Billings & Spencer Company, the First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America, is men.

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And that is the only difference between forgings, the only difference between this tool and that, the only difference between machines.

Men.

"RELY ON ME"

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Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

PROPRIETORS AND PEASANTS

(Continued from Page 13)

how they came to play at Bouromka when they were babies, with their parents, who visited my husband's grandmother. The phonograph alternates with the piano. Of course lessons are tabooed and the children play a pantomime and dance a ballet for us; and, complimented duly, they are feeling most proud of their successes.

The tree is finally ready, and all the vast household pours into the great hall that it lights up so well. The servants are a joy to see with their radiant faces; especially the dozen or so young underhousemaids, who are dressed in their pretty national costumes and look like lovely dolls. Red, blue and green flowered skirts, full-sleeved hand-embroidered blouses they wear, with necklaces of varied beads hanging from chin to bosom in masses, with twenty or more long streamers of different-colored ribbons tying these at their necks. They wear flowers in large crowns about smooth-brushed heads and, with their young fresh faces, are as decorative as the tree itself.

Grandmother Anna-Wladimirovna sits regally presiding, with a huge clothes basket full of cakes on her left and a pendent basket on her right, which is filled with multi-colored boxes of sweets for all the retainers. Presents for the children are scattered about in piles, and for us grown-ups a large table groans under its load of them. It is the reign of music and good cheer, song, dance and light. Our men are all here from the trenches and the boys are back from their schools. Everyone has been working through the hard long year to help the army win the war and all have suffered; so now we feel we have a right to these few days of rest and plenty; and we enjoy them to the full, forgetting the past strain on us. To-morrow we must again take up our burdens; but we shall then have at least the memory of this glowing family feast to help us live.

Years of Improvement

Christmas Day there is a beautiful religious service in the church, where from our loge we looked down on all the peasants gathered there, devoutly praying. Then there is a great feast at table, with the priest and the intendants invited—the bigwigs of our estate. After that, for a few days there is dancing, riding, sleighing, skating, skiing and hunting in the old classic Russian manner, with low sledges and the borzoi hounds. The older people sit about the house playing bridge or talking endlessly and with a brilliancy no other race could put into its conversation—anecdotes and experiences covering three or four reigns; quotations from the best literature of two or three languages; sallies of wit; gay, light-hearted laughter, with no effort.

All too quickly it came to an end and the party scattered. Our neighbors went back to their home interests, our men to the three Fronts, where each had his service—my husband commanding the Cuirassiers on the Polish Front, one brother-in-law to staff work in Galicia, and the other joining the brigade he was attached to on the Persian frontier. The boys returned to their schools in the capital and we women were left to take up our quiet round of duties and anxieties again—the Princess, my sisters-in-law and I, with our younger children only.

I lingered on through several months that year, perhaps with the instinctive feeling that this would be my last stay of any length in the old family home. My mother-in-law had decided to spend her entire winter at Bouromka for the war work she had begun, and we younger members of the family kept her company for what time we could. Our group included also the family doctor—a kindly woman, very fat, but as intelligent as she was big, who helped us make the talk about the hearth in the Princess' small red-brocaded salon entirely cheerful during the long cold winter evenings. In spite of the war, it seems to me, I never felt our country so rich and prosperous; and I was greatly interested in comparing this Russia of 1916 with the Russia of 1899 I had found on my arrival as a bride.

In the old days the village had miserable hatas, composed of mud and built on crooked lines, with tiny holes for windows, and crumbling roofs of straw or reeds, which were badly thatched and disturbed by every wind. The people then looked white and thin, and were never sufficiently covered; and, though there were masses of children, the mortality was great among them and many were deformed or scrofulous. One's heart ached to see their pinched faces and meager little bodies.

The peasants were all in debt in the olden days, and were also more or less sodden with vodka, which was their only consolation in their misery, and incidentally was the greatest source of revenue in our Government's budget. Every man cultivated just enough of the commune's land to pay his debt to Rabinovitch, the usurer, and to have a little poor grain left, barely enough to keep the family alive. They were a gentle people always, but sad, inert and dull from drink and poverty, and without a care for the morrow only because to-day's difficulties took all their reserve strength.

When I first saw Bouromka village I was filled only with pity, in spite of the charming scenery and its picturesque traditions. Even in the fields, in 1899, the people seemed entirely helpless to fight Nature and unable to draw upon her riches. They were armed only with primitive wooden plows and other instruments that looked Biblical in epoch, and were really not fit instruments for use in the greatest agricultural district of the world. Sad and hopeless the people looked; though, as soon as they moved from the surroundings of their village, they made good at once, and seemed to wake and shake themselves. Those who were in our house or employed on the estate were more alert and clever, nearly always made and saved money, enjoyed life, and sang over their duties, doing us service and showing us a devotion such as in all my wanderings in many countries I had never seen before.

In time I attributed their faults and their woes to three things—the long generations of serfage, the parasite lenders and the vodka plague. Yet, even at the lowest ebb, the Little Russians were kindly folks, full of sentiment and the love of beautiful things—music especially; only they had no energy or will power, and were so childish that despair overcame one's patience in trying to do them good.

Earlier Wartimes

The first step I saw them take forward was at the time of the Russian-Japanese War, when the mobilization order came and our village contingent of one hundred men or so left us. I accompanied my mother-in-law to the village square the day these were collected and marched off. We drove to the tumble-down little town hall and stood on its balcony while the priest said a mass for the departing men. Naturally they were the pick of the village, fine, young fellows who belonged to the reserves, and who had kept something of the well-set-up look due to their soldier training. As they stood listening to the service with bared heads, their sobbing women clinging to them and their babies in their arms, one felt the fine primitive strength and beauty and the possible real value in this race. I think most of them had no notion of the war's reasons or conditions, save only that they were going very far to serve their Little Father, the Czar. Where anything was understood the war was unpopular; but our Bouromka people, as I saw them, were only unhappy to go away and perfectly docile, as always, to do a vague master's bidding.

After the religious ceremony the soldiers came toward us; and my mother-in-law and I put about the neck of each man a red cord, upon which hung a small silver ikon to protect him from danger. As we did this each one kissed his medal and our hands before hiding the present in his shirt. I saw one remove his and hang it round the neck of the pretty curly-headed child he was handing back into its mother's arms. Then there were hurried, sad good-bys; the women wept; and the men, as always, were dignified, quiet, and full of gentleness. Finally they were put in rows and marched off down the dusty highroad, following a row of peasant carts which carried the small square bundles of their baggage, as much as the law would allow each man.

After this mobilization our village settled back into its lethargy; but as times grew bad from the war the elders among our peasants made up a committee to look

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Men who travel from one point to another on business or otherwise, are learning to look for the great hygienic safeguard

ScotTissue Towels

"For use once by one user"

Often a man's travels take him to a hotel, or office, or some public place, where the modern idea of personal hygiene has not been as fully developed as might be.

To be on the safe side, he should carry half-a-dozen or so ScotTissue Towels with him. It's astonishing what a comfort they are on the train, at the hotel, in the washroom.

ScotTissue is the only towel that *economically* combines the highest standards of personal hygiene with *all* the qualities of a really good towel. Soft, absorbent, comfortable—a clean towel every time you wash—one is sufficient for hands, one for face.

A sense of good-grooming follows their use.

A test quickly will demonstrate ScotTissue's advantages for you

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ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

How Much Will You Pay

For This Amount of Energy?

The large package of Quaker Oats yields 6,221 calories of energy. It costs 32 cents

That means five cents per 1,000 calories, for the greatest food that any price can buy.

At this writing, that same energy value costs in other foods as follows:

Cost of 6221 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	$0.32
In Round Steak	2.56
In Veal Cutlets	3 56
In Hens' Eggs	4.25
In Halibut	3.31
In Salt Codfish	4.87
In Canned Peas	3.35

In the six foods named the average cost is $3.65 for 6,221 calories—more than eleven times the cost of Quaker Oats.

The costly foods are good foods. They should not be excluded.

But the oat is a better food. It is almost a complete food.

For the years of growth it has for ages stood as an ideal food.

Consider these facts in your breakfasts. They must supply a certain amount of energy.

In Quaker Oats that energy costs a trifle. It comes in delightful form.

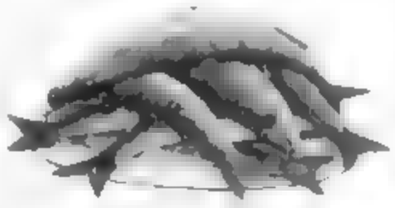
In many a food the same energy value costs you ten times more.

That difference is enormous. Review these facts and decide what you will pay.

A 32-cent Package Equals in Calories

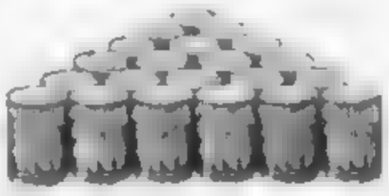
7 Pounds Round Steak

½ Bushel Potatoes



22 Pounds Perch

9 Quarts Milk



21 Cans Peas

Quaker Oats

Queen Grains Only

Quaker Oats is the supreme grade of oat food. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus you get exquisite flavor without extra price. Simply specify Quaker Oats.

To make the oat dish popular, serve it at its best

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c—
Except in the Far West and South

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after those women who had no protectors or workers to supply them with food and fuel. They named my mother-in-law president, and the meetings held in the château dining room were intensely interesting to me. The strange simplicity and the extreme common sense these men displayed were remarkable in discovering and aiding real misery, and in showing up imposture of any sort. The assembled group, as they sat, looked like one of Holbein's paintings.

The Japanese War certainly drew us nearer to our people than had been the château since the days of the serfs and my husband's grandmother; for, in admiration of the effort the village was making, the estate doubled the funds raised by the committee, and the Princess also helped the people in small ways, sending milk to the ill babies and giving flour or other provisions to the women or the older elements. Good feeling became noticeable, and it was then I had my first impression of the population of Bouromka as a mass of thinking humanity.

By 1905 and 1906 this awakening had partly worn off. The revolutionary movement was slow in reaching us, for we were far from factory centers and from railroads; and our peasants were only roused at last by a group of student propagandists, who came and settled in the village, made inflammatory speeches and finally spread the news that the Emperor was imprisoned by the bureaucrats in St. Petersburg, and that he begged his people to come and liberate him. This started demonstrations and disorder. Our intendant took fright and fled, abandoning the estates; but even then nothing was really done in the way of anarchy, save the burning of some haystacks. There were meetings though; and noisy crowds, half drunk, were threatening the estate with destruction. We asked for government protection and obtained twenty-five Cossacks, who came and settled down in our stable courtyard to do guard and police work at our order and expense, and on our responsibility.

Friendly Cossacks

The family all went to Bouromka as usual that year, relaying one another through the summer months. We gave out that everything should be as heretofore, and that we would give our peasants work through the harvest time at the usual wages. The Princess had them informed that the Emperor was safe and not in prison, and that the propagandists who had told these lies were paid to make trouble in the land. As we had always kept up good relations with the village, and had lived among our people, she said we meant to go on in the same old way; but my mother-in-law added that though she greatly respected the village always, if, after all she had done and said, there were still those among the peasantry who did us harm and who burned or injured our property, the Cossacks were here to execute justice; and she would, if necessary, fire the village, to revenge any attack on the château.

It sounded very ferocious. For a time we did not go outside the park gates without armed outriders to accompany us; and always we kept our revolvers in our pockets, while sentinels stood at the gates and about the house. The people looked somewhat surly at first and made sullen accusations against the old intendant, whom they had hated, it appeared. I was glad the children had not been brought with us into what might become a hornet's nest. But time passed and village workmen came to their work in our fields and shops, the house servants remained loyal all through the difficulty, and gradually we saw the leaders of the revolutionary movement relaxing and our childish peasantry resuming their old, quiet ways.

The Cossacks stayed with us about six months, and after a third of that time they were purely ornamental; became, in fact, vastly popular in the village, where half a dozen of them settled down definitely and married girls from our own place. Within two years some few of the most revolutionary spirits were made our head machinists and aid intendants, and they espoused our side of all questions thereafter, recognizing that it was the right one as against outside propaganda. So the first revolution died down in our province without ever having caused us more than passing inconvenience; and it left us a closer understanding with our peasantry than had existed before for a long time.

I talked with many others among the big landowners in our part of Russia, and nearly all told me a tale of experiences similar to ours. Those near railroads or in factory districts suffered more; and where the administration of estates had been left entirely to superintendents and there were no personal relations between the proprietor and his dependents in the village, there invariably had been serious trouble, and a certain amount of destruction as well, hard to forget or forgive.

Soon after this, or perhaps with the return of the soldiers from Manchuria, there was a new stirring of our people's mental faculties. It was like a breath of fresh air let into a room where heaviness had reigned before. A new school was built in the village, so that there was one belonging to the Church and another under the direction of the Ministry of Education. Later a new priest replaced our old one, who had died or moved elsewhere, and a new doctor came. Which of these innovations brought the change I cannot say, but it came on apace through the years from 1907 to 1914.

My brother-in-law and my husband took over the administration of the estates then and innovations were introduced, with an intensive cultivation, better machinery, finer results and larger wages; and outside, round us in the peasant fields, one saw a reflection of our efforts. The land was better worked, and the muzhiks came and bought from us at lowered prices the metal plows we were selling.

Better Farming Methods

Instead of threshing by hand, they now bought in common for the village, first a horse-worked threshing machine, and then they made the proud acquisition of a steam threshing machine, which was soon followed by two more of the same kind. The furrows made by them grew deeper and their crops heavier from intelligent fertilizing; and they purchased grain for sowing from us and took the best we had. Then they brought their wheat to our motor-run mill, while their primitive windmills became only ornamental notes in the landscape. The village itself looked more civilized too. New houses were being built on straighter lines, and they grew gay with wooden trimmings, such as windows with frames and even shutters on them, or gayly painted doors with tiny balcomes.

A number of these modern people even put tin roofs on their homes, buying the material from us and painting them green or red. Now and then the hats grew quite large, with two rooms, or even three; while the village cattle were sleek and many a yard boasted trees, offered free of charge by the château nurseries. It was the dawn of a new epoch; and into their songs, which had been so sad before, the peasantry introduced the gayer notes of soldier melodies, brought back from Siberia.

Bouromka seemed much more livable in its atmosphere to me then. I liked the awakened feeling. It made me want to help people who were trying so hard to find their way. Under Stolypin's guidance came the land reforms, which made the reputation of the young Minister of Agriculture, Krivaschène. These were not carried out all over Russia, but our province of Pultowa was one of those that chiefly benefited.

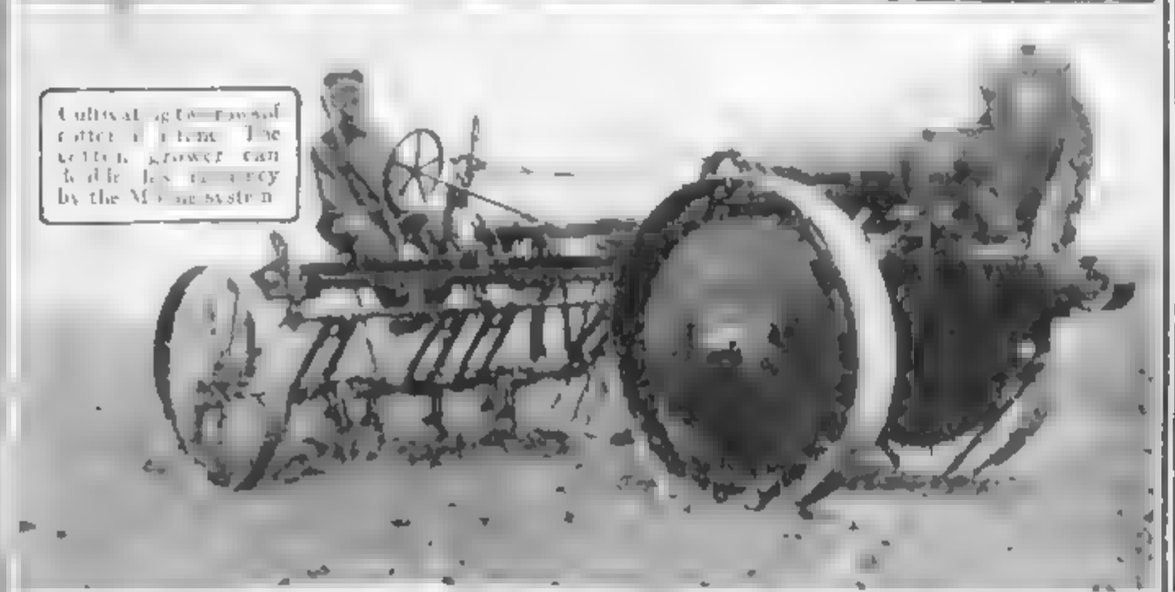
By the new arrangement, instead of owning the land in common and working it together—so that the worthless cultivator of the soil drew on the energy of his stronger brother—each peasant individually owned his own field now and received the full advantage of his efforts. This scheme worked magically. At once the people awoke to their possibilities; and they came and studied our methods and went home to copy us. Their crops were better and better, and they grew rich apace. They had reserves of grain put by, and it soon required some pains to recognize where our fields ended and the fine ones of the peasantry began.

The Princess gradually became interested in her people and helped them in many ways, the best of which was in founding a small free pharmacy, which in the hands of our house doctor—a recent graduate of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris—gave excellent results. She—the doctor—was a Russian by birth and devoted to her country, and was glad to have such an opportunity for her experiments. She grappled most successfully with the various evils to which our poor population was heir,

(Continued on Page 117)

The New System of Farming

Seeding and dragging by one man. Heavy operations in growing grain can be done better the Moline way



Cultivating by one man. Cotton growers can handle less acreage by the Moline system

Harvesting corn. Every step in growing corn, including cultivating, can be done better by the Moline system

WONDERFUL results have been accomplished by American farmers during the war by producing more food with less help. History again repeats itself, because the same condition held true during the Civil War, when the self-binder, mower and other labor-saving implements came into general use to replace the diminishing supply of man power. Now it is the tractor that assists so greatly in increasing production per man, by supplying more power and greater endurance than can be obtained from horses. And just as labor-saving implements revolutionized farming methods during and after the Civil War, so is the tractor now revolutionizing farming methods even to a greater extent.

The Moline-Universal Tractor has done more than any other to increase production per man. It does all farm work including cultivating. It attaches direct to the implement, forming one unit. One man has perfect control over tractor and implement from the seat of the implement, where he is in the best position to do good work.

In addition to supplying versatile and economical power Moline goes further in furnishing *all implements* necessary in growing practically *all crops*. The implement does the work, while the tractor supplies power both are equally important. While many horse drawn implements can be used successfully with the Moline-Universal Tractor, better work and a saving in both operator's and tractor's time will be obtained by using Moline-Universal Tractor Implements. They are of greater capacity, stronger construction and designed to run at higher speeds than horse drawn implements.

Thousands of farmers are able to dispense largely with the use of horses, farm more land, more thoroughly than ever before, and make more profit, because of the Moline System of Power Farming. Write Dept. D for full information.

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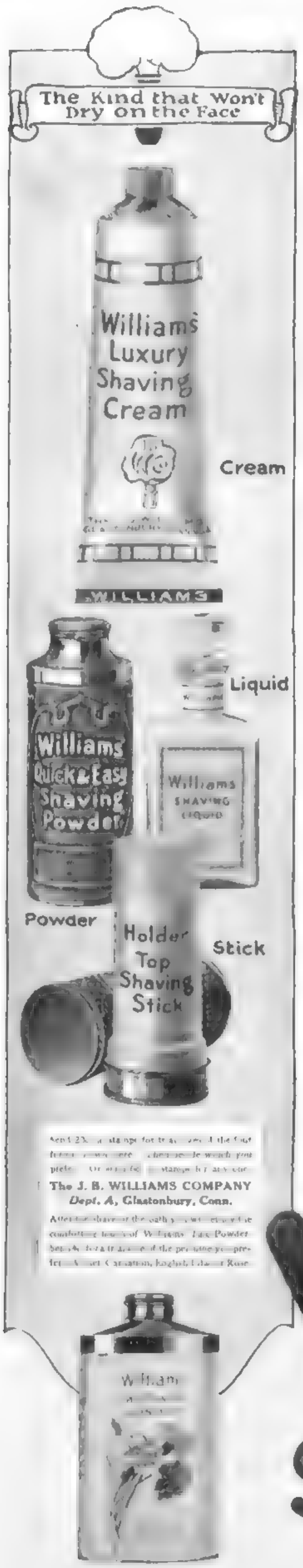
Manufacturers of Quality Farm Implements
Since 1865

MOLINE

Moline Universal Tractor does every operation in orchard work. Change equipment for different operations



OUT of this tube of cream you get the same rich Williams' lather that in 78 years has never dried on any man's face. You can *see* in your mirror the big, billowy cloud of lather. What you can't *see*—but can always *feel*—is the swift, efficient work that it does down underneath—softening the beard, smoothing the path of the razor, and soothing the skin the instant the steel has passed. Take it home tonight and have the most velvety shave tomorrow you have ever enjoyed in your life.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J.B.WILLIAMS CO. GLASTONBURY, CONN.

(Continued from Page 114)

and the villagers for miles round adored fat comforting Olga Ivanovna, with her intelligent face and healing hands. She did immense good and loved her patients dearly after a few months of residence among us; and soon they were bringing her all their troubles.

When the great war came, in 1914, our village of Bouromka had grown beyond recognition. The population was doubled and lived in coquettish homes, real ornaments to the lovely landscape, while smiling faces were constantly seen and there were round rosy babies everywhere. Money was saved; and, best of all, only one of the vampire village usurers remained, the others having moved to more profitable places, leaving the business of three or four shops, recently sprung up, in the hands of our own Russians. It was hard to say just how the change had come, but certainly it was a very marked one. Though there was still vodka it was much less felt than before, and the faces about us were no longer inert or sodden.

Everyone hated the Germans; so this war was popular and the mobilization was not so sad as in 1904. The Front was not far off, as in the old war, and the men would write and perhaps even come back on leave occasionally. Large groups of men were gathered in, who went off singing to the frontier, while the old committee reformed, my mother-in-law presiding over its meetings. This time it was much easier for them to arrange matters, as the peasants had grown rich. First, in their own right, the women had means, for the government was paying every soldier's wife a small pension in the absence of her natural supporter; and this allowance increased according to the number of her children.

Then the land of all these women was pooled and cultivated for them by those men remaining in the village, or by Austrian prisoners who were hired to help. This arrangement brought more money to the small-proprietor peasantry; and suddenly our village matrons found themselves, for the first time in the history of Holy Russia, independent, managing their own homes and lands almost as they saw fit. With new clothes and boots and ribbons, they made a splendid show at church and in the market place; yet, even with all their extravagance of finery, they still had large savings in the bank.

Amazonian Grooms

In spite of the sorrows we had suffered during the past spring and summer—1915—with the retreat of our armies, and in spite also of our keen anxiety as to the future political situation, the atmosphere in our province raised my hopes and made me believe that all might yet be well. Never had our sad people seemed so gay, prosperous and full of energy. For eighteen months vodka had not existed, health was renewed and spirits were high. It was a question to me, as I watched them, whether all the matrons of Bouromka were not growing so large in their own estimation and their new-found power that when their spouses reappeared on the horizon and claimed ancient rights and privileges, almost Oriental, these might meet with refusal of obedience and of the old traditional service. How would our soldier men put up with new ideas? Would they give way to the rule of these unconscious suffragettes? Or would they prove themselves masters in their homes by brute force?

The women, in the men's absence, were doing all sorts of masculine work, both in the village and on our estate. Young Amazons cleaned and fed the horses in the stables under the orders of two or three head coachmen, too old to be mobilized, who were all that remained of our staff. The women, with small boys to help, had brought in the harvest for two years now, and had been paid men's wages for their work. Dressed in trousers and heavily booted, they even went into the forests with sleds to bring the cut wood and the building lumber; and they managed their teams with consummate skill. They had tided us over two years of war and kept the country in our parts at its maximum of production so the armies could be fed.

On our estate about eighty Austrian prisoners—and in the village about fifty more—did special work as builders, machinists, and so on. We had no Germans; for, having tried them, after endless difficulties we had sent them away. Those of the southern enemy's country fraternized with our own people and were polite, good-natured and grateful. Paid much less than other workmen, but fed, housed and clothed comfortably, their coming among us was a wise solution of the government's problem of taking care of so many captured men; also of the problem of carrying on the nation's life.

It seemed strange after months of war to find the southern villages working, living and singing with more intensity than ever before. I was so interested in the phenomena that I studied our people with more curiosity than ever; and I went into details as if the place had been in my own hands for administration. Not only were the women awake and working for themselves, but in the Princess' lace and carpet school the attendance was much better than heretofore. The older men of the town had organized the general provisioning so intelligently that they had extra grain to sell. Children in the schools showed themselves excellent pupils as compared with ancient times, and they had learned pieces and games for their celebration of the Christmas festival, which we attended, as if they had been civilized and progressive for generations past.

The priest came to see us one day; and in a long talk I discovered he had in his care twelve thousand rubles, the savings of the villagers, while thirty-five thousand more reposed at the post office; also, he said there was an effort on foot to replace the public vokda shop with a sort of people's amusement hall, and he wanted us to give the land and building for this use, the village to contribute the work and installation. It was to be used for theatricals, played by the villagers, and for concerts and lectures, or a traveling movie show now and again. Of course we entered heartily into this scheme, and soon I began to realize that this priest, who had come to us full of zeal only two years or so before, was the worker of many of those miracles I had witnessed.

A Good Man's Work

Instead of being the usual browbeaten, miserable creature the Russian village priest generally was, this one was a man of great energy and faith, who had profited by the events of the moment to draw his people to him, and into the path of progress, in which he rightly saw their only chance of development. He and his wife lived among them in mind and soul as well as body; and they preached more by their example than in words. His services in church were as short as the law allowed and were better attended than those of olden days had been. On January sixth, for the Feast of the Three Kings, when all over Russia the waters are blessed, he had made every one of his flock take an interested part in the ceremonies, and a great crystal house of ice was sparkling on the village lake for days, which had been built as a chapel by willing hands amid laughter and singing under the father's eye.

He told me of two cases where a *mauvais sujet* of the village had been reformed by the war. The dangers on the firing line had sobered these men and made them think, said Batiouschka—Little Father—the title used in speaking to our Russian priests; and they had come back to confession at their first leave from the Front. One, who had money, had even bought two new banners for the church processionals, and with these had come humbly one day to the altar during the Sunday mass, saying he wished to make public avowal of his sins and reparation to the church before going to fight again. Till then he had drunk and spent his money as he should not have done, he said; and now he offered these banners as a promise of reform. "No, Highness; this war is our great opportunity; it has suppressed our worst enemy—the drink; it has awakened our people and made them think; it has given the women work and independence and brought us riches through the wise financial arrangements of the government; and suddenly we are civilized."

And it was really true; but not many village flocks had as their pastor a man so capable of leading them as Bouromka had. I was enchanted with what I discovered; and I took great pleasure in writing to one or two of the Cabinet Ministers the impressions of their work that one got when one stood far off. The echo of their efforts rang quite true. I discovered they felt very grateful for the news I gave them, and one of them asked me for details as to special facts connected with the people's needs.

You can see that this hosiery is *strongly* reinforced at points of hardest wear

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY Trade Mark

Ask your dealer to show you Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Examine it and you can see the extra reinforcing that means extra wear. You can feel the fine quality of the yarn and notice the careful finish and splendid appearance of the stockings.

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The tops are amply wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes prevent fading after wearing or washing. There are styles of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery for every season of the year, for work, for dress, play or school.

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All year weight stocking. Medium weight. Soft combed yarn, fine finish. Wide elastic tops. Strongly reinforced heels and toes. Black and white

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Fleecy-lined stockings and socks for women, children and men, strong and good-looking, with soft, warm fleecing.

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A medium weight sock with 3 thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. *If you do not find it, write to our Sales Offices at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.* Free Catalog of all styles mailed on request.

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Did you worry along through the war with an old top that you felt you should replace? No need to wait longer. If your top is a little the worse for wear, this is the time to blossom out in a new top—a good-looking and well-wearing top—a top of NEVERLEEK.

NEVERLEEK is a double-texture material—two layers of stout fabric with a coating of highest grade and most durable waterproofing substances known. More information about NEVERLEEK, with illustrated booklet is yours on request.

Our trademark appears on every other yard of NEVERLEEK lining

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In the midst of their discouragements in the capital, where they were at war with the hideous Occult propaganda flourishing at court, such patriots as were our liberal-minded ministers in 1916 were glad to know that someone was aided by their thought and care, and that from all their planting somewhere in the far-away provinces fruits were shown. Each one of them complained to me of the terrible and radical difficulty in a scheme of government so centralized that much of their labor was necessarily lost. Never could they see results or divine needs; and, at best, they were in the hands of provincial officials who might be good, bad or indifferent, truthful or not in their reports.

Once, toward the winter's end, I had a most delightfully interesting experience. I had been in Kief, spending two days with my husband, who, sent there on military business from the Front, had wired me to meet him. The day before I was to return to Bouromka a telegram from my mother-in-law told me the usual road from our railroad station to the château was impracticable, as a bridge had broken down. Would I, therefore, instead of the habitual express train to Lubny, take the more roundabout and complicated route from Kief to a small station called Palmyra? Of course I had to do it; and I started at five o'clock, before daylight, the following day, hoping to dine at home that evening.

It was cold and heavy snow covered the ground, but a clear sky promised a cheerful, sunny day. About two in the afternoon I reached the small junction where I must change trains, and I found the station building overflowing with refugees from Poland, mostly Israelites, and—judging by their aspects—fairly prosperous ones, from the small provincial towns now in the enemy's hands. They all had large families and seemed to have ready money in their pockets; but they were in such numbers that they and their effects were piled up everywhere, and the children scrambled over furniture, trunks, bags and bundles, even in the first-class waiting room; while everything had been eaten at the food counter of the small restaurant. As the baggage carrier put down our dressing cases a mass of youngsters, delighting in the new experience, crawled over these things like flies and took possession.

To Palmyra by Freight

The station rooms were dreadfully close; and the smell of varied unwashed humanity, with traces of boots, onions and sour milk, lingered in the overheated atmosphere, thick with the smoke from many cigarettes. My train for home was to pass through here—according to the time-table—in an hour; so, ordering tea, I drew out a book and resigned myself to discomfort, since it was inevitable. My maid went out, unable to make up her mind to endure our surroundings, and in a few moments she returned to me with a worried face, saying: "Highness, there is no train for our destination to-day. The one we counted on has been removed as a war measure, and they say we must remain here till to-morrow noon before we can go farther."

It was a serious matter, as I had expected to reach home at least in time to sleep there, and the Bouromka horses must be already awaiting me at Palmyra. I sent for the station master, and he invited me into his private office while we discussed possibilities.

I was but forty versts from my destination, yet entirely unable to get there; and a night in the company of the poor refugees, spent seated on an upright chair, promised to be most disagreeable. The tiny village had no horses for hire, or I might have driven; and since the war began it had been impossible to get a locomotive with a special car attached, as one could of old. In answer to all my questions I found the station master full of apologies.

Seeing my disappointment, and because I said I would do anything rather than spend the night in such hideous surroundings, he came to me shortly with an original proposal. He said he had just received the signal of a freight train that was going in my direction and to which was attached a warm car—tepliouchka. Probably there would be occupants in it—peasants and soldiers; but an officer who was anxious to push on had asked to use this means of travel, and a little peasant woman was going too. Would I, with my maid, take this means to advance upon our road? It was the best he could offer till to-morrow's train went through; and he was profuse in his repeated excuses.

After a moment's hesitation I accepted, asking him what sort of people usually traveled in these parts and in such conveyances. He answered that he thought I would find them quiet and well-behaved; and, though it seemed rather an adventure, I thanked the man for his kindness and accepted.

About six-thirty, with the evening already dark, the train came rolling slowly in, and the station master escorted Elène and me to our new-style railroad carriage. He and others helped us up to the great side door of the freight car, where I stood a moment to get my bearings by the dim light of a small lantern which contained a burning candle end. I found myself in a car where the center of the floor was covered by a sheet of tin, nailed down, on which stood a small red-hot iron stove; its pipe ran upward through a hole in the roof cut to fit it. A pile of wood was near and warm dry ashes covered the tin flooring. A comfortable cushion to put cold feet into! Round this stood half a dozen boxes in lieu of seats.

All this took up the center, somewhat over a third of the interior floor space of the car, while at each end were built two rough, deep shelves of pine wood—one knee-high, one shoulder-high—where men could sleep, making their berths lengthwise into the depths, with their feet or their heads toward the fire and their baggage piled beyond them at the far end. Soldiers usually traveled in these cars—forty or more, for they counted ten men to each shelf bed—and lately the government had used the same conveyances to house the refugees; but it was my first sight of the interior of one.

Good-Natured Peasants

My bags and Elène were hoisted in after me, and the station master said in a loud voice: "Please behave yourselves, children, and be careful of the lady. She must go to Palmyra, and I have said she should be comfortable here. Don't smoke." I thanked him with words added to a bank note, which he seemed pleased to see; and then I turned toward my new companions. "Good evening!" I said. "The station master is mistaken, for I don't mind smoke, and I will join you with a cigarette." And I drew one from my bag and lighted it.

Scattered about on the shelf beds were some dozen men in sheepskin cloaks and heavy boots, peasants evidently, dirty from their toil and all heavily bearded. They were either asleep or drowsily watching the fire with contented faces. And a few soldiers were among them, resting too, but strikingly spick-and-span in comparison with their uncouth neighbors. About the fire, besides the officer, who had been equally in a hurry with me to leave the junction, my Elène, and the young village matron, were gathered two brakemen of our train who were off duty, and three soldiers, wide-awake and eating some provisions, which they divided with two elderly peasants.

The head brakeman, full of zeal, saw to our baggage, piling it in a corner; and then he gave me a narrow bench he had been sitting on near the fire. He probably guessed at a glance that I was visiting such surroundings for the first time, and with amiable good will he set out to make me feel at home. All the men who were awake had replied quietly to my greeting, and as I seated myself and looked about I felt a most congenial atmosphere of hospitality, tempered with curiosity. But I was feeling that myself and I looked forward to having a very interesting trip.

I first inquired how long it would be before we reached my station. "There is one other before yours, barina"—lady—"where we shall stop a while; then we go on. And as we have a good engine to-day we shall soon reach Palmyra." There was a smell of leather in the car and the cheap tobacco of the peasants was very strong, but the man who made me his special care opened the door a crack for air—"so the barina shall not find it too much." He also gave me his big sheepskin-lined coat, folding it up for me to sit on like a cushion, and he drew my seat nearer the stove, so I could have my feet on the warm ashes. Then, asking permission politely, he sat down next me, and I prepared for conversation.

Elène, on my left, was established on our bags, quite silent, feeling evidently less pleased with our adventure than I did.

(Continued on Page 121)

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

30 x 3	$4.00
30 x 3½	4.45
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How do you choose Tubes?

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This is an expensive mistake.

To be sure, inner tubes have to be replaced every so often. But the mileage, except in cases of abuse, has little to do with their wearing out.

Those who care to take the trouble can easily prove this. The next time you put a new tube on your car, put another new tube of the same make in a box where it will get no wear whatever. You will find that both of these tubes will stay in good condition about the same length of time.

In other words, what usually wears out a tube is not the friction of the road or the expansion and contraction, but the deteriorating effects of time.

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For twelve years the Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, New Jersey, have controlled an exclusive process for making Empire Red Tubes, by means of which longer life is imparted to the tubes than rubber itself ordinarily possesses.

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Empire Red Tubes

The Empire Tire Dealer

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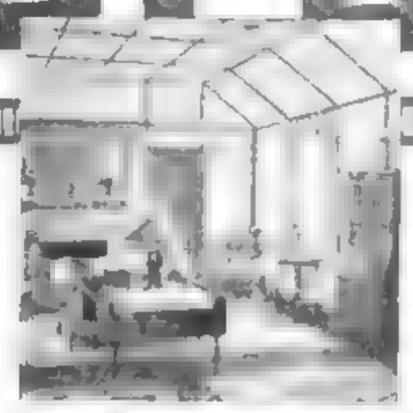

Showing a beautiful new bathroom lined with Neponset Board

Are You Going to Build or Repair?

BUILDING and repairing time is close at hand. And this is the time to think about the right materials for roofing the new home or replacing the old roof on the old house. There's satisfaction for you in a Neponset Roof. There's true economy. There's long wear at the lowest possible cost per year. There's full protection against the elements—rain, snow, wind, fire. There's true beauty, too, and harmony with any style of architecture.

If you're going to build, use Neponset Twin Shingles on the new home. Get full value for every dollar you spend. Now is the time to make every cent *count*. If you are going to repair the old roof, lay Neponset Paroid or our pattern roofing right over the old wooden shingles, at half their cost, twice as quickly, and without litter and the added expense of tearing them off. Neponset Roofs have proved themselves for twenty years for durability and economy.

Neponset Twin Shingles

Neponset Twin Shingles are beautiful in appearance. Colors—natural slate red and slate green. Their crushed slate surface defies time and wear. They are pliable, tough, strong, fireproof, weather-proof—impregnated with fire-proofing asphalt. Two shingles in one, self-spacing—the only twin shingle. Easily, quickly handled. Require no nails. Neponset Twin Shingles are used on distinctive homes as well as those of moderate cost.

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For twenty years the Bird factories, big farms and great industrial plants have used Neponset Paroid Roofing for large and small buildings—sheds, coops, tool houses, barns, stables, poultry houses, pens, cribs. It is fire-safe; defies rain, snow, sun. It has done it for all these years without renewal. It lives long, stands up, delivers satisfaction, and proves its economy by stubborn wear. Same material as Neponset Twin Shingles. Colors—red, green, gray.

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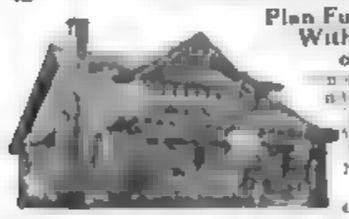

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(Continued from Page 118)

Next her was the little village matron, very quaint and dignified, well dressed for a peasant and with a charming rosy face. I began to talk with her, and soon she was telling us of her trip to the great city of Kief, where she had visited her husband, a wounded soldier in one of the hospitals there. It had been good to see him again. He was well cared for and would soon recover; and then he was to come home to the village for his convalescence. She hoped this might be by Easter time. Meantime she was bringing apples and toys to the children, of whom she had two, aged two and three years.

I was duly sympathetic and told her my husband was a soldier also, and had been wounded early in the war, but was now well again and back under fire; and that I had also been to Kief to see him and spend two days there. And I was also going back with some toys for my children, who were much older, however, than were hers. One of the soldiers, touching his fur cap, joined in to ask on what front my husband served and where he had been wounded. I gave details of the wound, but only said he was now commanding a cavalry regiment which had been dismounted and put into the trenches recently.

I neglected to mention Mike's name and actual rank, as it might have impressed the little company sufficiently to keep them silent, and we were just beginning to get on famously. Anyhow, Mike's firing line and the soldier's were not the same; so the latter went on to tell us of his advance through Galicia and of the difficulties our men from the steppes found when climbing high mountains and fighting above the snow line, being in the snow for long months without ever having had previous training in high altitudes.

He said the retreat of a year ago had been tiresome—skoutchno; but he did not think of complaining about our armies' lacking arms and ammunition at that time. He said they held on, of course, as much as they could—because the Grand Duke said they must. Then he looked troubled and said: "Now the Grand Duke is no longer at the staff." "No; now he is in the Caucasus, and the Emperor is commanding all the armies and living at the staff," I replied. "Yes; now it is the Emperor." But the soldier's voice and face lacked enthusiasm, I thought.

A Lesson in Politics

Then the next soldier joined in the conversation. "I have a paper here, and it tells of the fall of Erzerum and the Grand Duke's capture of that fortress," he stated. The others knew only that the town had fallen; so the story was listened to with renewed animation and the owner of the news sheet was given our lantern to read by. Slowly and haltingly he spelled out and gave the details of the old chief's latest victory; and even the old peasants were absorbed and followed the reading in an effort to understand. It was complicated for them, since they spoke only the Little-Russian dialect and the paper was in the northern language. However, the soldiers not only could read Russian but spoke the other also; and the old fellows were so keen that doubtless they took on faith what they could not fully comprehend of the recital.

One of them volunteered some remarks on his own account now. He had heard much of the war and of politics these days; that it was not now as in the old times, when one did not know what was happening in the world; and, for instance, he had heard there were great changes in the capital, which he did not understand. "Why did the Czar go away to the staff? And why was there so much trouble about politics?"

I plunged into explanations, in my turn, and tried to tell him that there had been a mix-up among the ministers, and that the Prime Minister, Gorymékine, had left because he did not want the people's Duma to take part in the government; but that the Emperor had wished for the Duma and had presently called it together, going in person to its inauguration. He had also named a new minister, Stürmer, who everyone thought would be liberal and would push the war by helping the troops at the Front in every way.

My Russian, at best, is very sketchy, and I scarcely speak Little-Russian at all; but the soldiers helped me and after a long time the picturesque old creature looked illuminated. "It is I who am starost of my village," he said, "and if I desire to do all myself I am like that old minister; while if I desire to ask advice of others I am like the new man. But sometimes, when things are in this last manner, the others wish to give too much advice. And then what can one do, barina?"

He was altogether delightful; and as he had evidently seized the point so well we went on to other topics, less difficult. He informed me that the peasants in the car were hlopsi—fellows—who were going down to Tcherkass, on the Dnieper River, to dig trenches against the German invasion. And this was very profitable work, as men were paid one ruble and a half a day there; when at home in the village eighty kopecks or, at most, a ruble—was all one could earn in a day.

In the corner of the upper berth on our right a company of four had awakened; and, producing a candle end and a greasy pack of cards, they began to play some game, while others scrambled up about them and looked on, absorbed by the changing luck. One man was losing and complaining of it; and finally, when the game ended, it turned out he had played expecting only to win, and he had no kopecks to pay his debt of honor.

A Late Arrival

Voices grew louder; and my friend the brakeman, and also the officer, glanced up anxiously, as the culprit suddenly said something—evidently a taunt—in a half tone. The answer rang out in indignation; and it was: "If the barina were not here I would tell thee what I think of thee!" Then there was silence and the game went on, the delicate question being left to be settled later. I had never received a compliment that pleased me better; and I felt quite comfortable for the rest of our trip and rather ashamed of having transferred my revolver from my dressing case to my pocket before starting out with this company of chivalrous gentlemen.

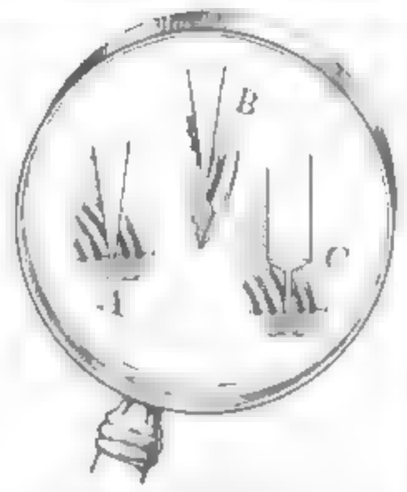
As conversation lagged I said I would sleep; and at once my little bench was moved back for me nearer the wall, so I might have something against which to lean. Using my muff for a pillow, I rested with comparative comfort and watched my companions through half-closed eyes. I saw my brakeman turn the lantern till its light was off my face; and then he made up the fire, murmuring that it would last a long time and I should be undisturbed. The regular noise of the car and the lowered voices of my companions lulled me into a doze, and I forgot them for a while.

When I awoke they were all sitting in the same places, save the officer and the little peasant woman, who were getting off the train, which had stopped. We stayed at this station some time and they offered to bring me tea. Then we went on for another hour, and the men asked me discreet questions, in order to identify me if they could. I told them I was a proprietor of the district and owned a small place not far from Palmyra; and then someone volunteered that the country about there was pretty and rich. I agreed; whereupon he said: "All that part of the province is good and there are many large estates belonging to great people."

For instance, he had heard of Bouromka and the Princess Cantacuzène there. I said: "I know the Bouromka village from having driven through it; indeed, it is very fine and big." Whereupon he looked disappointed and evidently thought he had guessed wrongly, though he did not mention this fact. When they heard me say our own horses were waiting for me they all looked quite excited and childishly interested. How many would there be? And were they mine?

The tickets were gathered up just before we reached Palmyra, and everyone was enchanted when I gave ours, for they were first-class; and my new friends decided that such had never been seen in a car like this before. As time passed the tone of our company remained quiet and dignified; and to the end all these men of the people were full of care and kindness for my maid and for me. We were their guests, and with their Oriental ideas of beautiful hospitality they gave us every respectful attention.

At last we reached Palmyra, about midnight, having taken five hours to do forty versts. We drew up far beyond the platform of the tiny station and I looked out. It was a fine moonlight night, but near the car the snow was knee-deep or more; and, though I had on rather heavy boots, to jump into



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that seemed a discouraging prospect. I drew back into the car. "Will some of you go down and take our bags? Then I can jump to them," I said.

I made it a general suggestion, and I was immediately answered by my special brakeman, who was fastening on his heavy coat. "One moment, and I will arrange everything," he said. "You soldiers take those bags and carry them to the station platform," he continued; and the military element at once let themselves down to the ground, took our things, which the brakeman handed out, and marched off to the station, tramping a path for us, while our bags were not even touched by the snow.

Then the brakeman himself went down and his comrade followed him. The trainmaster came to see. Turning, my friend said: "Please jump now, barina, and I will catch you."

I jumped, and he caught me easily, never allowing my feet to get wet; and he carried me like a small child all the way to the station.

Naturally I began to protest, saying I could walk without damage to my heavy boots. "Are those little things heavy boots, I should like to know?" he answered amiably. "They would be spoiled, and you would then feel cold; so I shall carry you, barina, for I am well protected and used to this rough life."

On leaving the train I had said good-by and thank you to all my companions, who had replied with enthusiasm, telling me I was welcome. Now, in turn, I had to thank the soldiers and the brakeman, who had taken care of us and our possessions and had made such a success of the trip. To these I gave some bills, large enough, I hoped, to prove to them my very real gratitude; and I told them quite sincerely that I had never had a more interesting or agreeable trip.

"American Folly"

In turn, they all thanked me politely, and wished me good luck on my farther journey. My friend the brakeman even went to see whether the wife of the station master could lend me her samovar, so Elène might make tea. Incidentally he had evidently investigated about the carriage and horses and had found out my name, for when he returned to me he gave me my title instead of the impersonal barina he had used till then.

Finally he hastened off to his train; and as I took my tea I heard it depart and wondered whether those in the car were all learning who I was and feeling as pleased with the money I had sent them as I was feeling enchanted with them and their social qualities.

Later, when the horses had been harnessed amid a great to-do—for the coachman and his aid had not expected me to arrive on a freight train and had settled down for the night—I drove home with Elène through the dawn and reached Bouromka before its household was out of bed.

The Princess was greatly shocked at my escapade—thought it had been most dangerous; and she only hoped I had told whose wife I was before starting—to protect myself.

That I had not done so, but had preferred being the guest and friend of my companions, was incomprehensible. Though she tried to see the joke, she never admitted the fact that with our gentle people I was quite safe or could have been comfortable; and she always called the story an example of American folly.

As to the old nurse, her indignation was intense; and she insisted that both Elène and I should have baths and wash our hair, changing everything we wore before we approached "her" children! Of course the latter were delighted with the exciting tale of my adventure and only too sorry they had missed the party which had been such fun. "When may we travel in a teplioutchka, mama?" they begged. The rest of the family also seemed to approve and to enjoy my experience vastly.

Soon spring was on us and the steppes lay under a broad sheet of water as the snow melted down. It made a splendid sight. It was as if the château and park and the forests stood up like fairy islands in a great, calm sea. The sky was blue, the air soft, and a few birds and blossoms began to appear.

I can't describe the charm of the yearly awakening of earth and people in our province of Little Russia, which is quite especially beautiful at that season.

Just then I was obliged to leave and go northward. I went to join my boy, who had fallen ill; and from that time on I was so tied down by the cares his ill health necessitated, and my Red Cross work, I did not get back to the country again that year, except in passing. And in 1917 came the great revolution; and our people, after most moderate behavior during the first six months, received the special visitation of a committee which came to live among them and to direct the political and economic movements at Bouromka.

The Chateau Burned

The village was fed up on vodka and fiery propaganda for a time, until our peasants were guided to the committing of wild excesses. The farm buildings were all burned with their contents of implements, and all our blooded stock was divided up among the participants in these disorders or was simply scattered over the broad plains. At last the distillery and the house cellars were broken into and the château itself was burned.

The frame of the old life is gone and we exiles have no news now, save what reaches us indirectly. Our intendants have been banished to the district town; but, strangely enough, two of the worst revolutionaries of 1905 are now trying to represent our interests on the place and to gather the scattered stock and property. They reëstablished relations with the intendants, their ex-chiefs; but, though apparently full of zeal, in the general chaos they have little power and no plans.

The village, having lost the advantage of its labor on the estate at wages that meant a yearly income of over one hundred and fifty thousand rubles to the workmen, is now poor in money and provisions; and charities, care and pensions, which our family used to give the ill or old and which have, of course, automatically ceased, are sadly missed.

The fields lie fallow, since the peasants lack organization, knowledge and the implements to till them. All this has been wantonly destroyed. Twenty-five thousand acres can mean nothing without cultivation; and so distress and famine roam the land, and no one knows what plague the next season will bring.

Russian proprietors admit that the patriarchal system has ended as completely as did the feudal habits of France in her revolution; yet few among our nobility have lost faith. All those I know seem ready to work out our great problems and to begin national life anew, with fresh understanding and a good will; which is quite splendid.

I am glad, for my part—whatever the future may be—that I lived in a time to know the old conditions and the ancient frame of existence as it was with its soft charm. Also, I rejoice that I spent those last months among our picturesque people and felt their care. Such war memories help one to forgive and forget the worst of what has passed and is still happening, and to recall only the beauty and the best of ancient Holy Russia.

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They Serve

Now that we have won the war, the girl in overalls who has helped keep her country's industries in operation during war stress will merit fully her place of honor alongside the boy in blue or khaki.

In the factory equipped with Robbins & Myers Motors it has been found a simple matter to change from men to women workers—for here the power equipment is found in its most convenient, easily managed form.

Simple to operate, clean, quiet and safe, R&M Motors—ranging from 1-40 to 30 horsepower—have helped tremendously to make factory work attractive to the woman worker. And R&M reliability and convenience of operation, together with woman's natural adaptability, have enabled factories to change to women workers without a halt in production.

In addition to the service they are performing for the woman worker in the factory, R&M Motors are also helping the thousands who have to do the home work. By operating the washing machine, electric sweeper and other household devices, they are freeing the woman at home from the need of household help.

Leading manufacturers of such machines have adopted R&M Motors to insure an absolute reliability of operation of their product.

Power users seeking to better production; labor-saving device makers anxious to insure a better operating performance of their product; electrical dealers desirous of increasing sales—all find their motor ideals in the R&M line.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-two Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

HANSEN GLOVES

IN every industry and activity in which gloves are necessary, there is a Hansen glove especially designed for the purpose. In the world's rebuilding, industrially, commercially, socially, Hansen gloves are fulfilling their part.

Made in Milwaukee, U. S. A.

PALMOLIVE

"Survival of the Fittest"

PALM and Olive Oils have the unique distinction of filling the world's requirements for three thousand years.

They were the cleansers de luxe when ancient Egypt was the mother of civilization. Today their scientific combination gives the world its most popular soap.

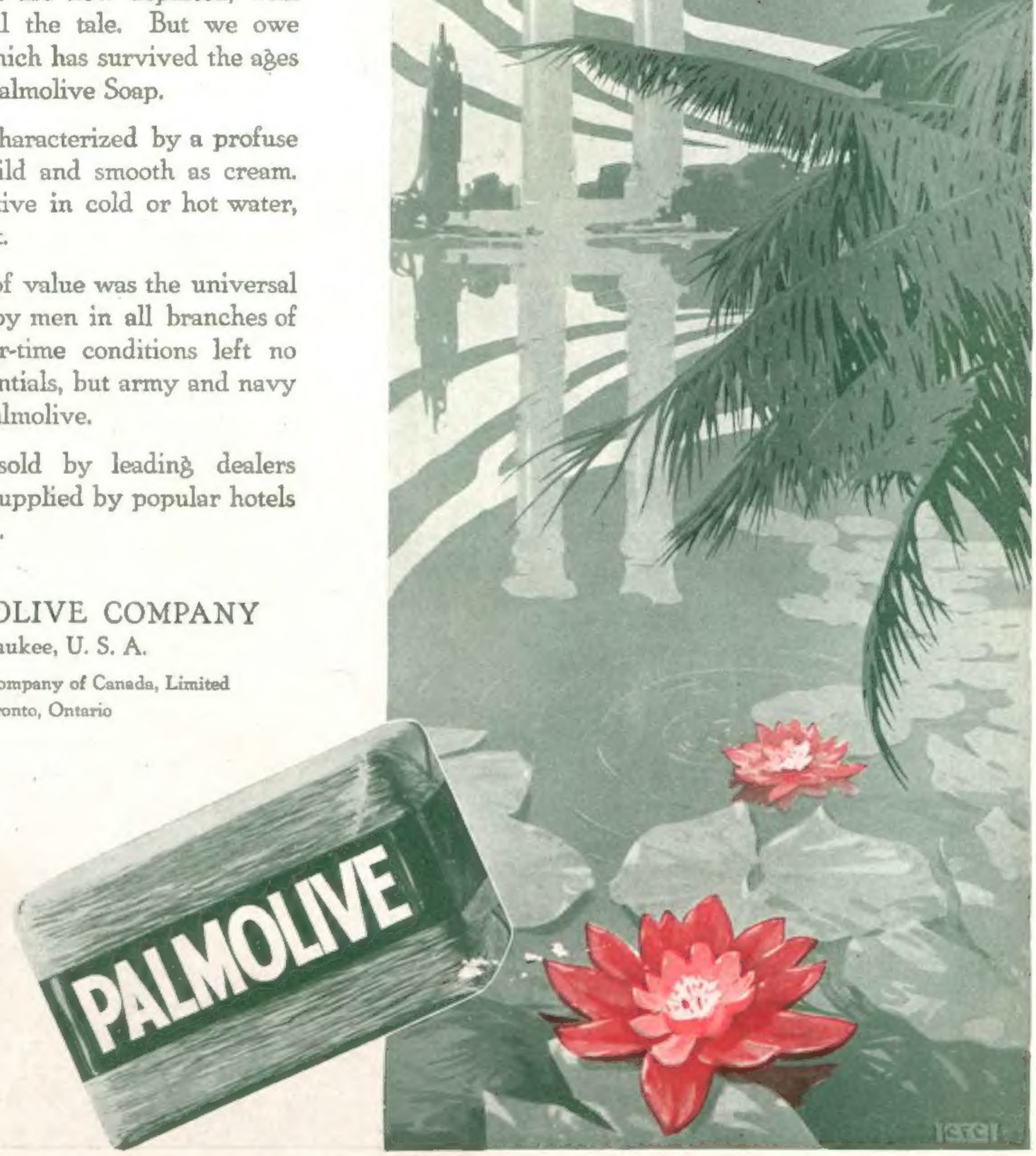
Egypt's glories are now departed, with only ruins to tell the tale. But we owe her the luxury which has survived the ages —ours today in Palmolive Soap.

Palmolive is characterized by a profuse lather which is mild and smooth as cream. It is equally effective in cold or hot water, either hard or soft.

The final test of value was the universal use of Palmolive by men in all branches of the service. War-time conditions left no room for non-essentials, but army and navy both demanded Palmolive.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers everywhere and supplied by popular hotels in guest-room size.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Send 25 cents in stamps for Travelette Case, containing miniature packages of eight popular Palmolive specialties.